



THE



LEISURE HOUR

NOVEMBER, 1887.

Contents.

- The Lone House: A Gal-
loway Story.** By AMELIA
E. BARR. III. 723
- The Problem of the Poor
in Russia.** 729
- Our Powers of Memory.**
By I. F. MAYO 731
- Among the Indians of the
Wild West.** By ALFRED
ROWLAND, LL.B. . . . 734
- The Story of the English
Shires.** Worcester. By
Rev. CARON CREIGHTON. 737
- The Wind-Harp.** By
HORACE G. GROSER . . 743
- Phayre Phenton: A Story
of the Garibaldian Revo-
lution.** By TIGHE HOR-
KINS, Author of "Twixt
Love and Duty." XX.-XXIII. 744
- Our Vagrant and Criminal
Classes.** By the Rev.
HENRY SOLLY. 763



Contents.

- Lives composed at Joe
Pullen's Tree, Oxford.** 767
- A Gallery of Illustrations
Literary Characters.**
II. Hogg—Moore—Camp-
bell. By JAMES MASON 768
- Courmayeur.** By MADAME
LINDA VILLARI 773
- Glimpses of Queen Anne's
Days.** By JOHN STOUGH-
TON, D.D. IV. 777
- Submarine Cables** . . . 780
- The Silent Woods** . . . 783
- Notes on Current Science,
Invention, and Disce-
very.** Three-Eyed Fishes—
Three-Eyed Lizards—
The Total Solar Eclipse—
Electricity Direct from Fuel—
A Diver's Helmet with
Electric Light—Dispersing
Smoke by Electricity—The
Action of Oil upon the Waves 784
- Varieties** 788

ALMANAC FOR										NOVEMBER, 1887.									
1	T	☉ rises 6.55 A.M.	9	W	P. of Wales b. 1841	16	W	☉ rises 7.32 A.M.	24	T	☉ rises 7.35 A.M.								
2	W	Venus a morn. star	10	T	(Ed. Mayor's D.	17	T	Pisces S. 9.0 P.M.	25	F	Aries S. 9.49 P.M.								
3	T	Pegasus S. 8.0 P.M.	11	F	☉ rises 7.11 A.M.	18	F	Daybreak 5.25 A.M.	26	S	☉ great. dis. from ☉								
4	F	Clockaf. 16m. 19s.	12	S	☉ Half-Quarter Day	19	S	☉ sets 4.13 P.M.	27	S	ADVENT SUNDAY								
5	S	☉ sets 4.25 P.M.	13	S	☉ sets 4.13 P.M.	20	S	24 SUN. APT. TRIN.	28	M	Clk. aft. 11m. 56s.								
6	S	22 SUN. APT. TRIN.	14	M	☉ least dist. from ☉	21	M	Mars a morn. star	29	T	☉ sets 3.54 P.M.								
7	M	Saturn near ☉	15	T	New ☉ 8.8 A.M.	22	T	☉ 1 Quar. 10.43 A.M.	30	W	Full ☉ 3.30 P.M.								
8	T	☉ 3 Quar. 5.2 P.M.				23	W	☉ sets 4.0 P.M.											

LONDON;
56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.

KEATINGS

**BEST
COUGH CURE.**

*Sold everywhere in
Tins. 1/1½ each.*

LOZENGES

DRESS FABRICS
FOR
Gentlewomen.

PRIESTLEY

"Perfection
of Dress Fabrics."
—Court Journal.

PRIESTLEY

To be
obtained from all
Leading Drapers.

TRADE MARK:
The Varnished
Board.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

ONLY BOILING WATER OR BOILING MILK NEEDED.

WM. POLSON'S

THE ORIGINAL
AND FIRST MANU-
FACTURED IN
GREAT BRITAIN.

CORN FLOUR.

MANUFACTURED
TO HER
MAJESTY THE
QUEEN.

The Best known Material for Puddings, Custards, Cakes, Blanc Mange, etc., etc.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL.

PARIS 1878.



PRICE
FROM

£4 4s.

10% Discount for Cash.

ON HIRE **2/6** PER WEEK.

With the Option of Purchase.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

MORE THAN 6,000,000
HAVE BEEN SOLD.

CAUTION.—TO AVOID
DECEPTION,
buy no Machine unless the
Company's Trade Name,
"SINGER," is printed
upon the arm.

THE SINGER
MANUFACTURING CO.,
39, FOSTER LANE,
LONDON, E.C.,
and 403 Branches
throughout Great
Britain and
Ireland.

S. & H. HARRIS'S

HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.

POLISHING PASTE,

For Metals and Glass of all Descriptions.

PLATE POWDER,

Does not injure the Silver.

BRUNSWICK BLACK,

For Stoves or Iron Work.

STEEL POWDER,

For Bright Grates and Fire Irons.

FURNITURE POLISH.

NO HOUSE COMPLETE WITHOUT THEM.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Manufactory: 57, MANSELL STREET, E.

SYMINGTON'S

GOLD MEDAL.



PEA FLOUR

For Soups, &c. Sold in Packets and Tins.

PEA SOUP

SEASONED AND
FLAVOURED

Ready for the Table in a few minutes.

Sold in Packets and Tins by GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Export Agent, J. T. MORTON, LONDON.



CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" FOOD WARMERS,
3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LAMPS,
(THE BURGLAR'S HORROR,) 1s. EACH.
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS,
SINGLE WICKS, BURN NINE HOURS.
CLARKE'S "FAIRY" LIGHTS,
DOUBLE WICKS, BURN TEN HOURS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE. WHOLESALE AT THE
"PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LAMP AND LIGHT WORKS,
CHILD'S HILL, LONDON, N.W.

N.B.—See that the Trade Mark "PYRAMID," & Trade Mark "FAIRY" is on every Lamp and every Light.

WRIGHT'S PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
COAL TAR SOAP
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.
TABLETS 6d. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Recommended by the Royal Chelsea Hospital as the cheapest and best.

The *Lancet*: "Of excellent quality and practically no taste."
British Medical Journal: "Children take it well."



JENSEN'S COD LIVER OIL

Is acknowledged as the best, because the only Oil made from absolutely fresh livers. It prevents Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Bronchitis; it makes the digestive organs act, and is the only effectual remedy in cases of Consumption. Sweet and pleasant without any after-taste.

6d. everywhere at 1/-, 2/-, 3/6, and 6/6.

Every bottle, if genuine, bears on the Wrapper the registered Trade Mark—an iceberg.

HERTZ & COLLINGWOOD, 101, Leadenhall Street.
TAKE NONE BUT JENSEN'S, THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Fry's Cocoa

Pure Concentrated Cocoa

Prepared by a new and special scientific process securing extreme solubility, and developing the finest flavour of the Cocoa.
FROM SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. "I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A SAMPLE AND COPY OF MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.



ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S IRISH
DAMASK TABLE AND HOUSE LINENS, } At Wholesale Prices.
COLLARS, CUFFS AND SHIRTS.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

PER DOZEN.

Children's ... 1/2	Hemstitched
Ladies' ... 2/4	Ladies' ... 2/11
Gents' ... 3/6	Gents' ... 4/11

By Appointments to the Queen and Crown Princess of Germany.

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER, BELFAST.
Telegraphic Address—"Linen," Belfast.

FOR KEEPING THE MOUTH CLOSED IN SLEEP.

Tucker's Patent Contrivance. Approved and ordered by the MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS in LONDON, as a "PROTECTOR" for the Throat and Chest at Night. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 3s. It Prevents Dryness and Parching of the Tongue and Throat, which is followed by Indigestion and Dyspepsia. To sufferers from Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and all Diseases of the Chest, it is a great comfort to wear, and materially assists the Cure, promoting warmth and quiet sleep. It also prevents the DISTRESSING SNORING that arises from Indigestion.

P.S.—DEAFNESS is often caused and always increased by Sleeping with the Mouth Open.

SULPHOLINE SOAP
ENSURES A
FAIR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.
Tablets 6d.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

(To Face page 2 of Wrapper.)

Cases for Binding the Volume of the LEISURE HOUR for 1887 may be had, price 1s. 2d. each, of any Bookseller.

To Correspondents and Contributors.—All manuscripts should be sent to 56, Paternoster Row, and must have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter the title of the MS. must be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS.; miscellaneous Contributions being sent in too great numbers to be returned unless stamps are sent to cover postage.

Payment and Copyright.—Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Religious Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Republication by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

POSTAL NOTICE.—The Postage of this part in the United Kingdom is TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY. At this rate it may also be sent to any part of Europe, to the United States, or to Canada. The Postal Union recently formed has not only reduced the Postal Rates to the above-mentioned Countries, but it has also considerably reduced many other Foreign Postal Rates, and for a small sum the Monthly Parts may be sent to many an out-of-the-way place where friends will eagerly welcome the Monthly budget of Interesting and Useful Literature. Any Bookseller or Newsagent will arrange to forward the parts, or they will be sent direct from the Publishing Office, on receipt of Post Office Order for Magazines and Postage.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

For NOVEMBER contains—

Genevieve. A Story of Old France. By the Author of "The Spanish Brothers," "The King's Service," etc.

Palestine in Transition.

The Mountains of Lebanon.

Our English Hymns. A Hundred Additional Hymns

On Courtesy. By LILY WATSON.

Raphael's "Transfiguration." By RICHARD HEATH

Mrs. Cox's Comforting.

The Beatitudes. VII. "Blessed are the Peacemakers." By the Rev. RICHARD GLOVER, of Bristol.

A Peep at Asia Minor.

Pictures from the Poets.

"Walking too Big." By RUTH LAMB.

Bible Notes and Queries.

Only a Beggar. A Story for the Young. By Mrs. HENRY CREWE.

That Wonderful Sight.

Poetry:—

THE REDBREAST SINGS. By

RICHARD WILTON, M.A. AN

AUTUMN SUNSET. By MARY

ROWLES.

Things New and Old.

Natural History Notes on the Revised Version of the Bible.

Homely Light on Hallowed Texts.

Scripture Exercises.

Monthly Religious Record.



THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, AND OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.



THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., publishes Several Thousands of Books for all readers, at all prices, from

One Farthing to One Guinea. The following Catalogues of the Society's Publications are now issued, and will be forwarded, Post Free, on application to The Secretaries, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

General Catalogue of Books, containing: Section I.

General Literature; Section II. Story Books.

General Catalogue, Section III. Books for the Young, under One Shilling, Coloured Publications, etc.

Classified and Descriptive List of Books.

Tracts, Handbills, Leaflets, and other Publications.

Illustrated Catalogue of Books and other Publications.

Publications for Libraries—Circulating, Sunday School, Ship, Institute, etc.

Foreign Publications in various Languages.

Diagrams and Pictures for Lecturers.

THE SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS MAY BE PURCHASED OF ANY BOOKSELLER.

CHIEF OFFICE: 56, Paternoster Row, London.

A large variety of Presentation Books at all prices may be inspected at the Retail Depots,

LONDON: 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD (Opposite the Northern Entrance to the Cathedral), AND 164, PICCADILLY.

LIVERPOOL: 18, SLATER STREET. MANCHESTER: 100, CORPORATION STREET. BRIGHTON: 31, WESTERN ROAD.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

From the War with Rome to the Present Time. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A., Vicar of Old Shoreham, author of "Wykehamica," etc. 8vo. 8s. cloth boards.

This book aims at supplying the want that has long been felt for a brief, consecutive sketch of Jewish History from the destruction of Jerusalem down to the present time. Mr. Adams has made this subject a special study, and his work will be found suitable for the general reader, without in any way departing from scholarly accuracy and completeness.

THE DISEASES OF THE BIBLE.

By Sir J. RISDON BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S., Ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians. *By-Paths of Bible Knowledge*, Vol. IX. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

Sir Risdon Bennett has studied all the references in the Bible to diseases of various kinds in the light of the fullest and best knowledge of the present state of medical science. Such subjects as leprosy, demoniacal possession, etc., are carefully considered; and it cannot but be a great help to intelligent study of the Bible to have the latest scientific view of these and kindred subjects.

Short Biographies for the People. By various Writers. Vol. IV. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Non-Christian Religions of the World. Containing the Present-Day Tracts on this subject. Nos. 14, 18, 25, 33, 46, 51. By Sir W. MUIR, Drs. LEGGE, MURRAY MITCHELL, and H. B. REYNOLDS. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

The Present Conflict with Unbelief. A Survey and a Forecast. By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Editor of the *Present-Day Tracts*. 4d.

CHRISTIAN CLASSICS SERIES.

1. *Cur Deus Homo*. Why did God become Man? By ANSELM, Archbishop of Canterbury. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth.

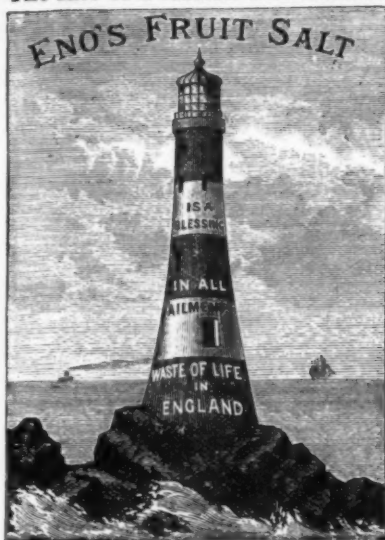
2. *The Enchiridion addressed to Laurentius*. Being a Treatise on Faith, Hope, and Love. By AUGUSTINE, Bishop of Hippo. 2s. cloth.

3. *De Incarnatione Verbi Dei*. By ATHANASIUS, of Alexandria. Translated by T. HERBERT BINDLEY, M.A. 2s. cloth.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

"The fate of a Nation will ultimately depend upon the strength and health of the population."

—Beaconsfield



140,000 PERSONS EVERY YEAR DIE
UNNATURAL DEATHS.

WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED

Read a large Illustrated sheet given with each bottle of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c., use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages how to Prevent Disease.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatching, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

SUSCEPTIBILITY TO TAKE INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Dr. W. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S., in a lecture, under the auspices of the National Health Society, speaking of Zymotic Diseases (Infectious Diseases) such as Cholera, Small-pox, Fever, &c., susceptibility to take them, he held, came in some cases from a poisonous condition of the blood, arising from the body retaining some portion of the wastes. These wastes, when not removed, were re-absorbed into the blood, and acted as a ready soil from which disease would germinate.

For the best method of preventing the spread of in ectious diseases read a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE.

THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the raging torrent.
BLOOD POISONS.

The predisposing causes of Disease, or, how to prevent a susceptibility to take Disease.

After suffering from FEVER FOUR TIMES, in each attack with very great severity—in fact, three of them could not have been more dangerous or critical—from a very extensive and careful observation, extending over a period of forty years, I am perfectly satisfied the "true cause" of fever is a disordered condition of the liver. The office of the liver is to cleanse the blood, as a scavenger might sweep the streets. When the liver is not working properly a quantity of wastes or effete matter is left floating in the blood. Under these circumstances, should the poison germ of fever, small pox, &c., be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal condition may be subjected to precisely the same conditions as to the contagious influences, and yet escape the fever. This, I consider, explains the seeing mystery that some persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable to the development of fever who, in fact, live in the very midst of it—escape unscathed. This being the case, the importance of keeping the liver in order cannot be over estimated; and I have pleasure in directing attention to my FRUIT SALT, which, in the form of a pleasant beverage, will correct the action of the liver, and thus prevent the many disastrous consequences; not only as an efficient means of warding off FEVERS and malarious diseases, but as a remedy for, and preventive of, BILIOUS or SICK HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION, VOMITING, THIRST, ERRORS OF EATING and DRINKING, SKIN ERUPTIONS, GIDDINESS, HEARTBURN, &c. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without a supply. In many forms of FEVER, or at the commencement of any fever, ENO'S FRUIT SALT acts as a specific. No one can have a simpler or more efficient remedy; by its use the poison is thrown off and the blood restored to its healthy condition. I used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO, Hatching Fruit Salt Works, S.E.

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER, ANY EMERGENCY, INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS.—DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c., use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages how to Prevent Disease.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatching, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.



C. A. RICKARDS,

MANUFACTURER OF PURE DYK

SEWING & MACHINE SILK TWISTS,

Also "Imperial Knitting Silk." Shade-Cards and Agents' Names given on application at the Works, BELL-BUSK MILLS, via LEEDS.

Original Maker of the sayds. Penny Buttonhole Silk Twist on reels, and the new sayds. "BELL" Reel of BLACK MACHINE SILK, three sizes, Stout, Medium, and Fine, all same price per gross.

London Warehouse—6, LOVE LANE, WOOD STREET, E.C.

Legion of Honor, 1878.

Royal Portuguese Knighthood, 1883.

Gold Medals and other Distinctions.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PIANOS.

FROM 35 GUINEAS UPWARDS.

18, 20, and 22, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.
LISTS FREE.

THE PITLOCHRY TWEEDS
THE CHOICEST THE MOST DURABLE
THE CHEAPEST

ON SALE, DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

Patterns Post Free. Parcels Carriage Paid.

WOOL

RECEIVED FOR MANUFACTURE INTO

Tweeds, Dress Tweeds, Blankets, Plaids, &c.

(PRIZE MEDAL, EDINBURGH EXHIBITION.)

New Season's Circular and Patterns, together with full particulars, on application. In Writing for Patterns state whether "for Purchase" or "for Manufacturing." We pay Carriage of Wools.

A. & J. MACNAUGHTON, PITLOCHRY, N.B.

Gold Medals—Dublin, 1882; Boston, 1883; London (Int. Exhib.), 1884.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S

PURE FLUID MAGNESIA.

The original article, as prepared by the Inventor, Sir James Murray, M.D. For over 60 years in use as an excellent remedy in cases of Acidity, Indigestion, Heartburn, Gravel, and Gout. When mixed with his ACIDULATED SYRUP, it forms a pleasant Effervescent Aperient especially suitable for Ladies and Children. Sold by all respectable Chemists, in Large-sized Bottles (the 1s. size containing nearly double the quantity usually sold at that price), at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. each. Also in Winchester Quarts for Dispensary and Hospital use. **CAUTION.**—Observe the Signature of the Inventor on every Label.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID CAMPHOR is a valuable remedy in cases of Sleeplessness and Weak Nerves, and in general as a mild Sedative and Antispasmodic. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. each. **SIR JAMES MURRAY & SON**, Chemical Works, Temple Street, Dublin; BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.

DAVY'S DIAMOND CEMENT

is the HARDEST, TOUGHEST, and most Enduring CEMENT ever discovered.

It securely and neatly mends China, Glass, Fancy Articles, Papier Maché, Toys, Fossils, Shell Bone, Broken Pipes, Vases, Jugs, Veneer, &c. Cigar Holders, Picture Frames, &c.; and for Fastening Tips on Billiard Cues is unrivalled.

DAVY'S DIAMOND CEMENT, price 1s. of all Chemists.

Post Free for 1s. 2d. from the Proprietors, BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street.



If you have forgotten that you intended to tell your Grocer or Oilman always to send you the "IMPERIAL" COLD WATER SOAP,

GO AT ONCE AND TELL HIM.

NOTE.

Delay means LOSS, because no Soap is better in quality or cheaper, none goes further, and it injures nothing. See whole-page Advertisements. Wholesale only of the Makers—



LAWSON PHILLIPS & BILLINGS,
Marsh Soap Works, BRISTOL.

FIVE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.
Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE
FOR CLEANING SILVER ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.
SOLD EVERYWHERE, in Boxes 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

C. BRANDAUER & CO'S CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

a Sixpenny Assorted Sample Box, or send 7 stamps to C. BRANDAUER
& CO'S Pen Works, Birmingham; or to their Wholesale Warehouse—
24, KING EDWARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Write as smoothly
as a lead pencil,
and neither
scratch nor spurt,
the points being
rounded by a new
process. SEVEN
PRIZE MEDALS
AWARDED. Ask
your Stationer for
a Sixpenny Assorted Sample Box, or send 7 stamps to C. BRANDAUER
& CO'S Pen Works, Birmingham; or to their Wholesale Warehouse—
24, KING EDWARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

This Food should be tried wherever other nourishment has not
proved entirely satisfactory.—It is already Cooked—Requires
neither boiling nor straining—Is made in a minute.

Allen & Hanburys' Infants' FOOD

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and
Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh
and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this
Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

"My child, after being at death's door for weeks from exhaustion, consequent from
severe diarrhoea, and inability to retain any form of 'Infants' Food' or Milk, began to
improve immediately he took your malted preparation, and I have never seen an infant
increase in weight so rapidly as he has done."—H. E. TRESTRAIL, F.R.C.S., M.R.C.P.

Further Medical Testimony and Full Directions
accompany each Tin.

Price, 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Everywhere.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—As a protection against
Counterfeits, see that
each Tin bears ALLEN & HANBURY'S Name.



In the New Patented LEE FINISH "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL

(Registered Trade Mark.)
SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

The depth of tone in all shades is unequalled.
Will NOT SPOT with RAIN.

If WET, can be dried before a fire and STILL
RETAIN its original lustre and appearance.

Shades are ABSOLUTELY FAST and
will NOT SOIL light gloves or dress materials.

In the new "LEE" FINISH, the Patentees have most successfully overcome the drawbacks
common to all makes of Velvet and Cotton Pile Fabrics finished by the ordinary process, pro-
ducing at a much lower cost, and bringing within the reach of all purses, the beautiful fabric "MY
QUEEN" VEL-VEL, which has been pronounced by connoisseurs to be equal in appearance to and wear better than the best Lyons Silk Velvet. The
Wear of every yard is guaranteed, and for the protection of the public every yard is stamped with the registered Trade Mark, "MY QUEEN"
VEL-VEL, obtainable from all the best drapers throughout the United Kingdom, from 1s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining "My Queen" Vel-Vel, Ladies are requested to write to
Sole Proprietors, FELSTEAD & HUNT, 41, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, & 9, Fountain St., Manchester.

THE LATEST NOVELTY FOR HOUSE DECORATION !

A NEW MATERIAL,

Entirely superseding the
Old-fashioned Blind, combining
ELEGANCE,
DURABILITY,
UTILITY,
ECONOMY.

Plain Colours & Fancy Patterns.
Artistic Designs, Charming
Combination of Shades to
match modern Furniture
and Decorations.

THE "LANCASTER" Window Blind Cloth

Requires no Washing.—Will Sponge
Clean.—Rolls up Straight.—Does not
Crease.—Requires No Hemming.—
May be Cut to any Width without
Fraying.—Is easily Fixed to existing
Rollers.—Is unaffected by Heat,
Damp, or Exposure to the Weather.
—Not liable to Fade.—Will stand
Rough Wear.—Does not Darken the
Rooms.—Protects Carpets and Furni-
ture from the Heat and Bleaching
Glaire of the Sun.—The cheapest and
best in the World.—In all widths vary-
ing from 28 to 72 inches.

Can be obtained from all Drapers, Upholsterers and Cabinet Makers.

BECKETT'S WINTERINE

Imperial Pints 1s. 6d.
Half Pints 10d. (Registered.)
Two Pints Post Free, 3s. 6d.
A Sample Bottle 9d. Post Free.
The Drink of the Season.
A splendid stomachic and stimulant.
The best Non-Alcoholic substitute for Brandy.
An excellent preventive against colds.
The following are also capital WINTER DRINKS. Beckett's Gingerette
Cordial, Clove, Peppermint, Lime Fruit, Raspberry, Black Currant,
and other Cordials, and Fruit Syrups.
Sole Manufacturer, W. BECKETT, Heywood, MANCHESTER.
Sold by Chemists, Confectioners, and Coffee Tavern Companies.
London Wholesale and Export Agents, BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon St., E.C.;
and most Patent Medicine houses.

Invaluable to Every Household.
HOW TO AVOID FINGER MARKS.
USE STEPHENSON BROS.'
SUPERIOR
FURNITURE
CREAM
Sample Bottle free by Post
on Application. Sold by Chemists,
Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.
Sole Proprietors—
STEPHENSON BROS., BRADFORD, YORKS

PREPARED CONCENTRATED
CALIFORNIAN BORAX
THE "HOUSEHOLD TREASURE"
(Specialite for Personal and Domestic Uses.)
Is supplied by all Family Grocers and Oilmen.



THIS IS
THE
ORIGINAL
AND ONLY
PREPARED

SAFE
AGREEABLE
AND
ABSOLUTELY
PURE

In Packets, 6d., 3d., & 1d. Uses and valuable receipts with each.
Patent Borax Co., Discoverers and Sole Makers, Birmingham. Borax
Book "HOME AND HEALTH AND BEAUTY," with Sample Packet, free by
post for Two Stamps.

registered.)
NE
stimulant,
not colds,
geretto

STER.
t, E.C.;

S.

M
RKS

AX

BLE

ELY

ck.
Borax
free by

H
L
(ark.)

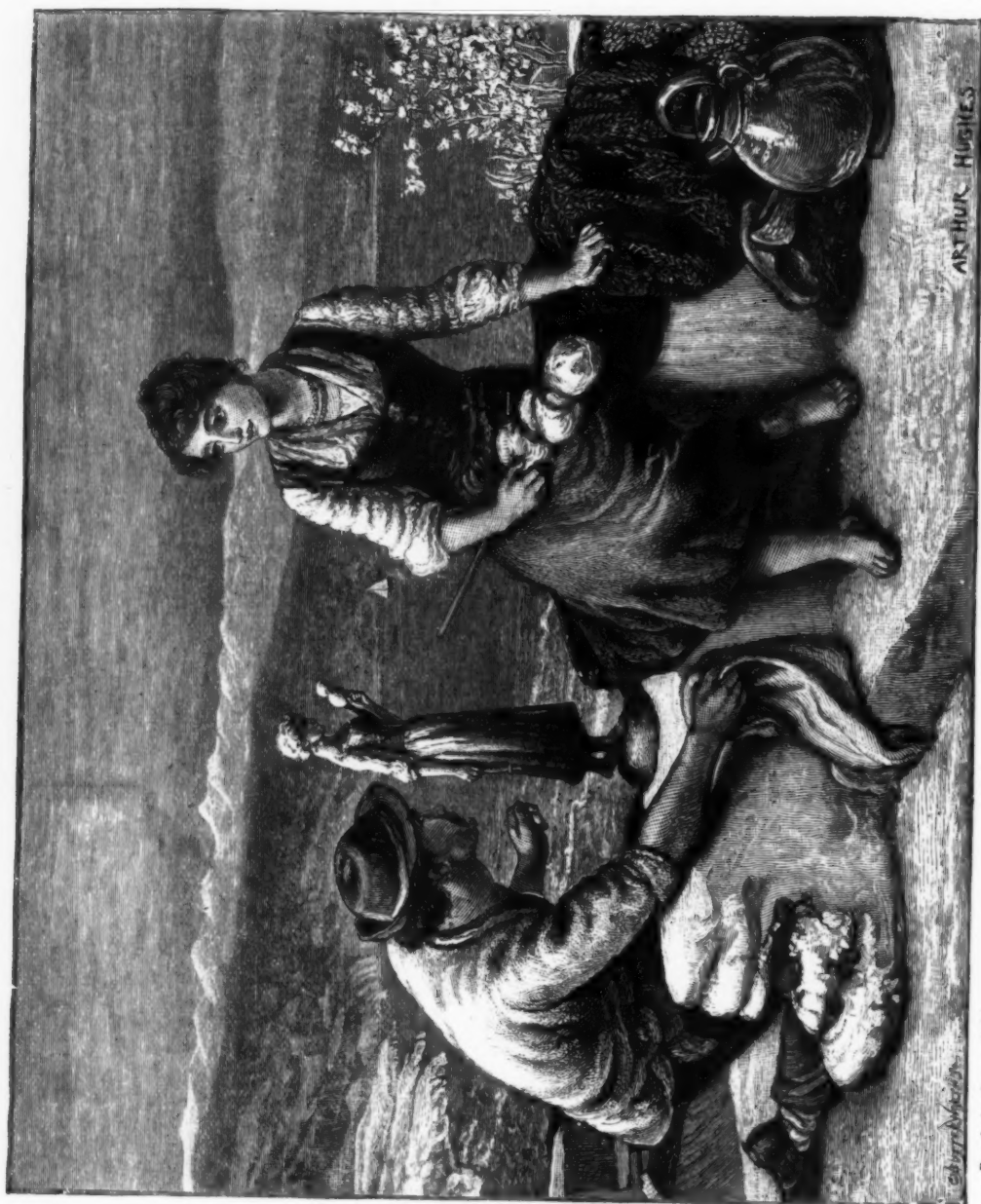
be ob-
drape
PRE

LEE
ER in
ATI-
s.

backs
pro-
MY
The
EN

ster.

ponge
es not
ing.—
ithout
tisting
Heat,
ather.
stand
en the
Furni-
chging
st and
vary-



THE POTTER'S COURTSHIP.

Royal Academy, 1861.

[By permission of James Richardson, Esq.
Copyright reserved.]

THE LONE HOUSE:

A GALLOWAY STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR, AUTHOR OF "JAN VEDDER'S WIFE," "A DAUGHTER OF FIFE, ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.



JEANNIE'S NAME SHALL BE CROSSED OUT.

"Show me the way that leadeth unto Thee :
Though it be difficult, Thou art all might ;
Though dark, Thou art the Living Light."

THE winter passed wretchedly away. Proud, passionate, ardent, suffering occasioned Andrew an amazement bordering upon rebellion. He felt under it the indignation of a

king's son upon whose purple a slave has laid his hand. His soul, retaining little of its high origin but pride, dealt with God in a presumptuous spirit. The sentiment of his own sinfulness did not strike him ; the necessity of being purified, though as by fire and sword, made him angry. A victim also of the world's misapprehensions and of his own errors, mortified, devoured by a barren pain, a

prey to the delirium of pride, unsocial, and ashamed of his sufferings, he rapidly became an egotist of the worst type. And when a man is his own god, how can he possess the God of heaven?

One lovely day in April Ann persuaded him to ride into Port Braddon. "I'm no weel, fayther," she said, "and I want to speak wi' the doctor."

The complaint was true enough, and Andrew, diverting for a moment his eyes from himself, was shocked at the wan, shrunken face of the once blooming Ann Carrick.

"Why didna you speak ere this, Ann?"

"You hae been that fu' o' sorrow I couldna bear to gie you mair trouble. But I'll be in the bed soon, if I dinna get help, and we dinna want stranger folk roun' the place."

"God forbid! You ill, Ann, and strange faces here, that wad be the last drop in the black cup given me to drink. You shouldna hae run sic a risk for my sake, no to speak o' your ain."

He had not been in Port Braddon for many months, and the changes going on astonished him. Some capitalists had found out its excellent harbour, and its contiguity to the Irish coast, and had determined to make it the depôt of a line of small steamers between the two countries. A ship-building yard and a new pier were in progress. Old houses were putting on new fronts; new houses were being built in all directions. The drowsy air of the old town had given place to one of action and bustle, and quite in accord with it seemed the bright, eager-looking young minister, who was the first person to accost Andrew.

He rejoiced to see him again. His place had too long missed him in the kirk. He hoped he had quite recovered, and should look for him on the following Sabbath. He quite ignored the fact that Andrew had always refused to see him in all his pastoral visits. And such was Andrew's perversity, that he made the generosity of the oblivion an additional offence.

"He treated me like a petted bairn, whose anger wasna worth minding," he said to Ann, when telling her of the meeting; "and I canna thole that smile o' his, and his loud voice, and that look o' pairfect contentment wi' this sorrowfu', sinfu' world, that he aye wears."

The doctor found Ann very sick and feeble, and Andrew was compelled either to milk and do certain household duties or to hire a stranger. He chose to do them, and, small as the distraction was, it did him good. The doctor also had a favourable influence upon him. He was a politic man, used to humouring his patients, and not disinclined to condemn Grahame and the Free Kirk elders in a prudent way. He advised Andrew, as soon as Ann was able to resume her duties, to get a fowling-piece and take to the hills. "There's naething like Nature," he said, "when you're sick to death o' men and women. Up on the hill-tops you may walk abreast wi' angels, and there's nane but God to o'erlook you."

The thought pleased Andrew. He remembered how persecuted men in all ages had fled to the mountains and the unplanted places of the earth; and there was a kind of comfort in putting himself among such a company. So, as soon as Ann

was well, he began to go to the moors, as steadily as if it was his daily work. But there is no voice in Nature that cries to the children of men "Return!" and Andrew remained as spiritually far astray as ever.

When the fishing season came on, the desire to handle the sails, to pull in the nets, and to face the strong winds and the great waves, became a hunger in his heart; and he walked down to the cottages to see if there was any more friendly feeling towards him. Then he heard a most astounding piece of news. The whole colony were going to move into Port Braddon. Grahame had built some cottages near the new quay, and they were going to occupy them.

Johnny Gilhaize, the lad who told him, said there had been a meeting at Peter Lochrig's the previous evening, and the men had agreed to call upon Andrew, after work was over, the following Saturday, and give him their reasons for the change.

"But it's Peter that will speak to you, Carrick, for I'm but a lad, and I'll doubtless get my reproofs for saying what I hae said."

Andrew answered not a word. He turned round, and went once more into the solitude of his own room. That very night a letter came from Jeannie; and Ann, trembling with excitement, carried it to him. He read it, and gave it back to her in a suppressed rage. "She was so happy, and Grahame was doing so well, and they had a little lass bairn"—and, in fact, the world was all paradise. The girl had meant to please her father, but Andrew felt her flourishing happiness to be an insult to the shame and misery which had been brought upon her own home, and her own people, by her selfish wickedness. Oh, it was all very bitter, and hard to bear!

Lochrig and his ungrateful fellows—the minister and the elders—yea, even Grahame, might be forgiven more easily than this serpent daughter who had crept into his heart to poison his whole life. In that hour he laid upon her the blame of all the sin and sorrow which had made a shadow between him and his Maker. But for her folly and selfish indulgence, he might yet have been honoured among men and beloved of Heaven. He might have been singing at his last, and happy among his mates in the fishing fleet. She had driven him from the kirk and the market-place, and made her innocent sister to be ashamed to join any gathering of the lasses of her own age. She had been a canker in his gold. She had separated him from very friends; and in a few months the cottages, which had been his pride and his living, would be standing desolate, monuments of a broken tie nothing could ever heal. And she was "so happy." And "dear Walter" was "so prosperous." How could a just Providence permit such wrong?

After an hour or two of such reflections, he went into the houseplace. Never had Ann seen his face so terrible. He looked steadily at her a moment, and then said,

"You'll bring me the Bible."

"I'm right glad to do that, fayther."

"And the ink-horn, and a pen."

She brought them also; but ere she put them on the table, said, "What are you for doing, fayther?"

"I am gaeing to cross oot the name o' ane wha has nae langer pairt nor lot in my heart or house. Gie me the pen."

"To cross Jeannie's name oot o' God's Holy Book?"

"Just sae."

"Then I'll no do it, fayther! No, I'll ne'er do it! What will mither say? And a' the dead and gane Carricks whase names are afore hers? You shall not 'file your soul and your hands wi' sic like a sin! Gie me the Holy Book! To-night you arena fit to lay hands upon it."

"Hoo daur you speak to me, wha am your fayther, that gate? Hoo daur you? Do you ken *wha* you are disobeying?"

"I never disobeyed you in anything afore this. Reasonable or unreasonable, your words hae been a law unto me. But I'll no let you cross Jeannie's name oot the Bible. I'll no do it. It wad be a sin worse than murder."

"Gie me the pen and ink, I say!"

She dashed the bottle upon the spotless floor and pointed to the great black splash. "It's better there than on your soul, fayther."

"Sae you hae turned against me too!"

She fell upon her knees at his side, and laying her head against his breast, sobbed with a heart-broken passion that terrified and quieted him. He soothed her with gentle words, and rising to his feet lifted her up. "Gae to your sleep; dearie. I'll spare the name for your sake." Then he went back to his room and locked the door.

Sick and exhausted with her daring disobedience and unusual emotion, Ann sat trembling in the chair he had vacated for some time ere she could gather strength for further effort. Her first action was to open the Bible at those leaves which contained the family register for nearly 200 years. Jeannie's name was the last one. She looked at it. She softly touched it; then, with a prayer in her heart, she stooped and kissed it, whispering to herself, "O mither, mither! for your dear sake, as weel as for Jeannie's, I'll ware my heart's blood ere I'll hae the name blotted oot."

Andrew was singularly quiet next day. Ann's heart ached for him. He walked up and down, muttering, "Would God but gie me sleep! Would God but gie me sleep! But that He gies only to His beloved! Wae's me! Wae's me!" The man was breaking fast, but the iron thews and the nerves of steel by which he was encompassed made the struggle a frightful one. His haggardness was extreme, and the haunted seeking look in his eyes touched Peter Lochrig so keenly that he could not say one hard word to him. Indeed he began to excuse the removal of the little colony on the plea of "the better harbour, the new quay, the market close at hand, no to speak of the kirk and the shops."

Andrew listened as one who heard not.

"Every ane must do the best they can for their ain side," he answered, "and eaten bread is soon

forgotten. There's nae harm whar none is meant."

"Maybe, Carrick, you wad feel to gae wi' the boats an orra time. We'd be glad to hae you. I'm sorry to see you looking sae little like yourself."

"I'll no gae, Peter. I'd only be a Jonah in the boats; and I'd be loth to bring sorrow on any o' you."

He turned sadly away, leaving the money Peter had brought upon the table. This indifference to the siller touched Peter more than words. He went home quite ashamed of his animosity, and feeling something very like reverence for a man in such deep, manifest trouble.

After this there were many days in which Carrick ceased to struggle. He had nearly reached that saddest of all spiritual conditions—the hopeless apathy of a soul subjugated by despair.

One morning in July, a hot dry morning, he went very early to the hills. Not far from the house there was a large flat rock raised upon natural boulders about as high as an ordinary table. It had often been used for preaching and sacramental purposes by the Covenanting congregations, and was still known as the "Martyrs' Stane." It was Andrew's favourite resort. When the sun was high he lay among the brackens beneath it; when it was cool and pleasant he sat beside it watching the sea and the road beneath and his own house.

This day he went directly there, and Ann saw him at intervals all the morning in its vicinity. About mid-afternoon there were signs of a storm. The air was tenuous, the heat oppressive, the sea black and motionless. She looked anxiously toward the stone and saw her father begin to descend the hill. There were already large drops of rain and the "sough" of a coming wind. The cattle also had come home, and she went and opened the byre for them. Ere she had finished this task the air was black with rain. "He'll be wetted through ere he wins hame," and she hastened to lay ready for him some dry clothing and to build up the fire and put the kettle over it.

In the meantime Andrew had nearly reached the road, when he heard the sound of a galloping horse. The traveller came on at full speed with his plaid folded tight around him, his bonnet drawn down to his eyes, and his head bent to the storm. It was David Grahame. As soon as Andrew wy him the devil entered into his heart. The animal desire for revenge dominated every other feeling; and yet, so subtly was the spiritual element interwoven in the fibres of his being that in the same instant in which he determined to kill Grahame he began to justify the deed and to seek a sign that it was the Lord who had delivered his enemy into his hand.

"I'll count forty save ane," he said, fiercely, "and then I'll fire. If it be God's will to rid me o' the troubler o' my peace, He'll send the bullet to its ain place; and if this occasion be laid upon me I'll ne'er shirk it."

He stood firmly on a mass of boulders, with his

gun levelled at the spot which Grahame must pass, counting off the allotted numbers with the strictest justice and impartiality. He feared for a moment that the man must pass ere he reached the thirtynine; but he kept faithfully the engagement he had made with himself.

"*Thirty-eight! thirty-nine!*" Grahame was on the very spot; Andrew's finger was on the trigger, but he never fired! There was a dazzling light, a terrific crash; Grahame was riding safely down the road. Andrew had fallen to the ground, smitten, as it seemed, by the fire of heaven.

For an hour the storm raged, and Ann walked from one door to the other, anxiously watching for some sign of her father. "He must hae gane back and ta'en shelter aneath the stane, and he'll be hame when the storm is o'er," she concluded. But when the rain had subsided, and there were even stray gleams of watery sunshine, and still no signs of his return, she grew very miserable. Hurriedly she finished her milking, and then went to the cottages, and ere she had fully made known her anxiety Peter Lochrig was putting on his bonnet and calling for Johnny Gilhaize and Robbie Boyd. They walked much more swiftly than Ann, and she had barely got home again when she saw them coming with their unconscious burden.

Peter's eyes were full of tears when he laid Carrick upon his bed. In that hour all his faults were forgotten, and the man in his old, honest, pleasant aspects came back to memory. Then Peter felt the strength of that long, long friendship, binding the cottages to the Lone House, and in the days and weeks of sorrow and anxiety which followed, it nobly vindicated itself. The men in turns watched beside Andrew, the women relieved Ann of all stress of household labour, for the shock to Andrew's system had been all but deadly in its force, and his long exposure to the rain, though it had saved him from death by lightning, had induced other disease of an acute and dangerous character. For long weeks Andrew held to existence only upon a tenure of the extremest physical suffering.

One morning he awoke as from some awful dream. He was in his right mind, but pitifully weak.

"Ann!"

It was only a whisper, but she heard it, and was at his side in a moment.

"My dear, dear fayther! Are you feeling better?"

"Ay, thank God! What time is it?"

"It's near the noon hour. Will you hae aught?"

"Ay, open the shutters and let in the daylight! I hae been long in the valley o' the shadow—sae lang—sae lang!"

"The shutters are open, fayther."

She spoke very low, holding both his wasted hands in hers, kissing them, and letting her tears downfall upon them.

"What is it? Ann—tell me? Is it light in the room?"

"Braid noonday. Oh, fayther! fayther!"

"Blind! blind! blind! Nae sun, nae moon,

nae face o' bairn or friend! Oh, my God, be mercifu'!"

There was a moment of intense, anguished silence.

Then Cosmo Carrick, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed, rose, and, taking Andrew's hand, said, in low, gentle tones,

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him.

"He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so there may be hope.

"He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him: he is filled full with reproach.

"For the Lord will not cast off for ever:

"But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

"For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

"Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

"Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not." (Lam. iii.)

Andrew was far too weak and prostrate to answer. Ann gave him the few spoonfuls of nourishment he could take, and Cosmo wiped away the large tears that slowly rolled down his face. And the way of God with a man's soul is one which no human intellect can follow. The moment had come when the lost sheep, called in vain through all the pleasant valleys of life, answered at length out of the dark valley of the shadow of death. Ah! how grand is the triumph reserved for those who submit. Andrew from his crushed heart only whispered, "Thy will be done." And instantly that peace which passeth understanding was with him.

Then he heard with pleasure and gratitude how kind the men and women from the cottages had been—how often the elders had called upon him—how regularly prayer had been offered in the kirk on his behalf. All these things blended with his daughter's tenderness, with Cosmo Carrick's spiritual ministrations, and with some sacred secret influence at work within his own soul; and Andrew came back to life a changed man.

But oh! how changed was life. Not at first did this appear to him. He was so weak that the silence and darkness were grateful. He needed nothing of earth but spoonfuls of food and a tender word. In the early delirium of his sickness he had called incessantly for his cousin Cosmo, and Ann had written for the minister. Then Andrew received back the bread he had cast upon the waters many years before. Every hour that it was possible to give to his benefactor Cosmo gave cheerfully. He brought to the sick man the best medical counsel that Edinburgh could supply. Ann learned to depend upon him in all emergencies, and during the tedious convalescence his kindly visits never slackened.

Even after Andrew was able to sit up again, Cosmo came every week to see him; and these

visits supplied pleasant conversation, and happy hopes until he came again. In the intervals he was not deserted. Peter Lochrig got into the habit of spending Saturday evening at the Lone House, and there were few days in which some old acquaintance did not "make it in his way" to call, and chat an hour, as he passed.

In the following spring Andrew was able to go once more to Port Braddon kirk. It was the spring communion, and a most lovely day. Holding his daughter's hand, he walked with uplifted face to the holy table. There was not a dry eye among the men and women. The children gazed at him with wondering pity. With what humility and gratitude he ate that sacred meal no mortal but Cosmo Carrick knew; for to him alone Andrew had confided the murderous intention, so justly, so mercifully thwarted.

After this, life at the Lone House fell into very regular methods. Ann rose early, and hastened her household work, and then read to her father. Not only the Bible, for Cosmo brought books of missionary travel, magazines, and papers of varied interest. And Andrew, in his physical darkness, had his mental sight opened. He became gradually acquainted with peoples and nations afar off. The world that had been bounded by Glasgow and Edinburgh spread out from east to west, from Greenland to India. And Ann soon also grew to enjoy what had at first only been a labour of love. When they had such a book in reading as Moffat's Africa, or Huc's Travels in Asia, both alike longed for the hour when it could be resumed. And then, when Cosmo came next, what pleasant conversations and discussions grew out of it!

The year went peacefully away, and Andrew gradually learned to find his way with his staff about the house and yard, and even up the hill to the Martyrs' Stone; and when Ann was busy, and the day fair, he often went there to meditate.

One day, just before Christmas, Cosmo Carrick came to the Lone House. Ann was in the dairy, and Andrew, sitting alone, was singing "St. Mar-nock's." As Cosmo listened a thought flashed across his mind, and he put it into shape immediately on his return to Edinburgh—that is, he bought an excellent parlour organ and took it to Carrick.

Andrew was full of gratitude and joy; he had a fine natural taste for music; and, with some help from Cosmo, was soon upon familiar terms with his instrument. Henceforward it was the companion and confidant of all his moods; and, as years went by, he acquired a wonderful command over it. Not that he ever played artistically, but he did play so that artists listened to him with pleasure and astonishment.

These events indicate the main currents of Andrew's renewed life. No one will suppose that they were not blended with many dark and gloomy circumstances. Earth has deserts in all her fruitful lands; the work of God is barren in some parts; a rose is not all flower, but hath much of lower beauty; and even that life which is hidden with Christ in God is not all joy. Andrew

had many sad hours—hours in which his helplessness fretted him like a chain—hours in which not even the sweet spirit of his organ could charm away the mournful, mocking phantoms that peopled his darkness—hours, also, when he longed with a great longing for his lost child.

But he never named Jeannie, and Ann had nothing pleasant to tell him. One other letter she had had, dated from an interior station three hundred miles north of Sydney. It was full of complaint, sorrow, and fear. Her child was dead; her husband had got among bad companions; he had begun to drink; he was "ill to her;" she was sick and longing for home. This letter had come when Andrew was very ill, and the answer Ann had been compelled to send had probably shocked and quite discouraged the unhappy woman. She wrote no more. But though Andrew did not name her, when he sat quiet in his houseplace he thought of her.

He had long begun to make excuses for her, in the very necessity which was a part of the creed inborn and interwoven in his being. Stormy wind and ocean, love's ingratitude and wrong, the lightning's cruel flash, all were alike His ministers, fulfilling His will. It was the keystone of his own submission, the sentiment of his most triumphant song.

He indeed confessed to Cosmo Carrick that he had been permitted to "mak' a sair stumble, and to wander sae far frae his Fayther's house, that naething but a fiery message frae Heaven itself could bring him back; but then," he would add, triumphantly, "I was aye His child, ne'er forgotten—ne'er made little o'; and that's the glory o' His covenant wi' the seed o' the righteous." So he gave Jeannie also the benefit of the same reasoning; and, by a benign interpretation of the great parable, he gave the prodigal son's position to his wandering daughter.

But year after year passed, and no word came from Jeannie. Even Ann had given up hoping. All her letters remained unanswered, and, after five years' neglect, any love but a parent's love ceases to remember—for absence and silence do not make the heart grow fonder. We should not forget the dead if we ever heard from them. It is the speechless blank, from which comes neither voice nor messenger, that appals love and slays memory.

Ann was now twenty-eight years old. She had been scarcely twenty-one when Jeannie left her home. Physically, she had lost the fresh bloom and easy grace of girlhood; in other respects she was a much handsomer woman. The culture of varied reading, the association with her cousin Cosmo, and the refining influences of sorrow, had given her far more than time had taken away. She was a beautiful woman, domestic, peaceful, loving. She loved God with all her soul, and went about her daily duties unchallenged by any of those desolating problems which make the knees to tremble and the heart turn sick with fear.

She was the one woman in the world to Cosmo Carrick. He loved her with all the strength of his truthful, generous nature; and he knew that

her affection for him was of the same tender, earnest character. Andrew, however, closed his ears to every word which gave to Cosmo's visits any other meaning than that of friendship for himself. But waiting, which would have been intolerable to undisciplined hearts, was not difficult to them. They knew how to possess a true passion, instead of being taken "possession of" by it. "If our union is in the will o' God, He will bring it to pass in His ain way and time," said Ann; and Cosmo cheerfully accepted her decision.

One morning Ann was sitting in the house-place with a measure of vegetables on her knee, and Andrew, at his organ, was filling the room with rolling cadences of sweet and solemn sounds. Outside it was the dreariest of days. From the ocean came drifting fogs and showers of chilling rain; the hills loomed huge and pale in the misty air, and the grey Lone House stood gaunt and gloomy amid its melancholy moors. But Ann was full of quiet happiness in her clean, white house. The fire crackled and blazed, the soup bubbled beside it, and the little table was spread for an early dinner, so that they could begin a new book which had come the night before.

Suddenly there was a momentary shadow. It was as if some one had passed the window. Ann looked up, and listened to hear if anybody knocked at the door. Ere she was satisfied, a pale face, almost ghostlike in the vapoury atmosphere, looked in at the window, and a hand beckoned her outside. She obeyed at once. There was no one at the front of the house; but at the back a woman was leaning against the dairy door—a woman in thin, wretched clothing, shivering and wet, and quite worn out. It was Jeannie. Ann knew her at once, and folded her to her breast with words of love and welcome.

"Gie me a drink o' milk, Nannie," were the first words Jeannie uttered; and Ann looked in fear and pity at the famishing creature as she greedily drank it.

"I haena tasted since yestermorn, Nannie, and I hae walked—I canna tell how far, sae mony miles, sae mony weary miles. I'm dying o' want, and pain, and sorrow. Oh, Nannie, ask fayther to let me bide at hame."

She led her into the dairy and made her sit down. "You arena going awa' frae me ony mair, Jeannie. Eat and drink, dearie, and I'll go to fayther."

Andrew was still playing, his face slightly uplifted, his fingers wandering among the keys. Ann put her hand upon his shoulder and said, "Fayther!"

"Well, lassie, what is it? I was just trying to find a bonnie bit that has slipped awa' frae me; it was only twa or three notes, but I canna find them."

"Fayther, you and I hae found mair than a few lost notes; we hae found the lost piece o' siller—we hae found our Jeannie!"

"Whar is she? Ann Carrick, whar is she? Tak' me to her! tak' me to her!"

"She sall come to you; she's in the dairy waiting for your word. What will I tell her?"

"Tell her I hae forgiven her lang syne. Tell her she is welcome to my heart and hame!"

He turned his white, sightless face to the door, and when he heard Jeannie's footsteps he opened his arms, and the wretched woman, tight folded in their embrace, sobbed out her sorrow and grief and love.

Andrew hardly spoke, but he took her face in his hands and kissed it. No words could have said as much. It was an expression of affection so unusual with him that Jeannie in all her life could only remember one other like token of his fatherly love—the kiss he had given her on the Sabbath when she had made her confession of faith and received her first Sacrament.

When she was clothed and warmed and fed, it was a sad story she had to tell. The death of her child had been but the beginning of many sorrows. Whatever dissolute, unfaithful, idle, cruel husbands can make women suffer had been Jeannie's lot. She drew a terrible picture of the miseries she had to endure in the rude frontier life to which she had been taken. Poverty had been the least of her sorrows, though poverty in its extremity she had been familiar with. "When Walter died a year syne," she said, "I had ane thought—to win hame again. I worked my way o'er the water as under-stewardess. The ship put into Southampton, and I had only a sovereign. That took me vera near Carlisle. I hae walked the rest o' the way. I hae been a week on the road, and I hae lived on less than four shillings."

Poor Jeannie! She was two years younger than Ann, but she looked twenty years older. Exhaustion and exposure brought on a slow fever; for a month she was not able to leave her room. But after that she fell naturally into her future place, the companion of her father.

Before another winter came Cosmo and Ann married, and Jeannie took Ann's place also in the house. But Jeannie's way was not Ann's way. When she became mistress she made far less butter, and she did far less cleaning, but she read more, and she walked more with her father, and they spent hours together at the organ, for Jeannie soon learned the technical part of music, and was able to supply Andrew with constant new themes for his practice.

Not infrequently they left Janet Lochrig in charge of the house and went to Edinburgh for a week; and these visits grew more frequent when Ann had a little lad bairn, who was baptized Andrew, and whom Andrew senior delighted to cuddle in his arms and croon to sleep with some old Covenanting melody. For ten years Jeannie and her father lived together in a peaceful happiness, almost ideal in its calm purity and freedom from all earthly care. Day by day they were climbing to the goal of an existence in which they spoke much oftener to God, and of God, than to the world, and of the world.

In the days of her great sorrow Jeannie had found the Christ of the poor and the forsaken, and proved His ineffable tenderness, and taken

from His pierced hands royal compassions. It was with her Andrew first of all sat down at the foot of the Cross. And when the dawn of this higher revelation came to him he was as "one that dreameth." He kept repeating to himself, "The Cross of Christ! The Cross of Christ! It cleanseth from all sin. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ, *all! all!* shall be made alive. It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish!" And he set these assurances to music so lofty and joyful that it is worthy to be the

prelude of an antiphony for the church militant in all lands.

He lived to be a very old man, and every year his faith strengthened and his nature grew riper and sweeter. But a little while ago death touched his eyes, and they opened amid the loveliness of the land which is very far off, and the joy of that multitude which no man can number. And oh! after nearly ninety years of life's fitful fever,

"How sweet is the slumber wherewith the King
causeth the weary to rest!"

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIA is now facing the difficulty England had to deal with after the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII. The old ties are broken, and charity and dependence are in course of replacement by self-help, but the replacement is by no means as rapid as it might be, and "while the grass grows the steed starves." In England the result was the invention of the workhouse; what it is to be in Russia is the question of the hour, for the poor law has been tried, and is failing.

Emancipation has brought with hope a sentence of misery to many, and, like other great works for the good of the race, it has intensified the struggle for existence. Since 1866 labour has simply not been available to cultivate either large or small properties in some fourteen governments, and there has been actually permanent famine. In each of the larger provinces—such as Kursk, Tambow, and Kostroma—over a hundred thousand peasants have abandoned the eight-acre plots allotted them, and sought means of sustenance in the great towns. In seventy-one governments there are over 300,000 beggars, and of these 182,000 are peasant proprietors! All that the peasant communities, 50,000 in number, can do for their poor is but a drop in the ocean. They are quite incapable of replacing all that was done under the old state of things by the hundred odd thousand large landed proprietors, whose interest it was that their dependents should be in a fit state to work well and continuously.

By the law of 1861 rural communes were entrusted with the care of their own poor, and by the edict of 1864 the *Zemstvos*, in which the communities are represented, have to provide certain charitable institutions, and enforce the regulations for the relief of the poor and the restriction of mendicancy. But the well-intentioned law is a dead letter. In seventy-four governments, with sixty millions of inhabitants, the funds available for charitable purposes have up to the present amounted to less than £30,000. Education has fared a little better, but even in the Moscow Duma there are 60,000 children between the ages of seven and fourteen who remain absolutely without education!

We have lately heard much of the allotments controlled by the *mir*, or village commune, and paid for by the peasant, either in rent or labour. The normal size of these allotments, reckoned as necessary for subsistence under the peculiar system of agriculture, is from twenty-eight to forty acres. It is significant that a quarter of the allotments held are under three acres, and half of them under ten, while the average peasant is sure of his rye bread for only two hundred days in the year!

For the taxes on these allotments the *mir* is responsible, and the disheartening nature of the prospect is sufficiently apparent when we find that the value of the redemption and land taxes is more than 200 per cent. of the rental value of the allotments. No wonder that "arrears increase yearly," and that things generally are in a bad way.

A fifth of the peasants have left their homes for good, and it is now the custom for more than half the males to wander forth in search of what they can earn or beg. Baron von Buxhövdén, the founder of an almshouse at Cronstadt, and of a small workhouse in St. Petersburg, in his report, recently thought worthy of translation by our Foreign Office, estimates the number of professional beggars in Russia at 350,000, two-thirds of whom live absolutely on casual charity, while the others avail themselves of benevolent institutions. In two districts of the Moscow government, Bogorodsk and Wereja, there are fifty-two villages whose ten thousand inhabitants live by professional begging, and this notwithstanding that their soil is productive and divided into the proper small holdings. In autumn, as soon as the crops are harvested and sold, and it is consequently known who has most money, these picturesque beggars, some ten or twenty strong, start off in their carts to prey upon the charity of the district. Some take off their shirts, and, clothing themselves in bits of burnt fur, act the part of burnt-out peasants; others take children with them, to be beaten and made howl when within earshot of a possible alms-giver; others go round for contributions towards the burial expenses of a suddenly deceased old man, the character of

corpse being admirably acted by one of the company; while others travel with children they have bought from the nurses at the foundling hospitals, and maimed and disfigured so as to excite pity. Formerly the clever beggar would return with a hundred roubles in his pocket, besides having increased the value of his horse by the good food received from the charitable; but now "competition has reduced this gain," and forty roubles is the reward of a good season. There is a historical reason for this strange mode of getting a livelihood, of course. It had its origin at the time of the war in the early part of the century, when villages were really burnt and the people driven to beggary.

And now, for a different cause, the genuine poor must starve or beg unless something is done. In the Baltic Provinces, in Poland, and in Finland, measures are taken to check the plague of professional mendicancy, and regular relief is granted, and workhouses have come into being; but these are but the fringe of the empire. What is to be done with its mass, with taxes two hundred per cent. of the rental value, and with all the good land falling into the hands of the village money-lenders? For in this latter is another phase of the difficulty. The charitable large capitalist has gone; the small capitalist risen from the ranks has no margin to spare on charity, even if he had the will.

That a solution will be found is possible, but what is it to be? According to some strongly-opinionated persons, Russia has only to borrow in silver and pay interest in gold to recover herself at once, to wipe off all her deficits, imperial, provincial, local, and communal; but how this is to be is not obtrusively apparent to the ordinary mind. To many the suggestion seems to be a gibe. But Russia is not as other lands. Her resources are enormous; their development is for the future. At present eighty-one per cent. of her people are peasants; these pay ninety-one per cent. of her direct taxation, and so heavy is the taxing that there is little chance of her people bearing new taxes for education and sanitary matters. She has the highest death-rate in Europe. Not half of the children born to her see their seventh year; and the other half are now threatened with starvation.

Those that will not work are sapping the life from those that will. The nominal penalties for begging and vagabondage are from two to four weeks' imprisonment, and in extreme cases three months. A warm room in winter, with a sufficiency of food and absolute repose, is, however, no punishment for the beggar. A few years ago the magistrate at Cronstadt sentenced sixty professional beggars to six weeks' imprisonment. They all appealed against the sentence, and asked for three months, on the ground that they could find no occupation but begging on the public roads till the expiration of that time. But how can the prisons be turned into poorhouses if no funds are forthcoming for their upkeep? No wonder that the charity committees at St. Petersburg and Moscow are powerless and overwhelmed.

Buxhövdén has two practical suggestions, which might do something towards meeting the evil. One that, as indiscriminate almsgiving demoralises its recipients, while work elevates the worker, every effort should be made by benevolent societies and communes to establish real work-houses in their various districts; the other, to found beggar colonies, such as have been found an admirable remedy for professional mendicancy in Germany and elsewhere.

At the same time it must be confessed that the attempt to relieve mendicancy by means of providing labour has as yet been almost entirely without result. The Cronstadt workhouse is the one exception. In 1883-84 its expenditure was 38,000 roubles, and its income 40,000 roubles. St. Petersburg gives yearly about 6,400,000 roubles for its poor, and the number of poor relieved in 1882 was 229,000 out of 876,500, in other words, more than a quarter of the population was, as we say, "on the rates." Matters are, however, not managed on our plan; of these six million odd roubles the State gives 4,100,000, the Municipality 1,300,000, and private benevolence 1,000,000.

It is not that private charity entirely fails in Russia, but that it is so feeble in proportion to the demands upon it. Things are not now as they were in the days of Peter the Great, when a fine of ten roubles was imposed on private almsgiving so that all charitable gifts should be made to public institutions. In his day all beggars and vagrants were promptly arrested and lodged in the various monasteries. It was his sister, Natalie, who founded the first poorhouse in St. Petersburg. There have been many philanthropists in the Imperial family. Much was done for the poor by Catherine the Second; she it was who founded, in 1763, the famous foundling hospitals of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Anna Feodorowna, the widow of the Emperor Paul, was also a great benefactor of the needy. From 1797 to 1828 she spent 480,000 roubles for the support of poor female scholars at Smolna; and it was in her time that the foundling hospitals first attained the importance they now hold. That at St. Petersburg has a capital of 10,500,000 roubles, and has charge of 27,000 children; that at Moscow has a capital of 16,000,000 roubles, and supports 32,000 children. The number of establishments of this nature founded and supported by the Empress Maria Feodorowna, was so great that after her death the Emperor Nicholas instituted a fourth section of the Imperial Chancery to control and administer them. And in the hospitals 31 per cent. of the Russian children are now brought up. Such a state of things exists nowhere else.

There is, too, much of private benevolence, strictly so called. The Philanthropical Society, founded, in 1802, with a large capital, spends 1,330,000 roubles yearly in relieving 100,000 indigent persons. The Female Patriotic Society of St. Petersburg disburses annually 127,000 roubles. The Marie Society for the relief of the blind spends 100,000 roubles. The Red Cross Society spends 130,000 roubles. These are the greater societies. In addition to them, there

were in the capital, in 1884, a hundred benevolent associations expending on the average 10,000 roubles each. In Moscow there were only twenty private benevolent societies, and in the twenty home provinces there were one hundred and

twenty. It is remarkable that in Russia the Orthodox communes are not nearly so active in the relief of the poor as the Protestant ones—a state of affairs not unknown to other countries, though no creed has a monopoly of charity.

OUR POWERS OF MEMORY.

SHALL we give a few minutes' consideration to our memories? I do not now mean that mysterious store of past events and feelings which, larger or smaller, well or ill furnished, we all keep, and by means of which each soul lives in a separate world of his own. I mean rather the function which supplies those stores, "the faculty of the mind [according to the dictionary] by which it retains the knowledge of previous thoughts or events."

There is no doubt that men are born with somewhat varied powers of memory, just as they are born with varying strength of limb, length of sight, easiness of temper, sensitiveness of feeling, or any other physical or moral quality. But it is equally true that, whatever may be our "heritage from our fathers" in all these respects, long ere we reach middle life we have had a full share in our own development. We often see the heir, spendthrift, become a pauper,—the boy born with a splendid constitution, after a dissipated youth, living on its mere wreck,—the happily constituted nature whose untended virtues have degenerated into mere weedy uselessness,—the brilliant mental endowments worse than wasted because unbacked by plodding perseverance and moral purpose. On the other hand, we see the pauper-babe rise to affluence and influence, the delicate child survive all its contemporaries, the faulty character, with its fierce temper, its inborn laziness and ingrained melancholy, become by severe self-discipline, as in the case of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the moral beacon-lights of the world, while some small mental aptitude, diligently cultivated, may grow into a power of blessing and service to its owner and mankind. Looking on life, we find plenty of warning for those who set forth on their course with swift feet and full hands, and of encouragement for the feeble knees and the fainting hearts. The fable of the hare and the tortoise is a spiritual and social verity. The moral usually deduced from it is, "Let nobody be sure of success because of his powers and prowess;" but there is another moral, too, and one often more sorely needed, "Let nobody rest content with failure because his powers and prowess are small."

Therefore, to turn to the particulars of our subject, we want to state boldly at the outset that—granting good health and average faculty—it ought to be felt as disgraceful to say "I have a bad memory" as "I have a bad character." And, in fact, the two statements are almost interchange-

able. For what would be a man without any memory at all? Could he be a true friend? Could he be a worthy foe to evil? Would gratitude be possible to him? How could he forecast the future? How could he judge the present? Could love be worth much in a case where it must be "out of sight, out of mind"?

We see at once that whatever might be his other mental powers—as invention, imagination, etc.—such a man would be a moral idiot. And such a state of moral idiocy is more or less approached by every shade of that "bad memory" which is often so glibly urged as an ample excuse by those who would be very slow to admit any other shade of intellectual inferiority.

We can all recollect that in which we take a real interest. Some philosophers forget dinner-time; many schoolboys forget class hours. But the philosopher does not forget his theory, nor the schoolboy his cricket score. The plea of "bad memory" might, therefore, be generally exchanged for one of want of real attention or lively interest. But this would be, so often, too frank an admission of one's moral status. It seems so easy to say to one's mother, "I forgot your birthday." That conveys only an impression of pardonable infirmity. It would be harder to say, "I did not trouble myself about it; something else was more important to my mind." It seems quite polite to say to a friend who has dropped out of our visiting or corresponding lists, "I lost sight of you, because I had forgotten your new address." But what would it be if we owned, "I did not care where you lived, so how could I remember?"

Yet, if instead of the self-excusing explanation, these truths were uttered at least to oneself, they might prove a valuable self-revelation, tending to abasement and amendment.

Nobody can hope to have a good memory who does not cultivate "a present mind," a ready and sympathetic attention and interest in all that is going on around him. A mere dreamer over Past or Future, will soon have no Past or Future worth dreaming over, for the Present, the ever-fleeting Present, which slips through our very grasp as we lay hold on it, is the only material of which Pasts and Futures are made. Let us try to take an interest in everything going on around us, for we know not when nor how some object now seemingly remote may enter into our real lives. It is wonderful what can be done in this way by a lively mind, which grasps every fact that comes

within its ken, and slips it into the proper pigeon-hole of a well-ordered memory, to wait there till wanted. The editor of a great provincial paper, himself a literary man of the highest order, and with an acquaintance numbering hundreds of people in every grade of life, has been known to respond to a name mentioned casually in his hearing by a slight sketch of the named individual's family history, involving the number and position of the household, and the interesting circumstance of the change of creed of one of them, all of which implied a memory extending over nearly thirty years, and concerning people whom he scarcely knew even by sight! One can imagine how serviceable such a trained memory must be to the student of human nature, or to anybody able and anxious to exercise a wide and useful influence on the affairs of men. There is something stimulating and upholding in the very idea of it! It seems like a leaf from the Recording Angel's book, and helps us—as does all high human faculty—towards realising that Divine Mind "in whose memory are all our members written."

How different is the influence of such a memory from that of the vulgar mob, which, eager to devour scandals, true or false, yet does not retain facts which should guide its judgment or its action, and is ever quite ready to forget that "Barabbas was a robber," when it seeks to use him at the expense of some true hero and friend, whose loving words and deeds—ay, whose very loaves and fishes!—it then allows to sink into rank oblivion.

There is a curious trace of "original sin" in our memories, which must often strike even the least observant. A senseless rhyme, a foolish pun, some quaint play of language which reduces the sublime to the ridiculous, will seize upon the memory which lets worthier things go by. A Scotch minister once made a significant remark on this human weakness. He had been much annoyed by farmers' dogs accompanying their masters to his church, and making doggish noises therein; and one Sunday his patience finally failed, and he broke out on the practice, saying, "The disturbance wasna the fault o' the dogs—they didna ken better—but it was the fault of *the parents o' the dogs* that brought them to the kirk." This proved an effectual cure, the farmers shrinking from being joked at as "fathers of dogs." Many long years after the minister was reminded of this story by one of his hearers, and was asked how he could have made such a slip. For reply he inquired of the questioner if she recollected the text from which he had preached on the same occasion. She acknowledged forgetfulness. "Weel," said the old minister, "that just shows that you have a gay good memory for the deevil's sermons, but a very bad memory for God's words."

Or memory again will persistently call up the dark side of everything, sometimes setting its victim at enmity with the world, sometimes making him hate himself. Who does not know those dismal days whereon all one's ancient woes arise, and the petty deprivations of childhood, the blanks of youth, the wrongs and crosses of

maturer life, all march in procession across the soul? Or those still sadder hours when dear vanished faces once more turn upon us the pathetic or astonished eyes, which mutely rebuked us while we gave way to unjust petulance or fretful dissatisfaction, and which now thrill us with a remorseful yearning, so that all our love seems swamped in those remembered outbursts of ill-temper, and we cannot recall the loving words we so often spoke, nor the real devotion of our hearts, in which at any time we would have cheerfully died for our darlings, though it failed to make us always live peacefully and cheerily for them, as is, generally, the better will of God?

What are we to do? Well, against the first evil we must cultivate the habit inculcated by the pet phrase of a dear old lady, who herself literally obeyed it, we must "count our blessings." We must dwell on them, not accepting them as if they were the matters of course in our lives, while we fret against every crook and cross as if some strange thing had befallen us, and we were items of humanity rightfully excepted from its universal burden! Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, wisely, that "it conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous, that by the representation of the better the worse may be blotted out." And he instances that Antipater of Tarsus used this art to support his sorrows on his deathbed, and reckoned the good things of his past life, "not forgetting to recount it as a blessing, an argument that God took care of him, that he had a prosperous journey from Cilicia to Athens."

We have known a terrible reverse to this picture of philosophic peace. There is (or was) a man dwelling in the East End of London who years ago began to write down in a book everything that happened to annoy or vex him. The dismal record swelled and swelled. Between histories of his solid troubles and griefs he would set down that a boy shouted after him in the street, or that a tipsy man thumped on his shutters at night. And at the time when he showed this miserable ledger he was living, an Ishmaelite hermit, among his fellow-men, their hands against his and his hand against theirs. He had made memory his curse—a hideous parody on the sweet injunction to "write injuries in dust and kindnesses on marble."

And the bitter memories of love—how are we to bear them? how are we to use them? for we can never put them quite away. We cannot cease to regret that some bitter words were spoken, or some tender actions left undone. No; but we must learn to comfort ourselves as our dear ones would comfort us if they were here. They would assure us that what we remember they have forgotten, that they never doubted our love, and that they were only so sorry for the pain they knew we were laying up for ourselves. And they would ask us now to speak gently always for their sakes, to give to every stranger or provoking person or perverse acquaintance the measure of patience and forbearance which we failed to render to them, our own darlings.

Yes, the memory is a beautiful and delicate faculty by which we can double our sweetest joys and multiply our powers of kindness and usefulness. Where the memory is neglected the little charities of life must fade and wither. Without its aid old associations will not shed their softening influences. No happy faith can be reposed in the friend who forgets. No glow of living gratitude can warm the heart of the man who does not remember. The little souvenirs, the reminiscient allusions which enrich prolonged affection, all depend for their variety and vitality upon the power of memory. It was once sweetly said by an ageing lady, "I should not know that I was getting old, except that I have so much to remember."

Old Thomas Fuller has some judicious counsels to give on the care of our memory. He says:

"Soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remémber. What wonder is it if agitation of business tear that out of my head which was rather tacked than fastened? . . .

"Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. . . . Memory, like a purse, if it be over full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. . . .

"Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? . . .

"Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight, trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward, flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardeled up under heads are most portable.

"Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy notebooks. He who carries all his learning about him in his head will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him."

And, indeed, the memory is subject to strange disasters, and occasionally manifests powers of almost boundless suggestiveness. It is well understood that violent disease, or strong shock of any kind, is indeed "a merciless thief" of its stores. Middle-aged people have been known to rise from beds of sickness totally ignorant of languages with which they had been previously conversant, sometimes of their mother-tongue. They have had to set about learning them again, as do foreigners or little children, and sometimes, just as they have attained a formal proficiency, the whole has flashed back into easy familiarity.

But it is perhaps not equally well known that the memory also has stores, which do not generally come to light, but which, when revealed by accident, makes us reflect solemnly that our recording angel seems to sit within us, and is perhaps never more busy than when we could fondly believe he is turning blank pages. Fuller tells us that St. Augustine's friend Simplicius, on being put to the test, discovered that he could tell all Virgil's verses backwards and forwards. "Yet," says

Fuller, "the same party avowed to God that he knew not he could do it till they did try him."

Far more wonderful and suggestive is the story of the elderly maid-servant in Germany, which is given in the pages of scientific writers on the mind. She fell ill of a fever, and being in health a person of taciturn and simple turn, yet in her delirious illness she waxed eloquent, pouring forth floods of earnest and impassioned speech in a tongue unknown to her nurses and physicians. A divine, brought upon the scene, recognised the Hebrew language, though being but a poor country minister he could not follow her fluent outpourings more closely than to know that her utterances were of the deepest reverence and devotion towards God. As she neared recovery they slackened, and at last ceased altogether; and, when reason and health returned, she was once more her own homely, taciturn self. Inquiries into her history elicited that once, in her girlhood, she had been for a few months in the service of a Jewish rabbi, and she could recollect that, sitting knitting in her kitchen, she had heard her master pacing his parlour, "talking to himself" in strange tongues. Further inquiry identified sundry phrases uttered in her delirium, which the minister had taken down, with the prayers which one of the Jewish faith would have used at the very season when she had been in the rabbi's service.

In the face of such facts as these, Fuller may well exclaim, "Sure there is concealed strength in men's memories which they take no notice of." And any one can, in a moderate degree, realise this for himself, by finding what vanished treasures memory will restore in all their pristine vividness, if he revisits scenes or encounters friends associated with his own far past. There is a grim history in criminal archives, how such an awakened memory in its turn aroused a dormant conscience. In the days of his youth a man had killed his wife, a woman who had loved, trusted, and enriched him. The murder had been deliberate and cruel, so well planned that the missing woman was accounted not "dead," but only "disappeared." Her murderer went abroad, maintained his respectability, and returned to his native land. He had been many years away, and in the once familiar suburb of the great city in which he took up his abode, he found everything utterly changed. One evening, however, wandering about, he turned down a short lane, where old grey cottages, behind long rank green gardens, stood just as they had done when he had walked down that lane in the gloaming, speaking tender, wooing words to the woman he had afterwards done to death. At that moment his apparently dead sin leaped to its dreadful resurrection, and, unable to bear to confront it alone, he hastened at once to the authorities with confession and self-surrender.

Such is the great power which lies within reach of our own cultivation and control, of which we may make the enrichment or the torture of our solitude or old age, and which we cannot help feeling must be one of the most potent factors in the building up of the weal or woe of the life "which is to come."

Let us remember our memory in our prayers, asking God to guard and guide it for us, and help us to direct it to its highest uses and ends. Let us remember that our life—and not merely our deeds and words, but our very thoughts and moods—is the material on which our memory has to work its wonderful embroidery. If it be bright and strong, then even memory's dark things, the

woes and wrongs and disappointments, aye, the darkest of things, the shadows of others' sins, will all come out into a beautiful pattern. We shall not want to tear them away, but to learn all they have to teach.

"Peace only waits upon us while we do
Heaven's work and will."

I. F. MAYO.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE WILD WEST.

MY first opportunity for speaking face to face with North American Indians was on the siding of a railroad track, around which were a few wooden houses, constituting the township of Winnemucca. This name is the hereditary title of the chiefs of the Piutes, as the name Pharaoh was of the Kings of Egypt. Until a very recent date the Piutes were specially hostile to the whites, and on several occasions they ruthlessly murdered groups of the labourers employed in making the track on which our Pullman car had just been running swiftly and safely. Indeed, after the line was opened they more than once stopped emigrant trains, robbing and murdering the hapless passengers—for they were as reckless in courage as they were relentless in hate. But here were some of them looking harmless enough as they lounged in the bright sunshine, greasy, painted, and poor.

There was little or nothing about them to remind us of the "noble Red man" of whom poets have sung and novelists written; and the verdict of Americans in general appears to be tersely expressed in the rough adage, "Injins is pizun." The papooses, with their limbs fastened down, Indian fashion, in the wooden cradles swung over their mothers' shoulders, their restless black eyes alone denoting life, attracted the attention of the ladies among us, who willingly paid a few cents for the privilege of a glimpse at the baby face, which was jealously hidden from the rest of the group by a covering, only removed when the squaw received the toll for which she begged. But of the attractiveness of "squaws" and "braves" the less said the better.

We had many opportunities for seeing them; Shoshones in Utah, Piutes in California, Diggers in the Yosemite Valley, and savage Apaches en route to the swamps of Florida, under the escort of the troops who had just captured them. Not unfrequently a dozen or more Indians would seat themselves on the platforms of the baggage cars, and travel with us over the prairie for long distances. This privilege is freely allowed them by Government; and although the Indians have been often treated deceitfully and cruelly by settlers and agents, the authorities at Washington deal with them fairly and even generously. The gorgeous blankets in which they wrap themselves, and often the food they eat, are supplied by Government, who have wisely made it a penal offence to sell or

give them the firewater which has proved a demon of destruction wherever it has been carried by civilised nations.

It was natural that our talk with fellow-travellers should frequently turn upon the customs of these people, and many were the stories we heard of their endurance, or of their cruelty—but these had their humorous side also. One gentleman told me that he had known a great Indian chief for twelve years in Virginia City, who, having shown the white feather in a desperate fight, was condemned by his tribe to wear women's clothes; and, accordingly, during the whole of that period, the citizens saw among them an awful-looking female, six feet four inches in height! The treatment of an unsuccessful doctor appears to be even more severe. If a patient dies under his care a white mark is made on a rock outside the camp, and this process is repeated if a second death occurs; but the third mark is fatal, for it means the execution of the unhappy practitioner, lest under his careless or unlucky hands the tribe should suffer further losses.

But whatever their method of dealing with doctors, our pharmacopœia owes to the Indians some of its most valuable drugs; and it was they who discovered and used for generations those health resorts in the Far West which now enjoy a world-wide reputation. I visited one of them, which is still known by its Indian name, Manitou; although it is so frequented by the wealthy and fashionable that it may now be fairly described as the Saratoga of the Rockies. A few wigwams are pitched not far from these famous springs, and the Indians are allowed to bring their sick, that they may drink from the sacred health-fountains of their fathers, of which they were wont to say with as much truth as simplicity, "the Great Spirit breathed into the waters the breath of life." Consumptive patients, sufferers from various kinds of skin disease, and men and women shattered in nerve through the overstrain of life, or through excesses, often find health in the healing waters of Manitou and in the pure, invigorating atmosphere of Colorado. The four springs we saw, taking them in their order as we drove from "The Antlers" at Colorado Springs, were these—the "Shoshone," whose sulphureted waters are curative of skin diseases and of many other ills; the "Nevajo," which we found to be as pleasant and refreshing as seltzer; the "Manitou," which is

saline; and the "Ute," whose waters, impregnated with iron, are singularly effervescent and agreeable, and said to be a specific for sufferers from chronic alcoholism. Professor Loew, who has carefully analysed the Manitou springs, says, "they resemble those at Ems, and excel those at Spa."

Here, as everywhere, the red man has been displaced by the white man. And, although the soil should belong to those who will use it aright, it is sad to see the poverty and degradation of those who have been dispossessed of rights formerly undisputed. There is, however, a brighter side to this subject, in the endeavours now being made by the Americans to educate and evangelise these scattered tribes. To one of the principal movements in this direction I am anxious to invite the reader's attention.

On our return journey from California to Washington, as we were passing through New Mexico, I happened to find upon one of the cars a party of twenty little Indian girls, whose ages varied from five to ten years. They were in charge of Professor Horatio O. Ladd, president of the University of New Mexico at Santa Fé. In connection with this University is the Ramona Institution, founded about three years ago for the training of Indian girls, who, it is hoped, will return to their several tribes as teachers and evangelists. The institution was erected in memory of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, whose novel, "Ramona," did for the Indians what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the negroes—rousing the sympathy and calling forth the charity of the Christian people in the States.

The American Missionary Association of New York supports the superintendent, two matrons, and two teachers, and the Government gives a hundred and fifty dollars annually towards the maintenance of each child. In addition to this, various Sunday-schools and congregations contribute to general expenses, and not infrequently a generous friend gives a "scholarship" of seventy-five dollars yearly to maintain a child in the institution. Every year a portrait of the child and samples of her work are forwarded to the subscriber. Any of our readers may have this pleasure, and may feel sure of doing something definite towards saving at least one of those interesting people from degradation and death.

When I saw Professor Ladd he was just returning from a peaceful raid among the Apaches, who in the two territories of Arizona and New Mexico number no less than 53,000 persons. He told me that the almost unvisited district through which he had been travelling was one of marvellous beauty, the plains between the mountains being resplendent with sunflowers, verbenas, and morning glories, one vast area of two square miles being carpeted with petunias. In the course of a long and interesting conversation, I asked him to describe his method of obtaining children for the institution. "Well," said he, "on this last journey, for example, I went direct to the Government official, whom we know as the Indian agent, and told him exactly what I wanted. The next morning the chief men of all the bands in the neighbourhood were called to-

gether, and we had two or three hours' palaver, in the course of which I showed them specimens of the writing and work of our children, some of whom belonged to that very tribe. Then the agent announced that I wanted twenty children altogether, and that as there were ten bands of Indians in the neighbourhood he should expect two from each band the next morning. There was no need of further pressure, although a year ago there was. Indeed, one of the chiefs came up to me and said, 'I've lost four children; please take this little one. She is all I have left, and her mother is dead; but I want to give her up that you may teach her.' Here she is," said Mr. Ladd, calling a little girl to him from the other side of the car.

Taking her up on his knee, "Baby," as he called her, sat quite still between us during the rest of our talk, gazing on me with open-eyed wonder, but full of confidence in the kind friend she had already learned to call "papa." A regular contract is entered into in each case, and is duly attested in the presence of the agent, being signed by Mr. Ladd on the one side, and by the father of the child or by the leader of the band on the other, the term of education being five years.

I copied the names of some of the twenty children who were travelling with us, some of which have their English equivalents, and all of them sounded to me very euphonious, as the following specimens will indicate—To-se-da, Zoósta, Caralita, Tahuah, Ish-cot-ah-ete, Petago, Salah, Honeh, Josépha, Esné, Lu-e-sa.

It was pleasing to find that parental affection is as true among the Indians as it is among ourselves, while parental authority is more generally recognised, and more sternly asserted. Indeed, a little incident I happened to see was full of significance. At one of the stations, while the train was standing still in the midst of a vast prairie—a few log huts only being in sight—I noticed a squaw walking down towards the cars with the peculiar stealthy motion so characteristic of Indians. She appeared to be alone, but as she turned to walk towards the engine I noticed that there were three children behind her, each stepping so exactly in her footsteps, and keeping so accurately in line, that to any one who faced her they were quite invisible. It was indicative of the position taken by children among Indians, while our relations would be denoted by a parent and child walking hand in hand, as if on equal terms; and some American children I saw appeared, by their independence and self-assertion, to walk in front and call on their parents to follow them.

"Are those children much trouble?" I asked.

The answer was significant. "I guess these twenty together, sir, give me less trouble than one American girl of fifteen."

The first thing an Indian parent teaches is the last thing many Americans insist on—respect for authority and implicit obedience.

Professor Ladd told me one interesting incident which had occurred during the expedition from which he was returning. The mother of one of the girls in the Ramona Institution came to see

him when he was at the Indian camp, to inquire after her daughter, whose name was Alta Reamy. "It was a sad time," said she, "when Alta went. I was weeping all that week. Night and day I cried, saying, 'She is gone!' Now three years have passed, and two more years must go before I see her. Does she live? Is she well? Tell me of her." Fortunately, Mr. Ladd had a photographic portrait of Alta with him, and he put it into her mother's hands. For several minutes she gazed on it in silence, her eyes filling with tears, and then, with a proud smile, she cried, "Why, her cheeks are round, and she has got long hair! I am so glad."

It was a pathetic reminder of the insufficiency of food among the Indians, the result of which is an absence of the plumpness we generally see in our little ones; and it was indicative of the Indian's dread that the long hair will be ruthlessly cut away by civilised people, for this is an absolute necessity when in their filth the children are first given into the charge of the whites.

The poor woman was further delighted by receiving a piece of Alta's work, and a specimen of her writing, and by the promise of her benefactor that he would give the girl on his return the little presents her mother had brought—two rings, a medicine-root, and a bead purse.

But all that went before was surpassed by her ecstacy when Mr. Ladd said, "Won't you send Alta a letter of your own? I will put down, now, every word you say, and she shall see with her own eyes the very things you speak."

The letter thus suggested was carefully kept in the professor's breast pocket; but he kindly handed it to me for perusal, and with his permission I made a copy of it, which I am glad to give my readers, as a specimen of the love of an Indian mother for her absent girl.

"Dear Alta, I am so poor I can't get a horse on which to go and see you. For yourself, and all the people, it is all right (*i.e.*, that you should be away at school). Your sister married an Indian who belongs to the band at Three Rivers. All feel well about it (*i.e.*, approve it). He is poor too. He has only one horse. The Big Chief is dead (San Juan). Sometimes some of the people want to go to Santa Fé to see their daughters. If I can find a horse I will go too and see you there. I hope you will be a good girl and please all the

people around you. Sometime, when you write a little better, you will send me a letter.

"YOUR MOTHER."

It appears that these Indian children have considerable ability and quickness, and possess a wonderful idea of form, for even the little ones will sketch roughly on the rocks, or on the sand, outlines of birds, beasts, and trees; and it was amusing to see the delight of the girls over a few pencil drawings of one of my companions who makes no pretension to being an artist. This aptitude of theirs is made good use of by their instructors, who begin to teach them by object lessons till they get familiar with the English names of things and actions.

Professor Ladd is an enthusiast in his work. He first became interested in the Indians through his admiration for the fidelity and fearlessness of the Indian guides who accompanied him on his excursions in Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, when discovering the ruins of old Mexican cities, more than five thousand of which lie within the limits of these three great territories. After his interest had been thus aroused, an Indian chief addressed a pathetic appeal to the American people to "save the Indians." And when Mr. Ladd read it, he made the solemn resolve, "God helping me, some of them shall be saved." The work has many discouragements and difficulties; but it is not the will of our Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish, and I am confident that the institution only needs to be known in order to enlist the sympathy and help of Christians in England as well as in the States.

All too soon, as it seemed to me, we arrived at the junction for Santa Fé. My new-found friend gathered together his little dusky charges, and helped them down out of the car. Then we shook hands with the cordiality of brothers who were not likely to meet again.

"Good-bye," said he, "and if you ever tell English Christians about my work, ask them to *pray* for me. The responsibility is crushingly heavy. I have eleven teachers and one hundred and fifty Indian children dependent on me, and I can only depend on God."

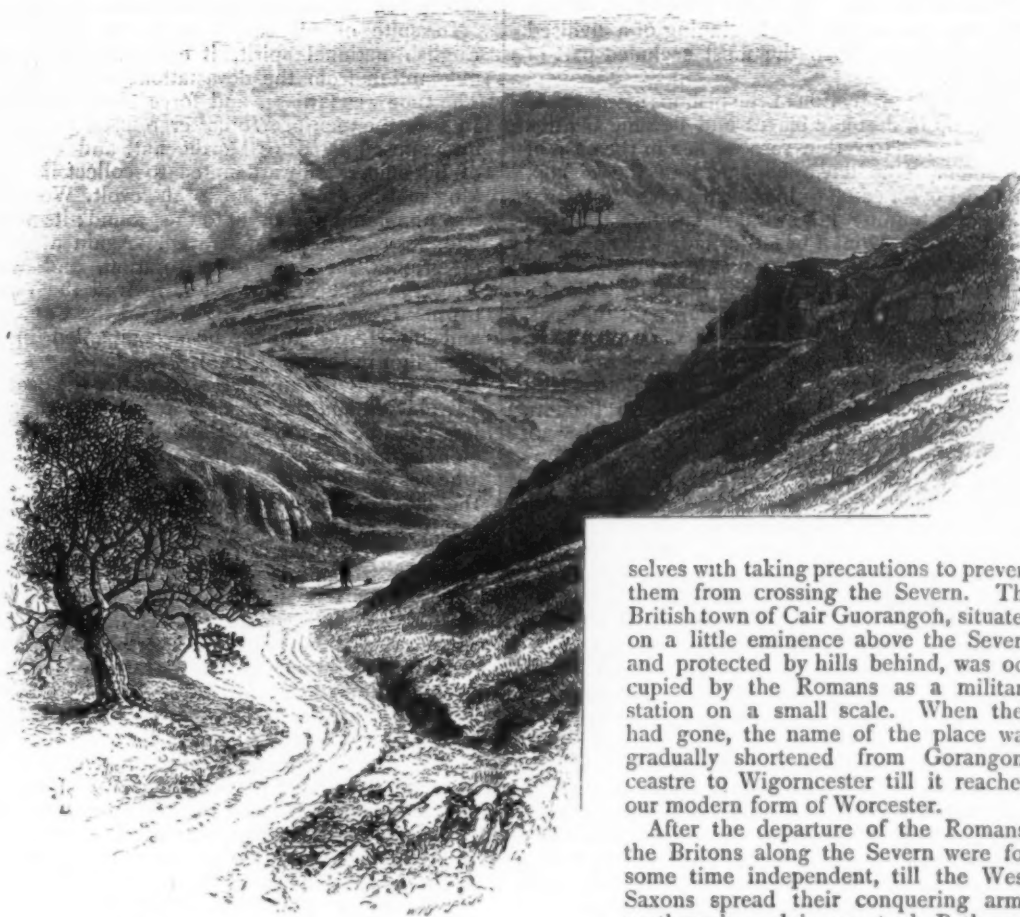
ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B.



THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

WORCESTER.



THE WORCESTERSHIRE BEACON, MALVERN.

THE county of Worcester cannot claim equal importance with its neighbours Shropshire, Hereford, or Gloucester in the earliest period of its history. The Romans, when they held Britain, did not regard this district as one from which much was to be gained. A great part of its surface was covered with forests, through which ran the Severn, draining sluggishly the low-lying marsh land along its course. Neglecting this useless territory, the Romans sought the high plain of the Cotswolds and the fertile valley of Gloucester. Their great military roads ran between Gloucester and Chester, so as to guard against the tribes of Wales. The Britons, who were thus cut off from their allies, took refuge on the hills of Malvern, which are rich in their camps. The Romans do not seem to have pursued them there, but contented them-

selves with taking precautions to prevent them from crossing the Severn. The British town of Cair Guorangoth, situated on a little eminence above the Severn and protected by hills behind, was occupied by the Romans as a military station on a small scale. When they had gone, the name of the place was gradually shortened from Gorangon-ceastre to Wigornceaster till it reached our modern form of Worcester.

After the departure of the Romans, the Britons along the Severn were for some time independent, till the West Saxons spread their conquering arms northwards, and in 577 took Bath and Gloucester from the Britons. Soon after this Worcester also fell before them,

and the land from Bath to Bewdley was known as the land of the Hwiccas, and was a province of the West Saxon kingdom. But the English settlers on the Welsh March grew strong and warred against Wessex. The first conquest that they made was the Severn valley, so that Worcester passed from Wessex to Mercia, and was ruled by the Mercian king, whose chief residence was at Tamworth.

The Mercians were heathen, and under their king, Penda, waged war against their Christian brethren of Northumbria and Wessex. Long time they wrought great havoc, till the Northumbrian Oswy slew Penda at Winwed in the plains of Yorkshire, in 655. Penda's son became a Christian and heathenism was overthrown in England. Mercia became the seat of a bishop,

who built his church at Lichfield. But it was not long before the great kingdom of Mercia felt the need of more bishops than one, and a new ecclesiastical division followed the lines of the existing political divisions. The land of the Hwiccas was ruled by an under-king, who had his abode at Worcester. In 679 there was set by his side a bishop of the Hwiccas, who took up his abode in Worcester likewise. With the foundation of the Hwiccan see we have the beginning of a civilised life in what was then the most secluded part of England.

Under the protection of the bishops' monasteries sprang up in desolate places and became centres of activity. How they rose we see in the case of Evesham. One day a herdsman of the bishop, named Eoves, came to his master with a tale that as he was tending his swine in the forest by the banks of the Avon, a beautiful lady had appeared to him, brighter than the sun, singing heavenly songs. It was easy to identify this lady with the Virgin; and in 709 a monastery arose on the spot, which was known as Eovesholm, or Evesham. The example soon spread, and it was not long before the banks of the Avon were dotted with monasteries at Fladbury, Pershore, and Bredon, whose inmates set an example of useful work or no less useful study. Much of the land was given to the bishops and the monks by the Mercian kings, who saw that by their means this wild district could best be ruled.

The Mercian power fell in its turn before the advance of Wessex; but scarcely had Egbert entered upon his rule before England was invaded by the Danes, whose boats passed up the Severn and the Avon, while their savage crews ravaged and burnt the monasteries. The heathen Danes especially wreaked their rage on priests, and the monasteries were tempting prizes to their greed. The trembling inhabitants could offer little resistance; though the door of the cathedral of Worcester was long adorned with a piece of the skin of a Dane who stayed behind his departing comrades to pilfer in the church, and fell a victim to the popular wrath. In those dark days everything fell into confusion, till Alfred, when the Danes had been converted to Christianity and civilisation, sought to repair the havoc which the Danes had wrought. His sister, Ethelfled, was married to Ethelred, the Ealdoman of Mercia, who rebuilt the ruined walls of Worcester.

One form of this restoration of order was the introduction of a stricter rule of monasticism than had prevailed before, and an extension of the monastic system. Oswald, who became Bishop of Worcester in 961, introduced monks into his cathedral, and carried on the reforms inaugurated by Dunstan. But in spite of all attempts at closer organisation, the power of Wessex grew feeble, and England could with difficulty be held together. We have a sign of this in the fact that the bishopric of Worcester was, by four bishops in succession, held together with the archbishopric of York. The English kings endeavoured, by joining together these two ecclesiastical offices, to have one official interested in preserving the connection between northern and southern England.

It was in this period which followed the repulse of the Danes that Worcester was made into a county. Old divisions were swept away by disorder. The Hwiccan province no longer had a meaning. Its boundaries remained, indeed, ecclesiastically in the diocese of Worcester; but for civil purposes, it was divided into shires—artificial divisions of the lands which lay near the towns of Worcester, Gloucester, and Warwick.

In spite of all efforts made to restore the English national spirit, it had suffered beyond redemption from the devastations of the Danes. The time was lawless, and force alone prevailed. In 1041 the men of Worcester refused to pay the tax imposed by King Harthacnut, and slew two of his officers who attempted to collect it. The king sent an army to punish this revolt. Worcester was plundered and burnt to the ground; its people fled, its church was destroyed. Again a bishop undertook the work of restoration, and Wulfstan, the saint of Worcester, revived the ruined town. He was beloved by Edward the Confessor and by Harold, whom he accompanied in his campaign in the north before the landing of the Normans. But Wulfstan saw that after the death of Harold William the Norman was master of England, and he was one of the first to make submission to him. He was the only English bishop who retained his office and his influence through the changes which William I and his great adviser, Lanfranc, wrought in England. His high character, his loyalty and wisdom, won him universal esteem, and Lanfranc took him for his friend and counsellor. Worcester sent forth the man who was the link between the old and the new in the greatest crisis that England ever passed through.

Two monuments remain of Bishop Wulfstan's activity; one was the foundation of Malvern Priory, the other the foundation of the existing cathedral of Worcester. Both were characteristic of the time. The side of the Malvern hills was naturally the seat of hermitages; but Wulfstan had the sagacity to see that an organised monastery would do more useful work. One of these hermits, Aldwin, came to him and asked permission to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre; but Wulfstan sent him back, saying, "God will do great things at Malvern." It was not long before thirty brethren gathered round Aldwin, and the priory of Malvern began to grow into being. In the building of the cathedral of Worcester Wulfstan shows the aptness of the English to learn all that was best in the superior civilisation of the Normans. Englishman as he was, he adopted the Norman style of architecture, and devised a building, which in scale and magnificence might vie with other efforts of the time. The under-croft of Wulfstan's church alone remains, but the fame of Wulfstan went on through the middle ages as that of no other of the older stock of Englishmen, save Cuthbert of Lindisfarne.

The loyalty and wisdom of Wulfstan rendered it needless for William I to take any measures for the military occupation of Worcester. There was a castle held by the sheriff, to which office a Norman, Urso d'Abitot, seems to have been ap-

pointed by Edward the Confessor. The castle was enlarged, and, being near the site of the cathedral, encroached upon the ground of the monks. But William I was content to be represented by a sheriff, and appointed no Earl of Worcester, but left the chief power in the hands of the bishop. The civilisation of the shire was ecclesiastical and not baronial. Monasteries were abundant in the south and east, though the

more than Worcestershire, which was the scene of perpetual fighting, in which Earl Waleran gave the rein to his barbarity. Worcester was twice besieged and once was set on fire. Doubtless it was weary of its Earl, and was glad to be rid of him when Henry II on his accession deprived of their offices all those who had risen to power in the evil days of Stephen.

So Worcestershire continued to be mainly under



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

north-west was singularly destitute, and seems to have been left as unpromising. The manors of the bishop at Alvechurch, Blockley, Hampton, Kempsey, and Droitwich, and his castle at Hartlebury, were the other main centres of activity.

The weakness of the reign of Stephen was seen in his willingness to increase the power of the barons, and in Worcester he set up an earl, Waleran de Beaumont, in the hopes that he might resist Robert, Earl of Gloucester, half brother of Stephen's rival, Matilda. All England suffered from this civil war, from the licence which it gave to baronial oppression: but no part suffered

the protection of the church. It had no great lords resident within its borders, though the neighbouring Earls of Gloucester and the Beauchamps of Warwick held lands within it. Still, the greater part of the cultivated lands belonged to the bishop, or to the abbots of the great monasteries. For Worcestershire in early times was mainly composed of the four great forests of Feckenham, Ombresley, Horewell, and Malvern, over which the Crown had the rights of chase. These forests were under officials of their own, and the lands within them were subject to many complicated customs. The only industry which

existed within the shire was the working of salt at Droitwich. The shire was not so situated as to be of great importance in the general history of England. It owed its dignity chiefly to the sanctity of its church, hallowed by the memories of Oswald and Wulfstan, who rose in popular esteem throughout the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In Worcester cathedral, in 1157, Henry II and his queen laid their royal crowns as an offering on the high altar, and vowed never to wear them more. It was not, perhaps, so much religious enthusiasm as a dislike for ceremony which led Henry II to take this step; but he thought it well to throw a religious pretext over his breach of the old custom of wearing the crown on three solemn occasions every year, a custom which had come down from the days of the Conqueror. Worcester was also a favourite resort of King John, who believed in the power of the Worcester saints so firmly that when he died at Newark he asked that his body should be buried in the church of Worcester, between the shrines of Oswald and Wulfstan. Time has swept away the tombs of the saints, but the monument of the wickedest and worst of English kings still stands before the high altar. The monks of Worcester, thus royally favoured, obtained a settlement of their long dispute with the governors of the royal castle. Its outer ward was granted to them in 1217, and from this time Worcester Castle was merely a fortress, and not a residence fit for any powerful noble.

Though Worcestershire had not taken any prominent part in English affairs, its strongly ecclesiastical character had made it eminently national and patriotic. The monastery of Worcester was the home of the traditions of English life, and preserved the "English Chronicle," which recorded in the national tongue the doings of the English folk. But the history of England needed to be told to an audience which could not read the English tongue; and, in the beginning of the twelfth century, Florence, a monk of Worcester, turned the "English Chronicle" into Latin, and edited it afresh with a spirit of true though narrow patriotism. His example was followed by others of greater literary power and wider judgment; but Worcester may claim to be the source of that great line of Latin chroniclers to whom we owe our knowledge of England of the Middle Ages. Moreover, it was a man of the shire of Worcester who, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, revived the old English tongue, and marked the beginning of a new epoch in the annals of England, when England, no longer part of the scattered dominions of its kings, but a nation self-contained and conscious of its future, was to advance to the settlement of its own difficulties. A monk, Layamon, who dwelt at Arley, "a noble church by Severn's banks," read books, "till it came into his mind that he would tell the noble deeds of Englishmen." So he wrote in the English tongue in 1206 a poem of some thirty thousand lines, called the "Brut," which was the literary expression of that national spirit which ten years later compelled King John to sign the Great Charter.

It was, however, easier to compel the king to sign the Great Charter than to make him keep it; and the reign of Henry III saw the increasing determination of the English people that it should be kept. Amongst the patriotic leaders who strove against the king, one of the wisest was the Bishop of Worcester, Walter de Cantilupe. He tried to mediate, so long as there was any hope of peace; when hope was useless, he joined Simon de Montfort and aided him by his wisdom. Earl Simon was successful in the field of Lewes, and Henry III, in 1264, was a helpless prisoner in his hands. But the office of a dictator was not one which Englishmen could endure, and soon became impossible. Edward, the king's eldest son, escaped as Earl Simon was warring on the Welsh Marches. Simon retired into the safe quarters provided by the bishopric of Worcester, and at Evesham awaited reinforcements, which were surprised on the way. On August 4th, 1265, Edward came upon the unsuspecting earl, who thought that they were the forces of his son, which defiled down the hill above the peninsula of Evesham girt by the waters of the Avon. When he learned the truth he saw that he was lost. "God have mercy on our souls," he said, "our bodies are our foes'." Bishop Cantilupe prayed with his host. Then Simon advanced to meet his enemies, and fought desperately till he was outdone by superior numbers. Some of his mangled remains were buried at Evesham, and people flocked to his shrine. He became an uncanonised saint, and miracles were wrought by the relics of "Simon the Righteous."

Bishop Cantilupe is almost the last of the patriotic bishops who won England's liberties. When Edward I recognised Parliament as the king's adviser, the need of great ecclesiastical statesmen was practically at an end. The state began to train its own officials, and the people had a means of obtaining some sort of redress for their wrongs. The Church was no longer so powerful politically, and the best work of monasteries had been done. Worcester obtained a charter from Henry III, and the citizens began to manage their own affairs. The bishop was still a benefactor to the town, and in 1281 Bishop Giffard laid the first stone of a pavement for the streets at a time when few towns in England could boast of a pavement. Bridges were built across the Severn and the Teme. There was greater prosperity, and the lines of packhorses moved more throngly along the "salt ways" which passed through Droitwich towards north and south. Droitwich and Worcester were the only places which could boast any trade; Droitwich in its salt, and Worcester as a fruit market for the neighbourhood, and the centre of an industry in woollen goods.

Curiously enough, one of the earliest utterances of the popular discontent which heralded the break-up of mediæval society was connected with Worcestershire. The poem of Langland, "The Vision of Piers the Plowman," chooses for its scene the hills of Malvern, where, "In a sumer season, when softe was the sonne," the singer fell asleep; but save this mention there is nothing in

the poem which brings it home to any special place. It tells of the miseries of the common folk, and laments the decay of morals, the want of spirituality in religion. It shows us an ecclesiastical system estranged from the life of the people, and forgetful, amongst its secular business, that the church is for the people, and not the people for the church. What energy was shown by bishops and abbots was mostly shown in outward matters; they founded hospitals, made roads, repaired bridges, and did much to improve the good condition of the country. But men felt that these things could be done as well by others. The power, the riches, and the pomp of ecclesiastics seemed excessive to men who were beginning to be more self-dependent and industrious. Worcestershire was a home of Lollardism, and although the Lollard movement died away it left its traces behind. The men of Worcester had sufficient grounds for seeing that the unwieldy church of the middle ages was no longer identified with the life of the people. From 1497 till 1535 the bishopric of Worcester was held in succession by four Italian priests, who rarely visited their diocese, but were paid by its revenue for the political services which they rendered to the king at the Roman Court. The bishops had ceased to be leaders of the people and sunk to be royal officials; so entirely was this the case that it mattered not if they were foreigners.

The monks in like manner lived the lives of country gentlemen. They dispensed hospitality, built splendid buildings, and were kindly to the poor. Their lives were probably no worse than those of their neighbours; but they were regarded with an envious eye by the smaller gentry, whom the growing quiet and order of the country had turned from soldiers into landlords. The Dissolution of the Monasteries was as much the result of the social change as of the religious change which passed over England in the sixteenth century. The church had not so many social and political duties to perform as in the past, and her tenure of land was excessive. It was because every one, even the monks themselves, recognised this fact, that so many monasteries quietly surrendered their possessions into the king's hands. Few, however, expected that Henry VIII would work the wholesale devastation which he did, or that the revenues of the monasteries, instead of being devoted to some useful purposes, would pass into the pockets of the king and his favourites.

Needful as the dissolution of the monasteries might be, it was carried out with entire recklessness, and caused much misery. At Evesham Abbot Lichfield had just finished his beautiful gateway-tower, when he was called upon to surrender, and died of a broken heart. The abbey buildings were almost entirely swept away, but the men of Evesham bought the tower from the spoilers, and it still remains as a memorial of what had been. So, too, at Pershore, the monastery disappeared; but, as the inhabitants had the right of using the nave of the monastic church as their parish church, the nave was spared, and the choir was ordered to be pulled down. The parishioners managed to exchange the nave for the choir;

but the western half of the splendid church has entirely vanished. The Bishop of Worcester at the time (Hugh Latimer) was a pronounced reformer, but he shrank before Cromwell's measures, and wrote to plead that the priory of Great Malvern should be spared for the good of the poor. He writes: "The prior is old, a good house-keeper, feedeth many, and that daily, for the country is poor and full of penury. And, alas! my good lord, shall we not see two or three in every shire changed to such remedy?"

Malvern was not spared in spite of Latimer's entreaties. Everything was swept away by degrees; even the guilds, or benefit societies, of Worcester suffered because part of their revenues were devoted to religious purposes. The only amends which Henry VIII made was the division of the diocese of Worcester by the foundation of a see of Gloucester. In Edward VI's reign this was found to be too expensive, and the two sees were united in Hooper, who was an honest and upright man, and suffered death under the cruel persecution of Mary.

It was long before Worcestershire recovered from the shock of the dissolution of the monasteries. Gradually the number of resident gentry increased, country houses were built, agriculture improved, and the growth of trade in Bristol found more occupation for the people. The Severn had always been a highway for carrying trade, and the settlement of Wales by Henry VIII gradually made it more important. Bewdley, the capital of the Forest of Wyre, was at that time made part of Worcestershire, and added to the industries of the county a considerable trade in clothing for the seamen of Bristol. Worcestershire was slowly restoring its prosperity when Elizabeth visited it in 1575, and received those signs of loyalty which Worcester was always proud to show. Under James I Evesham was incorporated as a borough, and Kidderminster under Charles I.

The loyalty of Worcester brought on it many sufferings in the course of the Great Rebellion. Worcester held for the king, and was besieged in 1642, when Prince Rupert advanced into a meadow outside the walls and defied the Parliamentary army. The battle was engaged, but Rupert was obliged to flee before reinforcements which arrived under the Earl of Essex, and Worcester was taken and pillaged. However, the spirit of the men of Worcester was not broken, and in 1646 they again hoisted the royal standard and endured another siege, only surrendering when they heard that Charles's fortunes were hopeless.

When in 1651 Charles II attempted to win back his father's crown, he made for Worcester, as a gathering place of his adherents. Cromwell marched from London against him, and, in spite of the attempts of the Royalists to prevent him, succeeded in gaining a position on both sides of the Severn, and besieged the city. Charles, thinking that Cromwell's forces were weakened by the withdrawal of a detachment across the river, marched out to attack the main besieging force, which was posted on the hill above the city. The battle was keenly contested, till fresh supplies were sent from the other side of the Severn, and the

Royalists were driven in disorder down the hill into the city. The gates were stormed, and Charles II was driven to begin his romantic flight, in which he turned the spit in a village kitchen and hid in the oak-tree of Boscobel woods.

Worcestershire suffered severely during this time of war, and was long in recovering its national or moral well-being. Its moral restoration was begun by Richard Baxter, Vicar of Kidderminster,

woollen manufactures by that of carpet, which it still retains. Worcester turned to gloves, and afterwards porcelain, manufactures which have made it famous. The fact that the district possessed no natural advantages for trade, having neither coal nor iron, made it dependent upon its skill. The waterway of the Severn was also an advantage, and the development of the canal system called Stourport into existence and seemed



EDGAR'S GATEWAY, WORCESTER.

whose ministry was unhappily cut short by his refusal to conform in 1662. It was at Kidderminster that he wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," a book which still holds a high place in our devotional literature. The material prosperity of Worcestershire was to some extent affected by the want of honesty and intelligence among its people. The chief industry was the manufacture of cloth; but Worcestershire broadcloth lost the market owing to the dishonesty of the merchants, who did not give fair measure, and the obstinacy of the workmen, who would persist in weaving a thicker and heavier cloth than was in request. However, it would seem that the lesson once learned was of abiding use, as the craftsmen of Worcestershire have since then been famous for their versatility. Kidderminster replaced its

likely to make Worcester an important place. The rapid growth of railways has since almost equalised the routes of commerce.

Compared with such a commercial centre as Birmingham, Worcestershire must rank as an agricultural county. Bewdley has sunk into a quiet country town, but Worcester still holds a remarkable position as a centre of many industries which are independent of any special locality and only need skilled workmen. Thus the porcelain of Worcester has long been famous, but everything needed for the manufacture has to be brought from elsewhere. Kidderminster in like manner keeps its old reputation for carpet making, and Redditch, on the western border, is renowned for needles.

Worcestershire perhaps combines within itself

more of the elements of English life than any other county. On the west the hills roll down to the Severn valley, whence the rich plain extends till it is checked by the decided form of the volcanic range which rises behind Malvern. The fertile valley of the Avon broadens into the rich meadows which skirt the banks of the Severn and the Teme. Worcestershire has long been known as "the

garden of England," and so long back as the twelfth century was famous for its fruit. It is studded with country houses, many of them old manor-houses, which tell of the continuous growth of ease and comfort. Every feature in the landscape tells of the care and attention which past generations have given to the work which was necessary to create the smiling England of to-day.

The Wind-Harp.

I HAVE read of a baron of high degree, in the troublous days of old,
Who ruled by might of his ruthless sword and coffers of yellow gold;
And perched aloft on the beetling spur of a mountain bleak and bare,
His fortress rose where never a foe might climb the rugged stair.

Far from the clustering hamlet roofs and the halls of festive cheer,
His was indeed a lonely home in the waning of the year;
And "Why," quoth he, "should my dwelling be ungraced by strains of song,
When the minstrel-harps in the vale below ring out the whole night long?"

But never a gleeman cared to quit the blaze of the yule-log fire,
To climb with chilled and trembling steps where the strongest feet might tire:
And vainly he sought, for ne'er a man to serve him might be found,
"But, marry," quoth he, "I will have my will before the year goes round."

So he stretched great cords of pliant steel the towers of the schloss between,
And a harp like his, for power and tone, the world had never seen:
"There needs but the harper's hand," said he, "to set the music free,
And then I will flood these desolate hills with mirth and melody."

So he waited on, while the flowery Spring passed over the quiet vales,
And the sunlight danced on the river below and the fisher's gleaming sails:
Yet still no sound, though the reapers now had bound the golden sheaves,
And the woods were filled with the sad sweet scent that breathes from the mouldering leaves.

Till there came a night when the stars were hid, and the heavens were black with cloud,
When shadows went by like sheeted ghosts that trailed a dismal shroud:
And just at the hour when the sunset thrush in the roadside thicket sings,
The gulls came sailing in from the sea, with the salt spray on their wings.

"Alone in his chamber's cheerless gloom the baron sat that night,
Watching the gusty arras move in the woodfire's fitful light:
When a sudden tremor shook the tower, and out on the midnight air
Thundered the wind-harp's voice of song, with a cadence rich and rare.

The storm was breaking along the hills! and far as eye could mark,
The serpent-trail of the wrath-white stream ran gleaming through the dark;
And above the wind that roared in the pines and hissed along the foam,
The baron might hear the glorious strains ring round his castle home.

And I thought of the chord in the heart of man, that lies untouched so long,
From whence through the summer days of joy there comes no sound of song:
Till the wild black night of trouble descends, and the hurricane sweeps the strings,
And out of the wail of passionate pain the perfect music rings.

HORACE G. GROSER.

PHAYRE PHENTON

A STORY OF THE GARIBALDIAN REVOLUTION.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY."

CHAPTER XX.—MISS PHENTON IN A RÔLE OF COMEDY.



AN INTRODUCTION.

LAURA'S reflections at this juncture were various. The point upon which it was no longer possible to entertain doubt was that the "personal" adventures touching which she had once quizzically questioned Phayre had now actually had place. The adventure of the burning house, and the much more romantic affair of Milazzo, were familiar to her, thanks to the overflowing zeal of tailor-volunteer Boswell, who had turned historian. Further, the letters of Phayre to his cousin were evidence that he had reasons for supposing those adventures would prove unacceptable to his correspondent, since he had preserved punctilious silence respecting them. What might the reasons be?

Miss Phenton was scarcely given to freaks of jealousy. True, Phayre's allegiance to her had been such in the past as entirely to preclude the

jealous feeling, and her sense of power over him was so full that the knowledge she had gained shook her but little. It gave her, on the contrary, a fillip of a not unpleasing kind. Had a rival stepped into the field? The notion of rivalry in an affair of hearts had something stimulating for her. It held promise of a trial of strength, and for all such exercises, whether in the plane of wits or of steel, she had a lively relish.

She fronted the matter with a cool brain, spun it round, conned it on this side and on that, under all the phases or aspects with which she was acquainted.

Suppose it should prove to be grave? Here she was twitched for the first time, remembering the seriousness of Phayre's nature. The path of Phayre's affections was not the comet's, but the planet's, sweeping steadily around its proper sun.

Then the girl herself—the rival *in posse*? Laura was determined that she had seen her that afternoon, and, with a mind quickened by the occasion, she had observed Giulietta cunningly and well. What had chiefly arrested her when she saw the girl at Scamozzi's side, was a flash of recollection that just such a face as this her fancy had imaged when she read the story of Giulietta in England.

There was a whispering of the prophetic here which might have fluttered a spirit more conventional than Miss Phenton's. But she declined in this instance to accept the issue of her own vaticinal promptings, choosing to consider that the face she had already seen in dreams was as typical as a Raphael Madonna. But typical or not, it was beautiful, after a kind likely to subjugate Phayre, supposing he should allow, or had allowed, himself to be kindled at its flame.

She let her thoughts go forward to the end, surmising Phayre in love with Giulietta, and she with him. She found nothing agitating in the thought.

No touch of passion had ever informed her feelings for Phayre. She had seen him too much the docile lover. She was one who would subdue, but be subdued as well.

In Phayre's pleadings she had not breathed the sense of mastery by which she required that the man who wooed her should assert himself the stronger of the pair. She had known in him only the quiet student, courtly and gentle in his bearing, who, winter or summer, had little earnest speeches, like roses, always ready to strew before her. She liked his fidelity, besides that it flattered her; but his tenderness found no response in her, for she lacked that sweetest quality of woman.

Marriage with him she had contemplated as a solid prosperity, to be embraced or not, according as her fancy of future days should incline to or retreat from acreage and a position in the county. The idea of competition had never been presented to her; she had been asked to accept the prize without so much as bending the bow. Not that the notion of competing was in itself distasteful; she would, if she pleased, enter the lists lightly, in what she would deem the airiest of contests. If she pleased! Whether it *would* please her to do this, she did not admit.

She was never for open strife, nor for a violent method; she thought the diplomatist a finer artist than the most consummate tactician in the field. It was another idiosyncrasy of hers that she was capable of sustaining a contest in gaily earnest style up to a fixed point, and of retiring then before ever she had thought of being worsted, without malice and without pique.

Laura turned over the pages of her thoughts, not dreamily, but with an eye of placid scrutiny, on this evening of the entry into Naples, sitting leisurely on the balcony, with the whooping crowd going up and down beneath.

Presently a curious change came over the aspect of the crowd. Those far away in the neighbourhood of the Palace of the Foresteria were suddenly as still as mice, and one of those odd ex-

pressive signs by which the Neapolitans do half their talking passed along the close-packed ranks, from those in front to those on the far outskirts of the mass. Every one laid his head on the palm of his right hand, a pantomime signifying sleep. The sign traversed the whole body of the crowd, so that in a few minutes the street showed the singular spectacle of thousands of people, voiceless as stones, with their heads bent on the palms of their right hands.

The explanation was to be found at the palace itself. It was getting late, and Garibaldi had gone to bed, very sleepy. As he generally rose at about two or three o'clock in the morning, he turned in, whenever practicable, between eight and nine in the evening. He growled from his chamber that he couldn't sleep for the noise, and the Staff held a consultation in the next room.

"One of us must go out and ask them to sing soft," said Scamozzi, and a member of the staff was charged with the negotiation. He appeared on the balcony, and made signs that he had something to say. The crowd stilled itself, and Gusmaroli laid his head on his hand and said:

"The Dictator is gone to bed."

Then followed the results described.

This matter settled, Scamozzi said he had friends to see, and must be excused from duty for an hour or two.

"Yes, Scamozzi must certainly be excused," observed one of the staff. "Did none of you remark the beautiful Inglese who waved her handkerchief at him from a balcony at the corner of the Toledo?"

"It was the cousin of our Phenton," laughed Scamozzi.

"He is the luckiest amongst us," said another. "He has the pleasure of rescuing the Signorina Vannucci, and a beautiful cousin now waits to greet him in Naples."

"For my part," said a third, "if I were thinking of my peace of mind, I would have one heroine, and not more."

Scamozzi was performing the best toilet that circumstances allowed of, when he reflected that the martial seediness of his dress would probably be rather grateful than otherwise to Miss Phenton. He left the officers chatting and supping on the balcony, and went down into the street. Every house was illuminated, garlands and flags were waving in the air, the city was a blaze of light and variegated colour.

Laura, half reclining on a couch on the balcony, fanning herself with her gloves, saw the Count shouldering his way through the crowd, his uniform marking him out for *viuas*, hand-kissings, and other salutations as he came along. Presently a knot of twenty or thirty persons insisted on constituting themselves his body-guard, who brought him safely to the door of the house. Miss Phenton leaned over the balcony and smiled him a welcome, and the crowd tossed up their caps, and assured her that she was as beautiful as she need wish to be.

"I owe that overpowering compliment to you, Count," she said, giving him her hand as he

entered the room. "How good of you to come so soon! We did not think you would be able to give us this pleasure to-night."

"I knew you would be wanting news of Phayre, and you know I also wanted news of you. Permit me to say that the air of Italy is a good artist," this being a delicate allusion to Miss Phenton's complexion.

"Thank you, Count; the air deserves all that you can say of it; but the sun, I am afraid, will destroy me. We have commenced with compliments; do let me say how admirably the garb of freedom becomes you!"

Scamozzi laughed as he looked himself up and down in a mirror on the opposite wall. The undress jacket that covered his red shirt was frayed, and pierced in one or two places by bullet-holes, one of his epaulets had been partly carried away by a gunshot, and his boots appeared to hold together merely out of friendly regard for his feet.

"Papa has gone out," said Miss Phenton, seating herself, and motioning Scamozzi to a chair near her ottoman. "He is concerned about the colour of Garibaldi's beard, and wanted to satisfy himself by a closer inspection that it is not so republican in tone as he thought it. Papa is a great Tory, you know, Count. I hope no harm will come to him in the crowd; his Italian is still defective. Well, and Phayre?"

"Phayre is in admirable health, Signorina Laura. He is a splendid fellow! He has become quite a hero amongst us. You know, I suppose, that he is a captain in the regiment of which I have the honour to be colonel?"

"Yes, he told us of his captaincy. They are thinking of putting a steeple to the church at home in honour of it. The tenantry have started a rifle-club, and are learning to fire salutes. I went into the national school the other day, and several of the children could point out Italy on the globe."

"Is it so?" interjected Scamozzi, in the best of faith.

"Yes; we are all extremely proud of him. But where is he, Count? How came he to miss the triumph of to-day?"

"He is following with the regiment, signorina. I hope he will be here to-morrow evening. Ehi! how he will be surprised to see you."

"Yes," said Miss Phenton, and repeated the affirmative to herself, with an invisible smile.

Scamozzi also had no sooner uttered the exclamation than it prompted a private thought. In the suddenness of the meeting he had forgotten the *atra cura* which rode behind the too-successful captain, and which was sufficient to make his meeting with his cousin a surprise, and something more.

"Yes," said Cousin Laura. "I suppose he will hardly be looking for us here. I hope he will feel that we have duly complimented him. You see, Count, since the army left Messina we have not known where to write to him. When we knew that Garibaldi was really likely to make a triumphant entry into Naples, we decided that we must be present to witness it, for Phayre's sake as well

as for our own. You have no idea what papa's feelings were on the subject!"

This was true enough, for until Scamozzi's public recognition of him in the Toledo that afternoon, old Mr. Phenton had never recovered from the shock he received on the day of the marching-order.

"Count," said Miss Phenton, smiling, "your carriage in to-day's procession was scarcely second in interest to Garibaldi's. We noticed your beautiful companion. Tell me, was she not the Signorina Vannucci?"

The question, thus plumply put, went near to upset Scamozzi's self-possession.

"How did you know that, Signorina Laura?" he demanded, blankly.

"Oh! I am no sorceress, Count; I merely guessed it."

"You know the Signorina Vannucci, Miss Phenton?"

"I assure you her heroism is reckoned at Knyveton almost on a par with Phayre's. My dressmaker's aunt would have christened her new baby after the signorina if the curate could have pronounced her name."

"You do not mean it?" interjected Scamozzi.

"Everybody at Knyveton has been singing the praises of the Signorina Vannucci."

"At Knyveton? They sing the praises of Giulietta at Knyveton!"

"Is Giulietta her name, Count? It is a pretty name. Indeed, yes, such a Juliet is worthy a Romeo."

Scamozzi sat bewildered. Miss Phenton's speech was parabolic. Then, laughing musically at him, she descended to the level of his unintelligence.

"You seem mystified, Count. There is no mystery, I assure you. Phayre's adventures at Palermo and Milazzo found their way into the local paper. That is the explanation of my acquaintance with his heroine. It is limited, you see. But please gratify me by saying that I have now seen the lady herself."

"Yes, yes; that was she."

"She is beautiful indeed; a face of distinction and charm. So, Count, Phayre has become a hero amongst you? You know how ambitious I always was that he should distinguish himself. Was Calabria as fruitful of adventure as Milazzo?"

"Deh! he narrowly escaped being shot on the sentence of a villainous Neapolitan court-martial."

At the risk of further entangling Phayre, the impulsive Count must out with his friend's exploits.

"Oh! *questa sì che è bella!* Give me the history, Count—the history!"

The boat being launched by his own act, Scamozzi had to steer by the compass of his wits; and as he was but a half-skilled mariner in these waters, he did not come quite clear of the reefs. But, hugging the shore in his tortuous course, he allowed his companion to glimpse nooks and coves hitherto unknown, which enabled her considerably to amplify her mental chart of the wanderings of Captain Phayre.

But she listened with admirable grace. Desdemona showed not a franker or more delighted interest in the adventures of Othello; and the

troubled Count, flattered by her nods and smiles, her Ohs! her Ehis! and her Bellas! was adroitly led from here to there, till he had sailed the voyage out. He did indeed contrive to run by the scene on the night of mists; but even in so doing he discovered matters which the awakened intelligence of Miss Phenton might employ itself upon. But it was pleasant to observe how cordially she received it all.

"Phayre has indeed been distinguishing himself," she said. "But I must really know the Signorina Vannucci, Count. Will you not introduce me?"

The Count could but express the delight it would give him to bring the ladies together. He excused himself mentally on the plea that, since Laura was in Naples, the meeting was inevitable.

Accident confronted them on the following day.

It was the day of the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin. Sleeping one night in the Grotto of Posilippo, a fisherman's daughter was visited by the Madonna, who said that if the wall of the Grotto were cleaned a painting of her would be found close by. The fishermen scoured the wall, and found the Madonna's portrait. The popular enthusiasm was such that the priests took up a collection on the spot, and a chapel was built near the entrance to the grotto. The portrait wrought miracles, the priests took up more collections, and the chapel became a flourishing church. The shrine of the Madonna of Piè di Grotta vied in popularity with that of San Januarius, and on this 8th of September Garibaldi, as a politic Dictator, paid his homage at the altar with as much decorum (and probably as much faith) as a monk.

Scamozzi escorted Miss Phenton and her papa to the church; and, after the ceremony, drove them along the Chiaja, by the Bay. The streets were thronged, and there was a press of carriages, which compelled a slow movement. The life and colour of the scene—lazzaroni and fishermen lining the way, with flags and music, and all clamouring their gratitude to the *Beata Virgine* for her favour to Garibaldi—dazzled the strangers, and Laura was leaning back in the carriage, fatigued and languid. A word from Scamozzi made her quick again.

"Madame Vannucci and Giulietta are driving this way; we shall meet them immediately."

She looked up, and saw the carriage coming; Giulietta by the side of a tall lady, of a sweet and tranquil beauty.

At a sign from Scamozzi the carriages stopped, and he made his friends on both sides known to one another, as far as that may be done by formal introduction.

"The signorina is the cousin of Captain Phenton."

A tint of colour, scarcely visible, rose up over the face of Giulietta, like a pinkish mist blown across a star.

But Miss Phenton's smile was more than cordial. She reached her hand over the carriage to Giulietta, who felt her own compressed with sisterly softness.

"Will you not come and see me?" said Laura. Where Phayre's cousin was Phayre himself might be. Giulietta would go with pleasure.

"I come from a sleepy little English village, where nobody ever does anything," said Miss Phenton, with the prettiest air of childish discontent. "It would delight me above everything if you would talk to me of your adventurous life. It thrills me to hear of a woman devoting herself so ardently to a great and noble cause like this."

"You would do the same in England, signorina, if you had the motive that we have in Italy," Giulietta answered.

"It almost makes me long that we could have a civil war of our own," smiled Laura.

"Ours has lost me a father and a brother, signorina," said Giulietta.

"Forgive me! Yes, indeed, I should have remembered at what a cost such victories as yours are purchased. But do come and see me, that we may talk quietly together. I am sure you could teach me so much. Will you come to-morrow evening?"

The loud buzz of the crowd, continually moving to and fro on either side, allowed them to talk unheard.

"I shall be very happy to go, signorina."

"Thank you sincerely. Good-bye, then, until to-morrow."

"Addio, signorina."

Old Mr. Phenton was satisfied, on Madame Vannucci's assurance, that Garibaldi's beard was seen at its worst in a brilliant sun.

"And how do you like la Giulietta?" asked Scamozzi of Miss Phenton.

"She is thoroughly fascinating. Perhaps a shade too impressive, but indeed most charming. Can it really be, Count, that my cousin is the only gentleman who has had the honour of fighting a duel on her account?"

"Santa Madonna! She gives no encouragement to duels, Miss Phenton."

Late that night, Phayre arrived in Naples. Learning where Garibaldi was established, he drove at once to the Palace of the Foresteria.

"Is Giulietta safe?" were his first words to Scamozzi.

"As safe as Italy, ben mio. But I have news for you. Who do you think is in Naples besides Giulietta?"

Phayre's heart thumped at his ribs.

"Is Laura here?" he said.

"You have guessed!"

"And Giulietta—have they met?"

"They met on the Chiaja this afternoon."

"You were there?"

"I was in the carriage with Miss Phenton and the signor."

"How long have they been in Naples?"

"Days only—four or five, I think."

"Then Laura has not had my letter?"

"You will have to speak it to her instead!"

"An overtaking, this!" concluded the distressed lover.

Scamozzi, not without qualms, described the conversation he had had with Laura on the pre-

vious evening. "I laughed, caro, in spite of myself and of you, when I felt afterwards how she had probed me. I declare I had told three times as much as I meant to tell before I knew what I had said or was saying. You would have committed yourself as I did."

"Worse, worse!" said Phayre. "Don't reproach yourself, Scamozzi; what Laura will know she will know."

"She will, indeed! I found myself admiring her more than ever."

"What did she say of *Giulietta*?"

"*Davvero!* She said she was delighted with her."

Phayre was too tender of his cousin's reputation to reply that he did not construe this verdict as favourably as Scamozzi, but in truth he regarded it as boding less than blessings.

He made a good resolve that night, which the morning modified, for with the morning he resolved that he must see *Giulietta* first.

Scamozzi gave him *Madame Vannucci's* address, and he sped there in a *carrozzella*.

The portiere said that both the signora and the signorina were out; he believed they had gone to the hospital.

"To the hospital?"

"Si, signore;" but the portiere would inquire of the casiera. The casiera said that the signora had received word that morning that a young relative, fighting on the *Birboni* side, had been brought to Naples with a bad wound, and, his family being of Venice, he lay without friends in the hospital. The signora and the signorina had gone to see him, and would if permitted assist in nursing him.

"In what hospital?"

The casiera did not know, but one or other of the ladies would probably return soon, if the signore would do the favour to come again.

Phayre said he would return if possible in the afternoon.

"*Il Toledo*, numero —," he said to the driver.

Laura had begged Scamozzi to bring some of the heroes of the day to her drawing-room, "Papa had developed a phenomenal interest in everything relating to the movement."

Phayre heard a babble of talk as he went up the stairs; the voices told him that his cousin was holding court amongst the knights of the red shirt. Old Mr. Phenton arrested him on the threshold, stared as if he scarcely knew him, then seized his hand, and wrung it tremendously.

"My goodness! my goodness! my goodness!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "what a great fine fellow you have grown! Upon my heart, if I had met you in the street I should not have known you! Why, Capitano, Capitano,—yes, I *will* call you Capitano—you look as bold as Garibaldi! Laura, my love, here's Phayre, in his red shirt, sword and all!"

But Laura had been the first in the room to see him.

Was this indeed Phayre? She had risen and glanced across the room while her father had been speaking to him. Phayre it might be, but not

the pensive lover who had scribbled sonnets at her feet in the garden at Knyveton. He had grown into the hero of her imaginings! He was at this time, it is certain, as gallant a figure as the eye of a lady might sparkle at.

Sun, wind, rain, and the crude hard life of camp and the field, had aided him to a wonderful physical development, without losing him anything of his former refinement of face and figure. He looked the poet-soldier who in these days has vanished from the lists of merely fighting-men.

In some special encounters described he had been tried to the uttermost; and such shocks leave an impression on the mind, which the features in some degree reflect.

For the first time in her life Laura felt her heart tighten a little in her cousin's presence. She saw the hearty welcome he had from all the officers in the room.

She rose, and sweeping through her little knot of courtiers, went to meet him, genuine pride in her glance.

"Dear Phayre, I am so glad to see you! welcome, indeed! Yes, you *are* changed—may I presume to say for the better?"

There was no banter in her tone; all that had left her. She broke up her court at once, made him sit close against her, and gave herself all to him.

He had not said a dozen words before she heard, and saw, and felt that he no longer bore her fetters. He did not look into her eyes as he used to do; his voice did not fall when he spoke to her. But she would not notice it. She was all smiles and grace and soft good-humour; she flattered him with eye and lip, sending gay looks at him, bending her lovely face towards his, that he might see, if he would, what kindness lurked for him in her eyes.

But he sat cramped and comfortless, not knowing how to answer her.

Presently she knew in herself that she was using all her wiles to charm him again to her. As he retreated she advanced. The fable is old; it had a pastoral origin under these same southern skies.

"And you tell it all so charmingly! your gift of narration is improved too."

He had hardly told her anything. What he wanted to tell she would not let him.

"Only you give no place to yourself; but that is the true heroic defect."

She released him at length. "Come to-night, your friends the Vannuccis will be here; at all events the signorina. Scamozzi introduced us yesterday, and she promised to come and see me. I like her exceedingly. You will come, won't you?"

"Without fail, if I am able."

"Yes; you have your military duties. How grand that sounds, Phayre! I should like to see you on parade with your regiment."

"You would laugh at us. We are raggeder than Falstaff's squad."

"Ah! but how came you ragged? My ears would tingle with the battle-cries when I saw their poor torn coats."

"There is hardly a coat in the regiment, coz."

"You are quizzing me, sir! It was I who did the quizzing once, was it not? How long ago that seems! But you will come?"

"Yes, indeed; if I can come, I will."

He called a carriage, and drove again to the Vannucci lodgings.

"Have they returned?"

"Favorisca; the signora is in casa."

Never Giulietta; but he went up with a heart beating high to see her mother. Madame Vannucci held out her two white hands, drew him down to her, and kissed him on the forehead. It was her salutation of him as son.

"You take me then?" he said.

"As gladly as Giulietta. Yes, I will have another son. Your voice, Phayre, has the caress which recalls to me my dead Alberto's. I said it to Giulietta long ago."

"Where is she, mother?"

"She is with the poor lad at the hospital. He suffers terribly from a wound in the foot: you know how bad that is. But see, there is this for you."

She drew a note from her pocket; it was Giulietta's first writing to him, and he opened it greedily. It said:

"Do not come to me at the hospital, it would spoil me for my work. But when shall I see you? I do not even know if you are arrived. It is nearly three days! The sadness of the hospital strikes at me—it was never so before! I am afraid, till I see you. If I can leave here, I am to go to your cousin's this evening. If you get this, be there. G."

"Is it enough?" smiled madame.

"Enough—until I see her."

"Do you go to your cousin's to-night?"

"If I am able. I may be detained at the palace."

"In any case, be with us to-morrow. We will spare a time from the hospital, and drive together into the country, we three."

"You dear mother!"

"No, I am selfish; selfish for myself, and for her. We have known enough of sadness; it is time that we were happy. You shall make us happy, Phayre."

When he returned to the palace Phayre found that he was marked for guard there that night. Scamozzi offered to take his place, or procure him an exchange. He said yes, and no; finally, no. He did not trust himself to meet them together. "Go for me," he said to Scamozzi; and the constant Count obeyed his captain, and went; not too regretfully.

If Laura were chagrined at Phayre's absence, she wrapped her feelings away under the sunniest disguise. Her eyes were bright for Scamozzi, who felt their light perilous and pleasant. But she ~~was~~ chagrined. She had built much on the hope of having the two face to face before her, thinking that in such a situation the transparency of Phayre's character would of itself effect some-

what on her side. But the unforeseen might serve as good, if not a better end.

Scamozzi was engaged by papa, who took him apart to unfold his views on guerilla warfare, and to question him about the safety of the town, Naples being at present without a government. By-and-by, two or three other of the officers came in to pass the compliments of the evening, for wherever Miss Phenton alighted, were it but for the briefest space, her drawing-room at once became a *salon*. But this evening she reserved herself for Giulietta, as before she had done for Phayre. She was as the flower to the bee, offering all her sweetness; and Giulietta liked the fair warm petal, and the treasures of kindness it disclosed.

She talked of the war, and, as the war was an intimate part of her life, some biographical pages were laid open to Laura. On these figured, presently, the name of Marinelli, at mention of which Laura's face grew sympathetically questioning.

Giulietta made a little *moue* of aversion.

"To be asked in marriage that you may increase your husband's purse! Are such things done in England, signorina?"

Laura held a cruel little bolt in her hand, and hesitated a moment whether to speed it. Then she sped it.

"Why, almost the same thing was proposed in my own and my Cousin Phayre's case," she said, laughing lightly, "with this difference, you know, that he is the rich and I the poor one."

Giulietta's face was a mere mask. She only said,

"You are engaged to be married, then, signorina—you and the Signor Phayre?"

"Oh! it is not so serious as that. I have never exactly given my consent."

"But he has wished it?"

"He has asked me a score of times."

At these words Giulietta sat smitten. The bolt had carried well.

Scamozzi, approaching them at that moment, thought she had turned faint, but she signed him with her eye not to notice her. Then he knew what it was. He began at once to speak to Laura, and Giulietta rose and went on to the balcony. In a few moments she returned, showing a face as tranquil as before. She said good-bye, pleading her engagement at the hospital, escaped, and fled home.

"What ails you, my child?" said her mother, seeing the fright on the girl's face.

"She says he has asked her to marry him a score of times."

Madame Vannucci's instinct expounded this dark saying for her.

"Do we not know him better than we know her? I believe in *him*," she said, smoothing with her mother's hand the beaten brow.

"Could she say it if it were not true?"

"He called me mother this morning; I believe in him," repeated her mother.

Giulietta was silent long. "I believe him too," she said, at length; but her face revealed that the horrid doubt was not killed, but scotched. The admission cost a struggle of all her being.

Laura's bolt had pierced near to the quick. A revulsion of feeling against Phayre was the first paramount necessity of her nature. Were her belief still clearer than it was she must first have gone through this experience. But the closer she looked at it the harder she found it to believe that Laura should have spoken, or dared to speak, falsely to her. Phayre became a horrible enigma to her. What should she think, what believe of him? Her brain coiled itself around the sphinx-like riddle, but squeezed no answer from it. Her sleep was harried by dreams which left her white and weak when she awoke.

Brooding over it, she compelled herself to believe that he had not deceived her. This softened and assuaged her, and soon she could believe it without compulsion at all. It was a mystery, a thing concealed, that must not be reasoned upon. Faith must take reason's place, and faith rallied to love, and counselled her to put doubt under foot. She tried to do it, and partially succeeded; so much she loved him.

But she wrote to him the following, and sent it by a messenger:

"I heard a thing last night. If you guess what it is, it is true. If it is true, do not come to me. If it is not, come instantly. "GIULIETTA."

CHAPTER XXI.—IN WHICH FORTUNE ACTS, AS USUAL, BY THE RULE OF UNREASON.

WHILE Laura was preparing that evil little bolt for Giulietta, Phayre kept his vigil in Garibaldi's antechamber. The two ladies divided his thoughts through all the hours of the night. On Giulietta's account he was happy and well assured; made doubly so by her mother's words and by her own note. Touching Laura, he was something less than easy. A Laura who had taken to eyeing him with bold admiration was a riddle the most perplexing and disquieting. Such a *volte-face* on Laura's part had never entered into Phayre's imaginings. As for the confession he had proposed to make to her regarding Giulietta, had not that become superfluous? He had no longer any doubt that Laura knew it, and declined to receive it from his lips. He shrank from believing that she would deliberately attempt to work him harm, but the circumstances made it vain to deny that there was something ominous in her show of eagerness to secure Giulietta's friendship. He had still a lingering feeling that he had proved recreant and infidel to Laura, considering, nevertheless, that it had lain with her alone to seal their fate in the days when she was arbitress. But she had not so willed it then; and what was now clearer than anything else to Phayre was this—that not Laura nor any other must stand between him and Giulietta. Giulietta, wearying through the hours of this same night, already knew that some one *had* come between them.

His watch over, Phayre found himself indisposed for sleep, and strolled out into the town. The excitements of the previous day had generated a sort of false energy in him, which was

scarcely yet dissipated, and he felt that a taste of morning air would be the best preparative for a few hours' rest in bed.

The Neapolitans being distinctly the least agreeable objects in Naples, it is pleasant to know the city at about the sunrise hour on a gracious summer morning, when the streets are not yet filled, and nature's face is but little spoiled by the nameless uglinesses that will presently appear on it. The sudden and numberless contrasts of beauty and brutality that meet the stranger at every turn, the juxtaposition of natural loveliness and the bestiality of the dirtiest, laziest, and basest population, made viler still by a government villainous beyond words,¹ give Naples its uniqueness amongst the cities of Christendom. Winding under a vine-hung wall, or a bit of cliff sparkling with flowers that run up the stems of the orange-trees, the mule-driver interrupts his song to beat his mule about the head till its eyes are blind with blood. The genial minstrel, with most lovable air, who unslings his guitar or mandolin beneath your window, and serenades you in very passable style, would, if he met you at a quiet corner, dirk you in much better style on the chance that your purse might be full. Bunyan's Man with the Muck-rake, if he were set to work in the gutters, might rake in hundreds of naked children, scarcely more distinguishable from the mud they wallow in than certain insects from the leaves they feed on. But Naples, seen from the skirts of the Bay, in the warm silver haze of early morning, when the smell of fruit and flowers gets an added richness by the slow evaporation of the night dews; and the colours of the houses, and their strange irregular lines, softened by a wealth of variegated foliage, look fresh and quaint and fabulous,—Naples seen thus is a picture to be treasured in dreams.

Down by the Bay Phayre watched the rising of the sun, the smoke curling spirally from the crater of Vesuvius, the ceaseless change of tints on the surface of the water, the coming and going of boats, the bustle of water-carriers and women hurrying to the *frutti di mare* market; and in an hour or so, when the city was well astir, and the church bells were sending out the army of begging friars, and the steep narrow streets branching from all the main ways began to be noisy with the open-air commerce—picturesque and semi-barbarous—that goes on there in maddening fashion till dusk, he strolled back to the palace.

It had been well for the project he had in view for that day if he had gone to bed at once on the conclusion of his watch, for on the stairs of the palace he met Garibaldi, and Garibaldi had an errand for him.

"Ehi! my young captain; you look as fresh as a rose!" exclaimed the General, with the smile his soldiers loved. "You've had a good night's sleep, and a walk in the morning air; I wish I'd been with you. Now you shall do something for me. Go to Caserta, and busy yourself there till you hear from me. I am sending our men on there as fast as possible, and the new regiments

¹ I speak of thirty years ago.

don't know their work yet; you will help to put them through their paces. Make some excursions as near to Capua as you can get, and let me know what Bomba is doing there. Probably I shall be at Caserta myself in a day or two. *A rivederla!*"

"There goes my day with Giulietta!" thought the favoured captain, as Garibaldi shook him by the hand and passed on. But he would have lost his tongue rather than attempt to release himself by saying that he had been on guard all night, for Garibaldi himself neither slept, sat, nor ate when work was to be done.

Garibaldi was entering his room, when he stopped and called to Phayre again.

"What adventures and hair-breadth escapes!" said he, laughing, with his hand on Phayre's shoulder. "Why, you're tasting more than I promised you! But take care of yourself, for I do not want to lose you. Stay, I think I must have you under my own eye; how would you like to join my Staff?"

Phayre coloured a little with pleasure as he bowed his thanks.

"You are appointed then," said Garibaldi; "and now away to Caserta. you will just catch the train."

He sought out Scamozzi, and gave him the news.

"I'm appointed to the Staff, and I'm to go to Caserta at once, and Giulietta expects me. What do you make of all that?" said he, his expression and tone a mixture of pleasure and disappointment.

"Well, I congratulate you on your appointment any way," replied Scamozzi, who, with a cup of coffee beside him, was kicking his heels on a table in the officers' room, the better to display the new pair of boots he had bought the day before. "As for the other—well, you see, love and war pull opposite ways sometimes, and the soldier who is engaged in both has to make his choice then, or submit to have it made for him. Garibaldi has settled your choice, and it's clear that if he sends you to Caserta, you can't stay in Naples."

"H'm, yes; I'm afraid that's plain enough, colonel."

"Take a mouthful of coffee, then, and be off with you. Telegraph to Giulietta, or write from Caserta."

"I'll do both," said Phayre.

"I thought you would."

"Never mind the coffee, Scamozzi. I'll breakfast on the way, and you can send my traps after me. But before you do anything else, mio caro, you must go for me to Giulietta. Telegrams and letters are not enough; not if I could send a score of both."

"Yes, yes. I'll go as soon as I may with decency ask for her," said Scamozzi, flinging up his arms with a gesture of despair.

"Mille grazie! There's an empty *carozzella* coming down the street; it will just catch the train for me. You were there last night, Scamozzi?"

"Yes, but don't stop to ask me of that. Probably I shall be joining you at Caserta in a day or two."

"Did she send me no message?"

"I did not see her when she left. Now, would you have the General find you lagging?"

At the station he had bare time to flash Giulietta a message by wire:—

"I am sent to Caserta. Alas for our to-day! Write me, as I will you."

At the moment when he was dispatching this, the letter which Giulietta had written him that morning was delivered by a messenger at the palace. An orderly of Scamozzi's regiment gave it to the Count, who was just then summoned to Garibaldi. Giulietta's initials in the corner told him from whom the letter came.

"Take this letter," he said to the orderly, "and ride or drive as fast as you can to the station. The signor captain is starting for Caserta; catch him before he leaves, if possible."

But the train was ten minutes out of the station before the orderly reached it, and he returned to give the letter again to Scamozzi. Hearing that the Count was closeted with Colonel Bertani, Garibaldi's Secretary of State, he put the letter in his pocket, and it was not afterwards delivered; for Scamozzi came out as hurriedly as Phayre had quitted Garibaldi an hour earlier, with instructions to accompany Alberto Mario at once to Forio d'Ischia, whence news had been received of a rising in favour of the fallen Government. Garibaldi's orders and their execution followed one another as the explosion of a gun on the pulling of the trigger, and Scamozzi had to neglect his promise to see Giulietta.

Instead, therefore, of receiving both the telegram and the ambassador of Phayre, Giulietta received his telegram only.

"Was he sent so quickly that he could not give me one moment?" she thought. "He says nothing of my letter; has he received it?"

She saw the *portiere* by whom she had sent the letter, who said he was told for certain that the signor captain was in the palace at the time he delivered it.

"But did I not say, give it to the signor captain himself?"

"Eccellenza, they told me he was with the General Garibaldi."

"But how do you know, then, that the signor captain received the letter?"

"Eccellenza, the *soldato* to whom I gave it was of the signor captain's regiment. He said that he would himself put it into the signor captain's hands at once when he came out from the General."

This gave her the certainty she hungered after. He had had the letter, and had gone;—not a word to answer it.

The next morning brought her Phayre's letter from Caserta. He had scarcely secured a moment for it, and it was very brief. She thought it cunningly evasive, and nothing more (such agony the poisoned shaft was working in her); for it needs not to say that no word in the letter responded to the fears that preyed upon Giulietta. She showed it to her mother, who, still clinging to her faith in Phayre, began none the less to be sorely troubled. Madame Vannucci sent privately to Scamozzi—Giulietta having wrung

from her a promise that she would not for the present communicate with Phayre—but help failed in that quarter, for the reason that, as we have seen, Scamozzi was away to Ischia.

Two days after Phayre had left Naples, the mother of the lad whom Madame Vannucci and her daughter were nursing in the hospital, arrived from Venice. The surgeon in charge of the case advised the removal of the young soldier to mountain air, and the mother decided to take him by easy stages to a village in Piedmont, where she had a brother, a surgeon.

"I shall go with them," said Giulietta to her mother.

"Go if you will, mia Giulietta—but what of him?"

"If he needs me, he will find me."

"I fear that we may be acting unjustly towards him, carissima. I cannot lightly turn against him. We may be doing him wrong beyond what we can imagine."

"Mother, you have seen his letter; he leaves mine untouched; how can we be wronging him?"

"Because we do not know certainly that your letter reached him."

"Do you believe, mother, that it did not reach him?"

"I—I do not know what to believe; but I am slow to think him wicked."

"Ah, no, no! he is not wicked. There is no goodness in the world, if he be wicked. But—if he be true, let him find me. He will come to me, let me be where I may. He found me once, when he had less need than now to do so. I believe that he has read my letter; let him answer it."

It was arranged, finally, that both Madame Vannucci and Giulietta should accompany their relatives to Piedmont, their practised help in nursing the patient being very gladly accepted by his mother.

Before they left, Giulietta privately instructed the *casiera* that no letters addressed to herself were to be forwarded unless she sent for them. She knew that his letters, be they what they might, would first weaken, and in the end overcome, her resolution.

Phayre's state is not easily imagined when day following day brought him no message from Giulietta. At first he feared that she had sickened in the foetid air of the Neapolitan hospital. But if this were so, he asked himself, would not her mother tell him? How if both of them had fallen ill? For the heat was African, and he knew what the atmosphere of an Italian hospital was like at such a season. This thought, that both mother and daughter had suddenly been stricken down in their heroic devotion to self-imposed duty, became at once a nightmare to him. He wrote frantically to Scamozzi, but received, of course, no answer from him. He seemed like one chained to a rock, himself secure from harm, but doomed to watch the peril of others whom he loved, helpless to give or summon aid to them.

Very quickly his fears were turned into another channel. An officer whom he knew came out one day from Naples, from whom he heard of

Scamozzi's mission to Ischia. But the officer, though acquainted with Madame Vannucci and the Signorina, could tell him nothing of them. That same night, Phayre stole away to Naples—a distance from Caserta of only two-and-twenty miles—and went straight to Madame Vannucci's lodgings.

There he learned that both the ladies had left Naples four days before. Where had they gone? The *casiera* did not know, but believed they had gone to Piedmont. Was no message left for him? None whatever. Were the ladies well? Yes, they were both well. Would they return? The *casiera* did not know.

There was a mystery in this dense unknowingness of the *casiera*.

He went back to Caserta, as blind as night. Giulietta had left him; gone whither he knew not; and that he might not follow, she had sponged out her footprints as she went. But he doubted no longer that Laura had played the evil genius, the Marplot who had undermined that castle of love which had been all too quickly reared. Too full of anger to write to Laura, he wrote again to Giulietta; such a letter, we shall see presently, as might have won its end at once, shattering at a blow the phantom fabric of her fears. But we know in what manner Giulietta—now blindly persuaded that she needed Phayre himself and not his messages, and that not they but he must find her—had cut off from herself the sole means by which at present he could reach her.

Fresh means could be furnished only by the progress of the great drama of politics and war with which the fortunes of our hero and heroine were interwoven, and in relation to which the episodes of their own small drama—sufficiently imposing to themselves—were in reality but parenthetical. To the stage of the larger drama we must therefore return for a while, remembering only how perilous are delays between lover and lover, when each has lost the key to the other's heart, and how many times it chances that when at length the key is found the heart no longer obeys it.

The scenes of the drama proper shifted alternately at this period between Turin in the north and Naples in the south; Cavour and Victor Emmanuel in the north, Garibaldi and the Garibaldians in the south. The trouble was that the two men who were at this moment the greatest in the movement, Cavour and Garibaldi, were almost at open enmity; Garibaldi with his unswerving faith in the popular element of Italy, Cavour with his fixed trust in diplomacy and dynastic connections. But devotion to Italy was the keynote of the characters of both, and the ends they were striving for at this time were, in fact, not widely apart. For Garibaldi, though pledged in great measure by his past to the Mazzinian doctrine of an Italian Republic, was now in truth no Republican at all, but loyal to the heart to Victor Emmanuel, the King of the north, the one Italian king in all Italy, under whom Garibaldi now clearly saw that the whole kingdom must be united, if the cherished dream of *Italia una* were ever to be realised.

But how, said Garibaldi, could Italy be one while the Pope still ruled at Rome, a temporal no less than a spiritual prince? Here was the real *crux*. The foreign army which upheld the sovereignty of Pius the Ninth made as galling a yoke for the native subjects of the Holy See as the Bourbon rule had done for the Italians of the south, and as the Austrian tyranny did for the Venetians.

They appealed to their fellow-countrymen to set them free, and Garibaldi, with or without the urgent representations of most of the chiefs in his confidence, was known to be eager for a march on Rome as soon as he should have settled accounts with the Bourbon. Victor Emmanuel shrank from war with a Pope, and Cavour feared the hostility and possible intervention of Catholic Europe. Cavour had a strong party in Naples, who clamoured for immediate annexation to the Sardinian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. But Garibaldi's notion was to finish the work outright; to give the whole and not the half of a kingdom to the King, of whom he proclaimed himself merely the advance guard. Meanwhile, simultaneously almost with the entry of Garibaldi into Naples, the Pope received an ultimatum from Turin calling on him to disband his army. The ultimatum was rejected, and Turin was now prepared to act. Italian unity being the end to be achieved, an excuse was found for the necessary counter-movement of the north in the spread of Republicanism in the Neapolitan provinces, to which a new impetus was given by the presence of Mazzini, who had gone to Naples, after his long exile, immediately on the arrival of Garibaldi. A sphinx-like approval of the action proposed to be taken by Victor Emmanuel was obtained from Napoleon III, who said only, "If you strike, strike home, and strike hard." A week later, the army of the north was on its way to invade the Papal States.

For Garibaldi, however, there lay between Rome and Naples the stout fortress of Capua, where Francis and forty-five thousand of his men were preparing to make a last stand for Bourbonism.

In Naples the Dictator had, on the whole, a somewhat desperate time of it, for, do as he would, he could not keep peace between the hundred opposing factions who rent the town amongst them. He had very little stomach for work of this sort, and entered with a much better will into quarrels with the natives for flogging their horses and mules than into the political business of keeping his Ministry or Ministries in office. Plots and counter-plots overran the city; the priests and the *Camorra*, or secret societies, schemed for the restoration of the Bourbons; the Annexationists were at open war with the Mazzinians; the Garibaldini were all for marching north to swallow the Pope.

The Dictator's private chamber at the Palazzo was besieged all day by contractors, tourists, and place-hunters of all varieties; every one demanded a private interview; and persons without military experience, who asked for a colonelship or a generalship on the strength of their "sympathies with the cause," struggled in the anteroom with

vendors of amulets and patent medicines, and ladies with albums under their arms, who "wanted the Dictator's autograph."

Towards the middle of September, intrigues, civil and political, and the machinations of the autograph-hunters, drove him to take refuge at Caserta, whither by this time the great body of his troops had preceded him. A strong guard was left in Naples; and Scamozzi, returned from the affair of Forio d'Ischia, was one of the officers appointed to its command. Chafing at the prospect of confinement in Naples, he obtained from Garibaldi a promise that he should rejoin the army before the battle which must shortly be fought at Capua.

Amongst the regiments left for the present at Naples was Oliviero Poppi's, and concerning Oliviero we are called on to note his recent appointment to the rank of lieutenant, a promotion not greatly to his taste, for Oliviero was not zealous of the distinction which must be bought in the face of the enemy.

Garibaldi's quarters at Caserta were the great summer palace of the King, in which he occupied a small room facing the square, his Staff being heaped together in four or five adjoining rooms, where they slept like schoolboys in dormitories; all dining together in the evening, in one of the large halls, with the General at the head of the table. The programme was the same for every day. The General rose at dawn, attended to the business of the State, as well as to the horde of petitioners who had followed him from Naples; then, accompanied by several of the Staff, amongst whom Phayre was always included, took train to Santa Maria, a few miles nearer to Capua, and walked from there to the village of Sant' Angelo, on the heights of which the day was spent in studying the position and movements of the enemy, and the ground that was shortly to be the scene of operations. Every morning, as Garibaldi and his Staff appeared on the summit of St. Angelo, the Bourbons commenced their salute from the banks of the Volturno, and when a conical shot from a rifled cannon passed close enough to be tiresome, the General would lift his hand as if he were brushing away a mosquito, with a passing exclamation, and go on with his studies. It was late in the evening when they returned to dine at Caserta. Phayre was, in fact, occupied from morning till night, which, having regard to the condition of his mind at this time, was doubtless very much the best thing for him.

The outposts of the two armies being within a mile of each other, there were sallies and skirmishes every day, and one brisk engagement under Türr, Garibaldi's commander-in-chief, which, however, led to no definite result. But as September drew to an end it became evident that the Royalists were preparing for decisive action. On the last day but one of the month, a Council of War was held at Capua, when it was resolved that an attempt should be made on the 1st of October, Bomba's birthday, to cut through the Garibaldian lines, and march upon Naples.

On the evening of the 30th the enemy's ski--

mishers were seen slowly advancing on the left bank of the river (Volturno); the Garibaldians opened fire on them, and they retreated to camp. But this movement and the first sputter of fire were understood to herald an engagement, and all through the Garibaldian ranks arose that peculiar hum, the subdued excitement, and air of eager preparation, which betoken the nearness of a great battle.

On this evening Scamozzi arrived from Naples, and two regiments with him, Oliviero Poppi's being one of them. Scamozzi quickly saw that something was very wrong with Phayre, and a few words on either side enabled him to divine the cause of the young captain's unhappiness.

"But you have had a letter from her?" said Scamozzi.

"Not one word since the note she wrote me from the hospital the day after I got to Naples."

"But she wrote to you that morning you left us," urged Scamozzi, telling him of the note which, as we know, had failed of delivery. The soldier to whom he had given it was sent for, who said that he had entrusted it on the following day to a comrade about to start with his regiment for Caserta. The regiment being named, Phayre knew that it was one which had gone forward to Santa Maria immediately on its arrival at Caserta. That the letter had vanished was all which could be said about it.

"I suppose," said Phayre to Scamozzi, "you know no more than I do where they are at present?"

"They are in Naples."

"In Naples!"

"Yes; I heard it as I came away this evening. They can only just have arrived, for I called upon them yesterday, and they were still absent."

Phayre reflected a moment, and replied: "If I come safely through to-morrow, I go back to Naples, cost what it may."

"You shall go, ben mio; but let us to bed now. We shall hear Bomba's music in an hour or two."

CHAPTER XXII.—THE BATTLE OF THE VOLTURNO.

CAPUA lies on the left bank of the River Volturno, which curves round it in such a manner as to surround three sides of the fortifications with a deep wet ditch. The fortress stands at the foot of a ridge of hills running towards the left of the town; on the left bank of the river rises another ridge of lofty hills, and between the two ridges is a narrow valley, through the centre of which flows the Volturno. The Royalist cavalry, a force numbering from seven to eight thousand, and several battalions of infantry, were spread over the valley. In and about Capua, and along the line of the Volturno, as far as Cajazzo, a mountain town, on which the extreme left of the Royalists rested, were concentrated from thirty to thirty-five thousand infantry, and a numerous field artillery with rifled guns.

Advancing towards the left from Capua, you may walk briskly in five and-thirty minutes to the

village and heights of Sant' Angelo, which was the key of the Garibaldian position. From Sant' Angelo it is about two miles by road to Santa Maria, which is almost in a direct line with Capua, and the last town that the traveller passes in going from Naples to Capua by rail. Three and a half miles from Santa Maria is Caserta, where the Garibaldian head-quarters and reserve were established.

The Neapolitan plan of attack was, briefly, to break through the Garibaldian lines, and march upon Naples.

The force mustered by Garibaldi was not more than about nine-and-twenty thousand men, against the forty-five thousand of the enemy; for he had five thousand in hospital (mostly sick with fever), and had left three thousand on guard in Naples. During the greater part of the day, however, the brunt of the Garibaldian action was borne by some nine thousand five hundred men, many of whom had never before tasted fire, and amongst whom were not more than about four hundred cavalry. He had a fair sprinkling of field howitzers, but with the exception of three not very formidable batteries, and one slight breastwork, he had erected no artificial barriers of any kind; leaving everything, as he usually did, to chance, or, rather, to that extraordinary super-normal inspiration which never failed him at the critical moment.

He had, however, some valiant and well-proved generals at his back. Medici, who at Rome in '49, with a handful of men, had held the Vascello against the French, defended the position of Sant' Angelo. Here were Dunne's brigade, and others, with a few Calabrese, and eight guns. At Santa Maria, the command was held by Milbitz, who had under him four thousand seven hundred men in all, including the Sicilian brigade, the Zaccheri regiment, the Genoese carbineers, the small French company under de Flotte, the little band of Hungarian cavalry, and five guns. Brigadier Corti held the extreme left at Aversa, with a small force of two thousand five hundred. At Maddalene, Bixio commanded about five thousand men, with five guns. Sartori had control of the head-quarters and reserve at Caserta, where, with the divisions of Türr and Stocco, there were altogether about seven thousand two hundred men, with thirteen guns.

At dawn on the morning of the 1st, the sound of heavy guns rolled up from the Capuan lines. Scamozzi, to whose ears this was the music of sirens, was bolt upright on the edge of his bed in a twinkling.

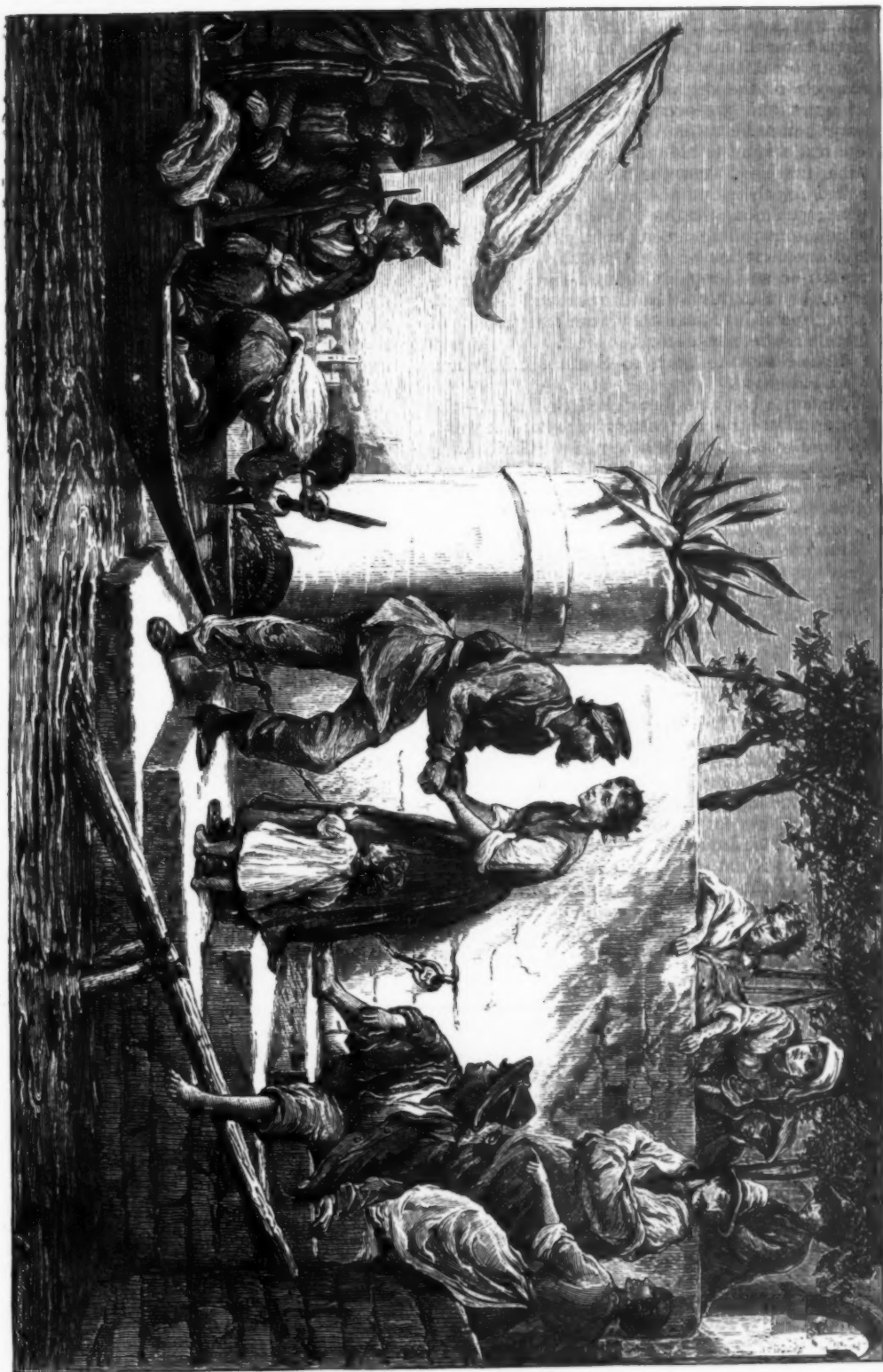
"Hullo there, young captain!" he shouted to Phayre. "Orsù, orsù, they have begun; don't you hear the overture?"

Phayre started up, yawning, and rubbing his eyes. "Ugh! What a morning!" said he, going to the window, where he stood shivering for a moment, peering out into a dense grey mist, through which the forms of soldiers could be dimly seen, hurrying to and fro in the great square of the palace. It was just three o'clock.

Garibaldi's voice was heard outside, calling for a cup of coffee, and Phayre and Scamozzi, dressing quickly, went down to the hall, where Garibaldi

VOLUNTEERS FOR GARIBALDI.

[From the Painting by E. F. Bridall Fox]



baldi and several of the Staff were assembled. Others came in hurriedly by twos and threes, and a hasty breakfast was taken standing, while the prospects of the day were discussed. Garibaldi was quiet and pre-occupied, the case with him always before he entered into battle. The others were restless and full of talk, grumbling at the fog, which furnished just the shelter the Royalists needed for their first advance. The great guns, booming all along the line of the Volturno, kept up a continuous rolling accompaniment to the impetuous conversation of the Garibaldians. In ten minutes or so Garibaldi showed signs of impatience. Knotting his old bandana around his throat, he inquired of his Staff if they were ready, which of course was the signal for the start. A train was in waiting to take them to Santa Maria, where they all alighted.

The battle had already reached this point—the gunners of the railway battery were hard at work, and the Royalists, having driven in the Garibaldian outposts, were actually beating at the Capua gate of the town. Scamozzi's regiment, not yet in action, had come on here the night before, and he at once proceeded to join it.

The roar of the battle could now be heard on all sides, and far away in the direction of Maddalene, whence Bixio telegraphed that a strong column was endeavouring to take that position. Even thus early matters were looking so grave that Phayre was dispatched with telegrams for Sirtori and Türr at Caserta, ordering one brigade to be in readiness to support Bixio at a moment's notice, and the remainder of the reserve to be prepared for any emergency in the direction of Capua. That done, Phayre rejoined Garibaldi, who, with the Staff he had brought on from Caserta, was just starting for Sant' Angelo.

The party set out in three carriages along the Capua road, all around which the fight was now in full blaze. Right and left, the batteries of Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo were pouring fire into the foremost columns of the Neapolitans, and far away to the front the continuous flashing of thousands of muskets converted into a fiery cloud

the dense river-mist which had so effectually curtained the first advance of the enemy.

Garibaldi and his Staff were driving at a good pace towards Sant' Angelo, when, on reaching a small bridge which crossed the main road, they found themselves close upon a battalion of Royalists, who were advancing in the direction of Santa Maria. So close were they that the Garibaldians could hear the order to fire which the Royalist officer instantly gave, and quick upon the order followed a storm of bullets, which, had the aim been better, must have killed three-fourths of the party. One of the horses of Garibaldi's carriage reared and fell dead, and a like fate befell the coachman of the second carriage, who without a cry flung up his arms and pitched head forward into the road. Count Arrivabene, the correspondent of an English daily paper, who was on the box beside the coachman, would probably have received the bullet in his stead had he not turned round a moment before to speak to some one in the carriage.

Garibaldi sprang up and leapt to the ground, followed by all his officers, who had scarcely alighted when a second volley was delivered, which wounded one of them slightly in the shoulder and another badly in the leg. Phayre, who caught his foot in jumping from the carriage, went face foremost in the dust, but got no worse harm than a scratch on the forehead. Garibaldi, who was always at his coolest when the danger was greatest, spat out the end of the cigar he was smoking, and, twitching his sword from the scabbard, quietly told his officers to prepare to charge the battalion. The Quixote blood in him rose always at the prospect of an encounter at odds like these.

The Royalists, whose object evidently was to surround the Garibaldians, were now quite close, and beyond these, to right and left, great masses could be seen coming up in a crescent line from the Capuan camp, and volleying as they came, so that the appearance they presented was that of an enormous hoop of fire slowly encircling the whole plain.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF VOLTURNO

"How vexed Scamozzi will be to have missed this!" thought Phayre, as he singled out with his eye one of the leaders of the advancing troop. The next instant the troop itself was thrown into violent confusion, and two or three gaps were made in the front ranks by the sudden fire of a company of Medici's men, who, coming from Sant' Angelo, had seen the danger of Garibaldi and his Staff, and hastened to their rescue. The Royalists were now forced to transfer their fire to Medici's men, and Garibaldi and his companions, leaping a ditch at the side of the road, gained the fields beyond, running thence under shelter of the mist until they reached Sant' Angelo.

"Bah!" exclaimed Missori to Phayre as they climbed the hill which overtops the village. "If we have escaped that, we may consider our lives are charmed for the day."

However that might be, the prospect from the hill-top was a very unkind one just then. Success such as they were used to seemed at that time to have deserted the Garibaldians. In their first desperate rush the Neapolitans had carried everything before them; here, as at Santa Maria, the outposts had been driven in, and Garibaldi, making a rapid survey of the situation, saw that communication with the latter place was completely severed. Sant' Angelo, in fact, was surrounded, for the Neapolitan right wing, advancing almost under cover through the water-courses and the woodland on this side Capua, had outflanked Medici, and was now sweeping down the heights of Tifata to attack his position in the rear. By the same movement communication with Sacchi's brigade at San Leucia had been cut off, and the reserve at Caserta isolated. To reopen his communications on this side was therefore the first object of Garibaldi. Balbo was ordered to take his Genoese carbineers and a couple of mounted guns, ascend the heights above those captured by the Royalists, and drive them back into the plain. This was done in a very short time by that admirable corps.

Meanwhile Medici was holding on like a leech to his position in front of the town, where the sandbag battery of eight guns was spreading death momentarily amongst the enemy, who assaulted it again and again with dogged bravery.

The ground rocked to the thunder of the guns; the gunners, soaked in perspiration, their faces, chests, and arms black with smoke and powder, were hampered by the dead and wounded, who fell by scores all round them. For four hours the fight lasted here, until the ground about the battery was a mere red slough, and the dead had to be carried away in piles to give the gunners room to work. The Sicilian brigade, under the English Colonel Dunne, which was at the front, was almost cut to pieces, and Dunne himself was borne off, wounded, at about six o'clock. Towards eight a.m. the Neapolitans made a final charge, and the cavalry, leading the way, rode straight for the battery. Garibaldi, with Phayre and several of the Staff, ran up close to the guns, and stood watching the horsemen as they came on at full speed. When they were

within reach Garibaldi said, "Fire with grape." Something like a clap of thunder followed, accompanied by a hissing or whistling sound, and all the foreground was hidden in smoke.

When the cloud rose there was a scene of terrible confusion in front of the battery, cavalry and infantry struggling together in a mass, and horses whose saddles were empty plunging amongst the broken ranks. But the regiments at the back were seen to be forming again, and Garibaldi perceived in a moment that his turn had come to assail. He sent his orders at once to all the available regiments, and the entire force was brought up to the entrance to the town. Garibaldi placed himself at their head, and at the command to charge they dashed out together.

It was at these sudden rushes with the bayonet that the redshirts were always best; led with incredible verve by their Chief, who went up and down with a sort of leonine bound in front of the foremost files, turning about every now and then to cheer them on, his sword flashing round his head. The redshirts thundered in response, and then you could hear their short, hard breathing, and the cartridges rattling in the boxes on their hips, as they pelted over the ground. Some fell at every step, for the Royalists poured volley after volley into their ranks; the bushes were spattered with blood, and bullets could be heard distinctly splitting the leaves of shrubs and the bark and stems of trees. Most heads were bare, and all faces were pale, though the sweat ran down from them in streams; and, lightly clad as they were, the men tore open their shirts to let the air at their breasts. They made a terrible show as they neared the Royalist lines, and not one in those ranks waited to receive their steel. For as the Garibaldians lowered their bayonets for the rush that was to carry them full upon the enemy, the enemy broke and fled.

This, however, was not the case at all points of the Garibaldian attack, for in parts where the nature of the field afforded shelter of any kind, the Royalists, though beaten, retreated slowly, contesting the ground foot by foot, so that the Garibaldians did not repulse them along the whole of the line until they themselves had sustained a considerable loss.

It was now about half-past eight, or rather more than five hours since the first shot had been fired. Sant' Angelo was safe for the present, and it was not long before Assanti's brigade, on the road to Santa Maria, had succeeded in reopening communications with that place.

At Santa Maria itself, meanwhile, there had been hot work since Garibaldi left it, but by eight o'clock the Royalists had exhausted themselves without effect against Milbitz's defences along the Capua face of the town, and Malenchini fell upon and routed their left, as they were working round to the back.

But the numbers of the Neapolitans were enormous, and they showed no signs of being daunted. They made another attack at eleven, led by a brother of the King. The prisoners who had been taken at Sant' Angelo said that Bomba himself was on the field, but he had not been seen. The

second attack upon Santa Maria failed as hopelessly as the first, and shortly after one o'clock the Royalists prepared for their third and final assault.

Unlimbering their field batteries within three hundred yards of the town, they commenced a murderous fire of grape, at the same time that hundreds of shells from the batteries of Capua burst in the streets, and in the open space between the town and the station, which Scamozzi's men were holding. One shell broke through the roof of the powder-magazine at the gate facing Capua, and the explosion which followed killed some hundreds of the defenders. The streets began to be choked with the dead and wounded, but the fallen were replaced without loss of time; and the little town, now enclosed within a hedge of fire, remained impregnable.

It was stirring to hear the different regiments clamouring to be sent to the front, and the cheers which each troop received as it passed out at a run from the town to the open plain. One gallant charge resulted in the capture of a brace of Royalist guns, under a very hail of grape, and here occurred a picturesque incident. The guns stuck fast two hundred yards from the gate, and the Neapolitans made a rush to retake them. A party of English bluejackets, who had come on shore from the ship *Renown*, were watching the fight from the Capua gate. An Englishman among the Garibaldians went up and asked them to bear a hand, and the bluejackets, putting their shoulders to the wheels of the guns, hauled them in at a run. The third attack had lasted for about forty minutes, when the Royalists, growing desperate, began to dash right and left upon the town, and three thousand of their cavalry rode straight into the railway battery, of whom the leading ranks were almost blown to pieces.

At about two o'clock Garibaldi, assured of the safety of Sant' Angelo (which had successfully resisted a second attack of three hours' duration), set out with his Staff to return to Santa Maria.

Riding over the field, which now was both smoking and blazing in all directions, for the Royalists had fired every house they could get at, Garibaldi stopped a moment to watch the advance of a regiment against a farmhouse near the town, from which repeated efforts had been made to dislodge a strong band of the enemy. As the redshirts neared the point of attack, running along under a hot fire of bullets, two officers at their head were seen to fall simultaneously, and the regiment suddenly stopped and became disordered.

"Why doesn't some one else head them? The fellows are falling back!" exclaimed Garibaldi, impatiently. "Go you and take the command," he said to Phayre. "Don't fall back till you have taken the house; the Birboni have held it the last three hours."

Phayre spurred away at a gallop, and got up with the regiment at a critical moment. Shouting to the men that Garibaldi himself was watching them, and that they would be for ever disgraced if they fell back under his eye, he quickly rallied

them; then gave the order to charge, and himself led the way. The Royalists meantime had unlimbered two field guns at an angle of the farm buildings, whose ugly mouths gaped at the Garibaldians over the top of a sunken wall.

"We must have those guns!" cried Phayre, who had scarcely spoken when, with a deafening roar, both guns flashed out in response, his horse fell under him, and two pitiful gaps appeared in the ranks behind.

Phayre made haste to show himself again to his men.

"Steady now, steady!" he cried. "Close up your ranks. We'll have the guns before they can load again. Now, *avanti! avanti!* (forward!) for Garibaldi and Italy!"

"Yes, and for Saint George and old England!" piped a shrill voice at Phayre's elbow. "Go on, sir; go on, Cap'n Phenton; I'm with you, and there's half a dozen of us here from your part o' the country, and we mean having them guns."

Turning round, Phayre saw, for the first and only time, his unknown friend, tailor Boswell (Jones was the name he answered to), a small, plump man, with a shock of red hair, and a front tooth missing from his lower jaw. "Bravo!" said Phayre in reply, and on they went under a leaden hail.

At the moment when the gunners were preparing to fire again, the little tailor and his English comrades, with about a dozen of the foremost Italians, dashed from the ranks, cleared the broken wall at a bound, and flung themselves upon the gunners. The Neapolitans swarmed upon them, but by this time a hundred more redshirts were at the backs of the first-comers, and after a desperate struggle of five or six minutes, the guns were wrested from, and as quickly turned against, the enemy.

The Garibaldians cleared away on either side, and the charges just rammed home for them were poured into the close-packed ranks of the Royalists. Under cover of the smoke Phayre led about fifty of his men to storm the buildings of the farm. This was soon done, for the rush of the Garibaldians had been so decisive and powerful that the enemy within the buildings supposed their forces to be greater than they really were, and ran out pellmell.

In an orchard at the rear of the farm they rallied again, and attempted to retake the buildings; and it was here that the one bad incident of the day occurred on the Garibaldian side. A fresh regiment of Neapolitans coming up to the support of their beaten comrades, charged at the weakest part of the Garibaldian line. As they raced up with a fierce shout, an officer of the redshirts was seen to turn round and make for his own ranks. It was a sight to set the blood boiling, and Phayre, who was close by, shouted in anger, "Take that officer a prisoner! No! no! don't shoot him" (for several of the redshirts, raising a yell of indignation, had levelled their muskets at the coward). "Take him to the rear. He deserves a worse fate than shooting." The man was seized, and as he was being hurried along towards the rear, Phayre recognised, to his

astonishment, in the uniform of a lieutenant, his quondam guide and companion, Oliviero Poppi.

But all Phayre's thoughts were bent then on the task of holding the position he had just taken. Fortunately he was reinforced himself a moment after aid had arrived for the Royalists, and the rout of the latter was presently complete.

The two Garibaldian regiments returned to Santa Maria, where, strengthened by the reserves which had just come on from Caserta, Garibaldi was preparing for a general advance. Eber and his brigade were sent out by the Capua gate with orders to go right at the Neapolitans and regain the Capuchin convent and cemetery on the Capua road, which had been the Garibaldian advanced post for days past, but of which the enemy had held possession since the fight began. Milano and his brigade went out by the Porta Sant' Angelo to effect a diversion in that direction. Attached to Eber's brigade was a squadron of sixty-nine Hungarian hussars, and this small band of heroes secured the closing honours of the fight. For, catching sight of three squadrons of dragoons and a field-battery, who were waiting to contest their passage, they rode full tilt at them, routed the dragoons and captured the guns. The infantry burst into cheers at this act, and following up the hussars, charged the enemy at the bayonet's point without counting his numbers, took the convent and the cemetery, and finally sent to the rightabout the Royal Guards,—Bomba himself, with great presence of mind, urging them to ride home as fast as they could. Milano's brigade had been equally successful in the direction of Sant' Angelo, and the Royalists were now in full flight towards Capua, along the whole breadth of the field: they had lost the battle.

CHAPTER XXIII.—IN WHICH OLIVIERO POPPI MAKES TWO APPEARANCES.

THE hush that falls upon a field of battle when the combatants have withdrawn is one of the strangest things in the world. The sight which the field presents is certainly the most terrible.

On the night of the battle which we glimpsed in the last chapter, four thousand men lay dead upon the fields and hills between the town of Santa Maria and the River Volturno.

To one who has never seen a musket levelled to kill, you cannot say, by any force of words, what a battle looks like and sounds like and feels like to the actual combatants; still less can you show what the field resembles which is covered thickly with the bodies of dead and wounded men. Phayre saw this sight on the night of the Volturno battle (Garibaldi's Inkermann), and he never forgot it.

Having had only one bout of real work during the day (whereas many of the officers had been hard at it since daybreak), he had volunteered for the work of removing the wounded to hospital, and was on the field between six and eight o'clock in the evening. It was a scene of several square miles of sheer carnage. In some places the dead and

dying lay in heaps, in others they dotted the ground at intervals of a few yards; but it was not possible to take a dozen paces in any direction without stumbling upon a head, a limb, a corpse, or a wounded man. Here lay one with a face as placid as a child's in sleep, killed at once by a well-aimed bullet in the head or heart. Another lay all cramped and twisted, the face showing all the horrors of the death-struggle from a bayonet wound. Many of the dead, crushed by cannonballs, were merely formless heaps in pools of blood. Here and there the solid ground had been converted into a red marsh, sodden and slippery—feet, and hands, and fingers, and cleanly-severed heads strewing it thickly.

The wounded lay in all shapes and postures; some shaking with the ague-fits of fever, though the evening was hot; some just able to breathe, too feeble to chase away the flies feasting on the sweat of death; some groaning and sobbing for water; others with the baked and swollen tongue protruding through the lips, powerless to cry for the drink that might have saved them. Sometimes the painful silence of the field was broken by the cry or wild laugh of one whom thirst or the torment of wounds had driven to delirium; but, with such exceptions as these, the whole battle-plain was as still as a sepulchre—and would soon be as noisome to the smell.

Beyond this general survey, we need note only two incidents of Phayre's progress through the shambles of the Volturno. On the hill of Sant' Angelo he came upon the just-living body of Agnello Marinelli. Agnello did not know him; the film of death had clouded his fine eyes. Phayre had seen the slight heaving of his breast as he passed, but did not recognise his enemy till he stooped over his body. "Comrade!" he said, in the ear of the young Royalist; but Marinelli never heard him. Phayre called again, and Marinelli lifted his eyelids and stared at him. He did not know him, and could not speak. Phayre laid his hand on Marinelli's heart, and felt it flutter and go out.

The second of the two incidents occurred near the Capua Gate of Santa Maria, just as Phayre was returning to the town at about eight in the evening, when nearly all the wounded had been removed from the field. He heard his name called, but did not know from where the voice came until he saw a redshirt, raised upon his elbow, beckoning feebly to him. The man had fallen again when Phayre went up to him, but he held a morsel of paper clutched between his fingers, and signed to Phayre to take it. It was the note which Giulietta had written to her lover on the morning that he left Naples, and he read it there for the first time beside the scarcely-breathing form of the soldier to whom Scamozzi's orderly hap entrusted it.

The reader has seen this note. The little it said told all: the mystery of Giulietta's withdrawal, and of the silence that followed, which he had in part unravelled, he now read plainly between the brief, ambiguous lines of the letter. He laughed at the foolishness of it, for foolish it was. He laughed at himself for his misery during the past three weeks; he could almost have

laughed at *Giulietta* for her want of faith. Had the first short days of their love been prolonged—the quick, short days between the night when they walked together through the mist and the morning when they parted at *Salerno*—he would have told her what she had afterwards been left to learn from *Laura*; but it would have been hard measure to make him tell it then.

Yet what recked it now? *Giulietta* was in *Naples* again; a few hours, and he would see her, and these three weeks would be forgotten. He stooped down to speak to the soldier; the man was dead.

As *Garibaldi* was to sleep at *Sant' Angelo* that night, *Phayre* went back there when his work on the field was over. Passing close to the spot at which he had played his principal part in the engagement, he recalled with a painful sensation the incident of the arrest of *Oliviero Poppi*. He had clean forgotten it until that moment, and now, foreseeing the consequences to the miserable man, he wished a thousand times that he himself had been anywhere else on the field when *Poppi* showed the white feather in the face of the enemy. The bravest man is liable to a sudden shock of fear, he thought—striving to mitigate the enormity of the offence; but he knew that no mitigation would be allowed at the tribunal which awaited the luckless *Oliviero*. At a moment of extreme peril to the regiment one of its leaders had turned his back upon the enemy: a sin like this *Garibaldi* judged, condemned, and punished, without pity and without mercy.

Garibaldi had retired for the night when *Phayre* reached the temporary head-quarters at *Sant' Angelo*, but several officers were discussing the incident which was uppermost in his own mind; and despite all that *Phayre* could say in *Oliviero's* behalf, the officers unanimously assured him that *Garibaldi* would make the lieutenant an example. *Phayre* was privately resolved to intercede in his behalf, but the next day was filled with desultory fighting, and he was in the saddle from morning till night.

On the morning after that he was at *Caserta*, discussing with *Scamozzi* the possibility of an immediate return to *Naples*, when word was sent up that *Garibaldi* had gone down to receive a report upon the conduct of one of the divisions engaged in the battle of the 1st. *Phayre* and *Scamozzi* descended to the courtyard of the palace, where, drawn up in battalions, the soldiers of the division filled half of the great cortile. *Garibaldi* and the General of the division, with their respective Staffs, stood in the front.

An officer commenced to read the report, which, as usual, was largely composed of recitals of special deeds of valour, on the part of both officers and men. These, which had become commonplaces, were received without extraordinary interest; but immediately following on the mention of *Phayre's* capture of the farmhouse came a statement which filled with a painful stupor all those to whom the deed referred to was then first made known. A *Garibaldian* officer was branded by name as a coward.

Garibaldi at once stopped the reading of the report, and sternly, and with a face like a thunder-cloud, ordered the officer, if he were present, to stand to the front.

There was a momentary pause, and then *Oliviero Poppi*, staggering rather than walking, came forward before his comrades. It seemed scarcely possible that the wretched man should sustain the gaze of the thousand eyes that were fastened on him, and not be turned to stone. One could not look on him and feel no pity; shame and terror seemed almost to have deprived him of life. *Phayre* trembled so that he leaned his arm for support on *Scamozzi*.

Garibaldi motioned the officer to go on with the reading, but no one heard the remainder of the report. When it was finished, a silence the most acute fell upon the scene, and to each individual soldier composing the division it appeared as though himself and *Garibaldi* and the petrified man in the centre of the square were the only persons present. The moment for punishment had come; punishment as necessary as it was terrible.

Turning a look which was a flash of scorn upon the branded officer, *Garibaldi* said to two of his Staff, "Take away his sword—strip him of his emblem of rank." One officer disarmed him, while another ripped off the silver band which was his badge of lieutenantancy. Then *Garibaldi*, fired by the situation, addressed the whole division, *Poppi* standing ashen and still, in front of those who were no longer his companions. To him, finally, *Garibaldi* turned again with words that should have stricken him dead. "For you," he said, "what is left? Nothing, but to beg a musket, and get killed as quickly as you can in the foremost ranks." The scene was over, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

But for *Phayre*, the episode was not yet ended. He had successfully manoeuvred to be sent to *Naples* on the following day, in charge of a convoy of wounded; and the certainty of once more seeing *Giulietta* filled him with such an overflowing gladness as quenched for the time the distress he felt for the unhappy fate of *Poppi*. *Poppi*, annihilated as it seemed by the sentence pronounced on him, had completely vanished when the ceremony in the square was concluded.

Phayre had gone to *Garibaldi*, and pleaded for him; but those terrible words, once said, could not be unsaid. "I have given him his life," said *Garibaldi*. "Would you have me put such a man again in command over any of my brave companions, or ask the humblest of them to receive him into their ranks as an equal? Let me never hear his name again."

Phayre retired from the presence somewhat crestfallen, for no one ever liked to receive a flat refusal from *Garibaldi*; and in this case the refusal implied something in the nature of a rebuke to the petitioner. Then came the arrangement for his return to *Naples*, contrived for him by *Scamozzi*, and all else was totally swept out of his mind.

That night it was *Phayre's* duty to go the rounds; and having completed them, he was returning to

his quarters between nine and ten o'clock; all quiet, and the night dark. On a sudden, walking under a high wall, he paused, believing that he heard a step at his back; turned short round, saw nothing, and went on again. As he did so, a man slipped from a recess in the wall, a few paces behind him, and putting an unsheathed dagger between his teeth, ran forward, and sprang upon Phayre's shoulders, endeavouring to drag him to the ground. And indeed, the force of the shock, and the

"You do not know me," said Oliver, through his teeth. "I am Oliviero Poppi; and let me tell you more: I was brother to the man killed at Milazzo. I have followed you step by step since then, hugging the thought that your life was forfeit to me, waiting my own time to kill you. I led you to the hills to kill you that day when you were taken and I was shot by the Birboni. From then till now I've had no chance against you; but you or I die here to-night."



PHAYRE FLUNG THE DAGGER FAR AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

violence with which he was seized, nearly effected this end; but Phayre was more than a reed to bend, and, starting sharply back, he ground his assailant against the wall, and partially freed himself. It was then that he first saw the man's face, and an involuntary shudder ran through him, for he seemed to be once more in the grasp of the man whom he had left dead on the field of Milazzo. Oliviero (for this was he) had shaved off his beard; partly with a view to this encounter, and partly because the eternal shame pronounced on him by Garibaldi that morning had made him a marked man in all the army. His beard gone, he showed the thin, keen face of his dead brother; hence the notion which had seized Phayre that he was engaged in a wrestle with a ghost.

There was a despairing passion in the man's voice, which matched the concentrated and deadly look upon his face, where the sweat stood out in beads upon the strained white skin.

"No, neither you nor I," said Phayre, who had got Oliviero to earth, and held him so that he could not stir.

"Let go your dagger," he said, and shook him like a rat; but Oliviero clung to the weapon, till, his breath failing, it fell from his nerveless hand. Catching it up, Phayre flung the dagger far away into the night, and rose again to his feet.

"Stand up," he said; and Oliviero, cowed, and breathless; smitten above all with a superstitious fear that he was pitted against an enemy whose life was charmed, stood up before him.

"You may go," said Phayre; "I have done with you. You may hide or show yourself where you please. It was in self-defence I killed your brother, but I do not understand murder, and you are now disarmed, and I have my sword. Stay, you shall not disappear here in the dark; walk on before me."

And, drawing his sword, he turned its point towards Oliviero, and gave him the order to march. In this fashion they proceeded silently for a few hundred yards, meeting no one, until they came to the palace.

"Addio!" said Phayre then, returning his sword to the sheath. "You will not find it easy to attempt me again."

Oliviero had already vanished into the darkness. Phayre went to his quarters in the palace.

Scamozzi was emphatic in dispraise of his conduct when he related the adventure to him, and said significantly that he hoped Phayre might have no after-cause to repent of his clemency.

"A snake—a very snake, and you let him shuffle off again! I am thinking that when you have found your *Giulietta*, you had better hie with her to England as soon as may be."

"Indeed, I feel something less than quiet since this bout," said Phayre, whom it had shaken mentally as well as physically.

"Does the villain know *Giulietta*, I wonder?" said Scamozzi, a moment later.

"You make my heart cease beating. We are but twenty miles from Naples," exclaimed Phayre, whitening at Scamozzi's words.

"You are as good as on the road there yourself," Scamozzi replied.

But the vague fear thus inspired in him hung upon Phayre all night, and clung to him during all the slow and weary journey to Naples the next morning, in the train with the wounded redshirts. The moanings and occasional cries heard all along

the heavily-laden carriages mingled themselves with the fever in his thoughts; and, to distract his mind, he kept himself continually employed amongst the sufferers, until at length Naples was reached. Then it was a sad and lengthened task to remove the tortured burdens from the train to the hospital; the day was three-parts exhausted when Phayre was able to discharge himself from his duties.

Quick, now, a carriage—to *Giulietta*, to *Giulietta*!

At the steps of a church in a narrow street near the Chiaja the carriage was stopped by a crowd excitedly clamouring, gesticulating, pressing up to the door of the church, one part of them vociferating angrily, another sympathetically; so much, but no more, could be gathered from the broken and hurried cries that were uttered.

"Who saw him do it? Did no one know him? Has he escaped? Have they carried her into the church?"

Seeing on the outskirts of the crowd a Garibaldian standard-bearer whom he knew, Phayre called to him and inquired the cause of the tumult.

"They say, signor, that some one has just been killed or stabbed—I don't know who it is, for I have only just come."

A man went past the carriage saying in a tone of nervous concern to a lady beside him, "It was certainly she; I know her by sight. The Signorina Vannucci has been assassinated."

Phayre rose up with a cry that drew the eyes of the crowd to him, and staggering out of the carriage, threw himself among the people. "Let me pass—I have a better right here than any," he said. Getting up the steps—he knew not how—he pushed aside the heavy leathern curtain that hung before the door, and stood within the church.



OUR VAGRANT AND CRIMINAL CLASSES:¹

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THEM?

BY THE REV. HENRY SOLLY.

PART I.

THE well-known remark of an eminent statesman, that it is the "unexpected" which generally happens, illustrates the common tendency to expect that things will always continue to proceed in the way they have for some considerable time been moving, whereas the mere fact that they have been doing so should lead us for that very reason to expect a change.

This great metropolis had for many years been free from riot and plundering by mob violence, when on the 3rd of January last year all London, and in about twenty-four hours a large part of Europe, were startled by hearing of a sudden outbreak of savagery displayed by a London mob. Well-to-do comfortable people in the middle and upper classes of society rubbed their eyes and moved uneasily, anxiously asking, for a day or two, "What is to be done?" Then it was generally settled that nothing was amiss except the conduct of the Chief Commissioner of Police, and with his resignation the well-to-do classes were restored to their serenity, and concluded that nothing more needed to be done than to secure at all times, and under every conceivable circumstance, due vigilance on the part of the Metropolitan police. Are we, all of us, however, quite content with this solution of the difficulty?

If the "dangerous classes" were taught by that outbreak that they have only to get a few hours' start of the police for looting on a large scale, and the respectable classes were not taught on how thin a crust our boasted civilisation and security rest, as well as what volcanic fires underlie that crust, rather serious earthquakes may come when unexpected, and because they were unexpected.²

But a danger of more immediate, and if not of so alarming, yet in reality of a more terrible character becomes apparent on a reference to our police courts, assizes, quarter sessions, and Central Criminal Court proceedings. Just reflect on the number of sentences passed every year on men for crimes of violence, robbery, and fraud, and then note that, with the exception of the comparatively very small number sentenced to the gallows or for twenty years and upwards, all these criminals and convicts are passing back into the open air of our English world in a continuous stream at the expiration of their various terms of punishment, for the most part ready on

sufficient temptation, often in a certain sense forced, to prey upon society again.

The number of men and youths that compose our criminal and dangerous classes now at large may be computed at about 40,000 in England and Wales. There is, besides, an immense army of vagrants, of whom about 60,000, though not at present reckoned criminal, are continually being tempted or driven into the criminal ranks, and constitute a standing danger and disgrace to the community.

It appears from the "Judicial Statistics" that in 1881 the number of persons either apprehended, proceeded against, or cited for offences against the criminal law, reached the enormous amount of 825,659—that is, nearly one in every thirty-six of the population. Of course, a large proportion of these were cases of comparatively slight importance, but of the whole number 94,868 were arrested for offences against the person, and 122,761 for offences against property. The cost of crime in Great Britain is nearly £6,000,000 annually—the police costing £3,500,000, the value of property stolen being at least £1,000,000, and the remainder being the cost of prisons, reformatory and industrial schools, and legal proceedings. More than 64,000 persons, including magistrates, police, prison and reformatory officials, besides 10,000 clerks, gaolers, ushers, etc., are maintained for the prevention, detection, and punishment of crime. It is indeed gratifying to know that during the last fifteen or sixteen years there has been a considerable decrease of crime, but these melancholy facts remain.

Certainly, for the sake of the criminal and shiftless classes themselves, as well as for that of the honest and industrious public, it is time that we set ourselves rather more seriously to work to remove or largely diminish this crying scandal and standing menace, as well as injury to our boasted Christianity and civilisation.

A POLICY OF AGGRESSION.

The first great principle, then, which I would recommend for consideration is this,—that in the warfare we have to wage with English barbarism we must adopt an *aggressive* policy, not merely a policy of protection, repression, or relief. Those great men who in the old days brought order, security, law, and social liberty out of anarchy, crime, and chaos, the later Roman republican senate, with the emperors and heroes who followed them—Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, and a hundred more—did not effect their marvellous victories over disorder and rapine by merely driving back to their strongholds the enemies

¹ The substance of this paper was read before the Council of the Society for the Organisation of Charity, Howard Vincent, Esq., M.P., being in the chair. We give it place in these pages, in the belief that the questions it raises require to be discussed not only in committees and congresses, but pondered by the people at large.

² Another gentle hint was given us, only the other day, by the Lillie Bridge riot.

of their peace. When the Mediterranean Sea was swarming with pirates in the latter days of the Roman republic, the assembled tribes of that great community were not content with having guard-ships or fortifications. They empowered one of their greatest commanders, the celebrated Pompeius, who burned, with the instinct of his nation, against lawless violence, to sweep these cruel marauders from the seas, and then to attack and destroy them in their Cilician forts and harbours, thus making the Mediterranean as safe for commerce as the streets of Rome. When his great rival, Cæsar, resolved that Italy should be delivered from the terror and the curse of ferocious invaders, swarming down upon it from beyond the Alps, he carried his legions across the mountains and conquered Gaul. During the four centuries that followed, Roman civilisation was extended, and for a time preserved, only by incessant inroads on surrounding barbarism; while after that barbarism had submerged Europe beneath an awful flood of desolation, it was only by the most strenuous aggressive measures that anarchy and violence were gradually overcome. The war against those evils was successful just so far as it was carried into the enemy's country and the robbers' dens, thereby clearing the way for the institutions and organisation of civilised life. Wars of defence must not unseldom be won by carrying the fight into the heart of the invaders' country.

It is a war of defence we have to conduct against our vagrants, mendicants, and criminal population, and it is high time we carried it into their very midst, grappling with them and their surroundings, with the causes and the consequences of their evil condition, in their actual haunts and lairs—not to destroy, but to save them. That is the first principle I would urge for adoption; our action must be distinctly and continuously aggressive.

MUTUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The second principle is also taught us by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers especially, and by other heroes of civilisation—viz., the necessity for enforcing *mutual responsibility* among the members of a civilised community. That principle in the olden time, when men had to work with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other, required every man in the land to be known by and responsible to a definite number of his fellow-citizens and certain duly-constituted authorities, to whom he was answerable for keeping the peace, and for whom they were answerable if he broke the laws of the land. It is a principle based on the divine law of human brotherhood, and is the practical way of making, in the right sense, every man his brother's keeper. At present these degraded classes receive no healthy vitalising or redeeming influences from the rest of the community because they have no organic connection with them. Mr. Ruskin has some admirable remarks in his letters from "Weare and Tyne" on the need of this oversight. And the necessity for vital organic communication between the degraded and the

better-disposed portion of the community if the former are to be restored to moral soundness, is as evident to all great modern social reformers, including Thomas Carlyle and the late Earl of Shaftesbury, as it is plain to any surgeon's apprentice that a wound will not heal nor a broken limb unite unless the sound and the diseased or injured portions of the body are in vital connection.

Does that connection exist at present?

It has been well said by an eminent writer whose name always commands attention and respect—I mean Mr. Tom Hughes—in his luminous and interesting "Life of Alfred the Great," when commenting on the principle of mutual responsibility: "This mutual liability or suretyship was the pivot of all Alfred's reforms. It was an old system, known by the common name of 'Frank-pledge,' but now new life was put into it by the king, and in a short time it worked a very remarkable change in the whole of his kingdom. Merchants and others could go about their affairs without guards of armed men. The forests were emptied of their outlaws, 'kinless men,' or Danes. . . Confidence and security succeeded to the distrust and lawlessness which threatened the realm with hopeless anarchy at the end of the great war." Mr. Pearson, in his admirable History of England (a work which has hardly secured the attention it deserves), when summing up the results of the system of Frank-pledge, observes: "What it is essential to remember is that life and property were not secured to the Anglo-Saxon by the State, but by the loyal union of his free fellow-citizens; that honour and courage were expected from neighbours as readily as amongst ourselves from the police, and that free co-operation secured the weak from the strong, provided for the destitute and the orphan, and mitigated the ruinous losses against which no care can provide. The system may have been—*must* have been—imperfect in its workings. But the question is not one merely of material results. It is rather one of moral education, and I believe the Saxon guilds are unmatched in the history of their times as evidence of self-reliance, of mutual trust, of patient self-restraint, and of orderly love of law among a young people" (Vol. I, p. 276). I think I may confidently lay stress on the urgent need for reviving this system (with due adaptation to altered circumstances), for, as Mr. Hughes truly says: "In human society men cannot divest themselves of responsibility for their neighbours, and ought not to attempt it." And let it not be forgotten that I plead not merely for the revival of the principle of an ancient system, but rather for the renewed application and extension of a legal institution handed down from the past, and existing among us at the present day. The admission of prisoners to bail, and the levying of damages on the rates of a locality after a riot, are the survivals of Frank-pledge. There should be nothing new or startling to the descendants of our brave and orderly Anglo-Saxon forefathers in the proposals now submitted.

And it may be observed that just as one great advantage of industrial partnerships and "profit-sharing" concerns is that each workman under

that system has a direct and legitimate interest in seeing that his fellow-workmen are doing their best for the business, both in working and saving, so, under this system of mutual responsibility, every inhabitant in a given area is interested in seeing that his mates and neighbours are not breaking the law.

The "Vagrancy" question has attracted much attention lately, and is in fact forcing itself on our notice with increasing and painful importunity. It is a relic of barbarism, and an evil which our English ancestors felt in all its force. But *they* declared it was inconsistent with real civilisation—*i.e.* with order, law, and all true liberty. So they put it down, inexorably, and they were right. It is a practice as utterly opposed in kind (not of course in degree) to the best interests of the community as the raids of plundering barbarian hordes were destructive to civilisation. It is even more fatal to the welfare of the vagrants themselves.

By uniting these various classes of vagrants, paupers, and criminals in definite links of mutual responsibility and mutual help, we should not only do much to fix the vagrant population in self-supporting ways, but also to detect criminals and punish crime; still more, to place them under conditions which would prevent their being led or driven into vagrancy and crime. All true freedom requires a certain restriction of individual liberty, without which there could be no freedom or civilisation, no order, security, or peace.

MUTUAL HELPFULNESS.

The third great principle to which I would refer, is the principle of mutual helpfulness, which is indeed involved in that grand idea of human brotherhood of which we have just been speaking; but I want more especially to lay stress on the help to be given in the work of retaining the degraded classes, not merely by the fellowship, sympathy, and influence of the respectable and educated members of the community, though that is of vital importance, but also by members of the outcast hordes themselves. We must remember to what an extent and for how long a period the bulwarks of Roman civilisation resisted the deluge of surrounding barbarism by the marvellous success which the Roman generals had in enlisting numbers of the best and bravest of the barbarians into their own ranks, thus turning their swords against their lawless fellow-countrymen. Now there is just as much possibility of enlisting some of the enemies of our civilisation in the humane and beneficent warfare we are carrying on against vagrancy and begging, burglary, violence, theft, and destitution, as there was in the fiercer conflicts waged by imperial Rome. And as much wisdom in doing so. You have in fact the germs of such mutual helpfulness already among the destitute and dangerous classes in the "solidarity" which is found among otherwise lawless, hardened, and isolated folks, and which is manifested, for instance, by the truth of the proverb that, "There is honour among thieves." We see the same possibility in the readiness with which they will sometimes club

together to support the children, wife, or mistress of an acquaintance who, as they delicately phrase it, has "got into trouble," and by the systematic communications made by tramp to tramp, and beggar to beggar, as to the "soft" houses, and those where fierce dogs are kept.

In all schemes for relieving the poor, or reclaiming the shiftless, vicious, and criminal classes, too little use has been hitherto made of the people themselves whom we desire to benefit. The condition of the pauperised vagrant and criminal population cannot be generally or permanently improved until they themselves are got to give a far larger amount of co-operation in labours for their benefit than is usually the case. Ladies and gentlemen engaged in self-sacrificing, charitable endeavours of various kinds are unquestionably often doing great good to and for these people, but not so much, I fear, to help them in doing good to and for themselves. Yet this is certain, we cannot shape them like a lump of inanimate clay, or even drive and guide them altogether like a horse—nor to little purpose, permanently, if we could. We must recognise their human nature, remembering that they have human capacities for good as well as evil, human impulses and human wills, though the impulses are too often depraved, and the wills enfeebled. Hence, dealing with them as human beings capable of rising to a nobler life, we must endeavour to gain their co-operation, and enlist on our side their will through their feelings. That can be done only by awakening, with Divine help, a new moral life within them by means of our own health-giving agencies and personal influence. But one of the very first steps for that purpose is to aim at leading them on to self-help and mutual help. For assuredly there is nothing that so quickens and strengthens that inner moral life as making efforts, however fitful and imperfect, for the benefit of those around us, by well-organised forms of action. It is of course no less needful that they should receive all the help that can be wisely and continuously given them by persons in a higher moral and social position than their own.

One other main principle to be specified before describing the methods for carrying all four into effect, is the duty in every case of providing remunerative industrial employment alike for the vagrant, mendicant, and criminal classes, as well as for those who, through destitution and temptation, would otherwise fall into this condition. We must, in fact, regard that provision as absolutely essential for any successful treatment or prevention of these and certain other social evils. What can be more disgracefully absurd, as well as culpable, than to take no organised or official account of a man, until he breaks the law, who has not the means of earning even a day's food, clothing, or shelter—next punishing him for breaking it, and then turning him loose on society no better furnished than before to earn an honest livelihood, and much better fitted, in all probability, to levy black-mail on the honest portion of the community? A similar iniquity is perpetrated when we shut a man up in prison for a given time and

let him go forth at the end of his term, not only with character tarnished, not only without the slightest security for his future good-behaviour, or with any useful habits of industry and self-control, formed while in prison, but without affording him any honest employment whereby he can avoid former temptations. Even the wise and beneficent agencies of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, which do endeavour to provide situations and employment for prisoners on quitting gaol, is largely counteracted by the insane conduct of the authorities, who, in conformity with a well-meant but most discreditable statute, supply the discharged prisoner with a certain sum of ready cash as he steps across the threshold of the prison gates. Of course, there are several old companions or improvised tempters lying in wait to welcome him again to their fellowship; and equally, of course, there are plenty of low public-houses provided by the licensing magistrates within easy reach, where the released criminal and his "pals" can indulge in a coarse debauch, and where he can compensate himself for his recent enforced asceticism by every species of demoralising indulgence.

If ever there was a practical exemplification of the hopeless doom and fruitless toil of the unhappy Danaides, condemned to fill their sieves with water, it is to be found in our British methods of dealing with vagrants and criminals. "In the idiot asylums," we are told, "the capacity of the new-comers is tested by setting them to empty a cistern into which water is always running from an open tap. The hopeless cases keep baling away, but if any one shows sufficient intelligence to stop the water at the tap they have great hopes of him."¹ Evidently there must be rather a large collection of our "ruling powers" in this kingdom qualifying themselves for admission as "hopeless cases" into some asylum for idiots, either on this planet or elsewhere, whenever a competent court of inquiry has to sit in judgment upon them. As the writer of the excellent "Charity Reform" paper, entitled "The Vagrant," truly observes, "Vagabondage [and, I would add, the profession of crime also] must be stopped at the tap. The prison is no good, and neither is the present workhouse, because there is no continuous industrial work provided in either"—nor, be it observed, any remunerative employment. Let me repeat it—the pivot on which all permanent improvement must turn, as regards the classes in question, is remunerative employment provided on sound economic conditions.

METHODS OF ACTION.

Having, then, thus glanced at what I conceive to be three of the main principles that should guide us in our work of reformation, let me sketch some of the methods by which they should be applied in action.

First, as to aggressive action, let us look at the more violent, desperate, and really dangerous portion of the community—the professional

burglars, garotters, men who rob with violence and are ready for any row or riot. Considering that the use of firearms among this class seems to be considerably on the increase, and that dangerous weapons are more or less constantly used by them, also that the police can indicate with tolerable accuracy the localities where they can be found when wanted, I would suggest that the powers of search now given to the police in regard to common lodging-houses should be supplemented by a more thorough system of surveillance over these known haunts of criminals, which would make them feel that a detective might at any time be on their track whenever they were leaving their dens and "on the war-path" against society. We are informed, indeed, that the time is gone by when there were particular districts in which these men chiefly had their *habitat*, though within the memory of comparatively young men there were at least a dozen such in the metropolitan area. "Thieves' kitchens" are now as utterly out of date as the Alsatia between St. Bride's and the river, well known to readers of the immortal "Peveril of the Peak," or as the haunts of Fagin and Bill Sykes in the no less celebrated "Oliver Twist." Saffron Hill and the Seven Dials are no longer that disgrace to the police and the administration of justice which they were even thirty or forty years ago. But it is quite as needful, and more possible, now to "set a watch" about the steps of known and suspected evil-doers as at any former period. And as they certainly must be living somewhere, and the low lodging-houses are their usual refuge, it would not be difficult for resolute wills and sagacious brains to make the great majority of ordinary criminals glad to escape from the terrible pressure which might be brought to bear on them, and to avail themselves of openings offered them for earning an honest livelihood. And though "thieves' kitchens" may be obsolete, many districts in the metropolis and other large towns are still principally peopled by the outcast, destitute, and predatory classes, among whom the more hardened and criminal unfortunates usually mingle and dwell. Hence it would be comparatively easy to bring agencies to bear on them of both a repressive and reformatory character.

Measures of this kind would involve the planting police-stations and maintaining police-patrols in the very heart of such districts, and sometimes close to specified lodging-houses; but there would be a rapidly-decreasing necessity for such precautions, and the extra expense would be of only a temporary character. By such methods we should be adopting another lesson from history, and learning how great the kind of power exercised by the military colonies of the Roman people, those great organisers, in completing the pacification of a conquered country.

Let it also be observed that measures of this kind would require only a little extension of existing statutes. (See 5 Geo. IV, cap. 83, and 34 and 35 Vict., cap. 112.)

That criminal statistics should be able to furnish us with the figures "1,171 receivers of stolen goods" seems to the uninitiated an astounding fact. Prompt and forcible suppression of this

¹ "Charity Reform Papers." "The Vagrant." The "News-Vendor" office, 15, Russell Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

class of miscreants is clearly demanded. They are well-known, of course, to be the sustaining element of most offences against property among the professional thieves and burglars, without whom this class of villains must necessarily expire as a class or profession. And I should urge that one of the first steps in any efficient campaign during this holy war against iniquity and barbarism would be such an incessant enforcement of the existing Act as would, before long, root out these nests and *matrices* of crime.

The subject of "conditional liberation" is one of great importance, which Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., in his valuable address to the Social Science Congress, 1883, reminds us has for some time been a recognised part of the penal system of Great Britain, and has lately been introduced more or less into most European states. "Its effects," he says, "upon prison conduct are, I understand, most powerful, and if there were throughout the country a uniform administration of the Prevention of Crimes Acts, the result would be wholly satisfactory." The requirements of the Acts relate to the granting a licence or ticket-of-leave under certain conditions, which necessitate the holder thereof keeping the police of the district acquainted with the place of his or her residence, by monthly communication during the specified term, and notifying any change of address. In 1879 a legal difficulty, which had rendered the statute wholly nugatory, was removed by an Amendment Act, and a staff of eight officers under chief inspector Neames "devote themselves solely to carrying out the Acts in question. Not only has this been accomplished with signal benefit to the public service, but the interests of the licence-holders and supervisees have been considerably advanced." The result is that there are now but few of the criminal classes unaccounted for, and that "the worst characters are driven into districts more tolerant of their presence," which makes "uniformity and strictness of administration most desirable." In Massachusetts, U.S., there is an excellent system of "probation," which enables the court to suspend a sentence for a limited time to give "the offender an opportunity to reform without punishment;" but he "*is put under bonds for his appearance at court on a certain day*" (although this requirement may be dispensed with under certain circumstances) as security for good behaviour. The result is most encouraging, and shows that about 85 per cent. conduct themselves so well as to be "honourably discharged," with great advantage, not only to the parties themselves, but in effecting a large saving of cost to the State. Mr. Vincent says, "There would be no difficulty or expense in the introduction of such a system in this country. . . . Nor would it entail the adoption of any principle alien to British law."

It is important to observe that the measures we are now urging are simply developments, or reasonable extensions, of statutory methods already in force, and that our main ideas are embedded in our historical customs and criminal legislation. In addition, however, to the enactments relating to supervision, right of search, etc., which lead up to what we term further aggressive action, and

those referring to suretyship, bail, recognisances, etc., which enforce my second principle, viz., that of "Mutual responsibility," we must remember the ancient law which renders all the inhabitants of a district liable to make good any damage done to property by a riot. And in support of the plan I advocate for requiring and accepting bail from a larger number of doubtful characters or accused persons than is usual at present, I may remark that modern "Guarantee Societies" are recognised as valuable institutions, and are simply a return to the wisdom of our ancestors.

Wines

COMPOSED AT JOE PULLEN'S TREE, NEAR OXFORD.

DIM in the autumn haze
Below me spreads the plain,
Nor fears the sun's bright blaze
Will parch it once again.

No air to stir the leaf
Or float it to its rest
Beneath the parent shade,
Upon earth's quiet breast.¹

Fixed in deep silence all,
They wait the stormy blast,
That comes at winter's call,
To scatter them at last.

No sound of rural toil
Climbs to this still retreat,
No clang from hidden spire
Throbs with sonorous beat.

One thrilling plaintive note
Breaks on the silent air,
Attuned to gentle thought,
Finding its echo there.

Sing on, thou warbler sweet,
With ruddy-mantled breast,
Nor fear to mar the peace
Of this our autumn rest.

So when the painter's hand
The canvas covers o'er
With clouds and chilling shade,
Likeness of winter hoar,

One solid beam of light
Bursts through the riven cloud,
Telling of golden orbs
Behind the fleecy shroud.

'Tis autumn in my life,
My summer days are gone,
For me the wintry wind
Awakes its far-off moan.

On me may stream from heaven
Such solid beam of light,
Such trilling song at even
Ringing far into night!

G. F. H. S.

¹ "Christian Year," 23rd Sunday after Trinity:—

"See the calm leaves float
Each to its rest beneath their present shade."

A GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

II.—HOGG—MOORE—CAMPBELL.

THOSE in whose company we were last month were, all three, philosophers, whatever they might be besides. The three whose portraits by Maclise are now to be given, poetry claims for her own. They stand high as poets, but are of no account except as members of the tuneful brotherhood.

Here, first and most original of all, is Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," looking as if he had only

from a long line of ancestors who had all followed the same healthy open-air calling. The origin of the name is thus accounted for. *Hog* in Scotch is not an animal domesticated from the wild boar: it is a young sheep before it has lost its first fleece.

When the portrait appeared James Hogg was well advanced in life. According to his own evidence, he entered the world on the 25th of January, 1772, but the date is entered in black



THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

a few minutes ago entered the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, a flock of sheep before him and a collie at his heels. It is a life-like representation of an extraordinary specimen of the rough diamond. "Hogg," says Professor Wilson, "is a true genius in his own style—one of the most wonderful creatures in the world, taking all things together." In him we have the poetic genius of the Scotch hillside. Just as Burns was the inspired ploughman, so Hogg, touched with the same celestial fire, was "the most remarkable man that ever wore the *maud* of a shepherd."

This shepherd of shepherds was descended

and white in the parish register as December, 1770. In this conflict of authorities it is not difficult seeing which to believe. Hogg's version of the month and day was no doubt a poetic licence to enable him to pose as having the same birthday as Robert Burns, to whose mantle he confidently believed himself to have succeeded. As to the alteration in the year, he is not the first whom vanity has induced to subtract a year or two from their real age.

The personal appearance of the Ettrick Shepherd, as we see, was manly and prepossessing. He was a little above the middle height, and of a

stout, well-set figure. His hair was light, and his complexion ruddy with the glow of health. All his life long he was a convivial man—the social glass having then an importance which it has fortunately since lost—but indulgence never seemed to have the least effect on his strong constitution. He passed his sixtieth year looking so fresh and vigorous that most young men might have envied him.

There was a marked and curious likeness between him and Sir Walter Scott. Professor Wilson used to say that, had they been brothers, every one would have spoken about the strong family resemblance.

Hogg was of a joyous temperament: one can see that in the turn of his mouth. It was a useful characteristic. "Werena my heart light I wad die." Misfortune pursued him through life. His farming schemes were unsuccessful; his publishers failed; his wife's father unexpectedly, and at the wrong moment too, became bankrupt. But what might have cast a gloom over other men had no power over his self-satisfied good-humour.

Speaking of a time when, at the age of sixty, he was left "once more" without a sixpence in the world, he writes: "It will be consolatory to my friends to be assured that none of these reverses ever preyed in the smallest degree on my spirits. As long as I did all for the best, and was conscious that no man could ever accuse me of dishonesty, I laughed at the futility of my own calculations, and let my earnings go as they came, amid contentment and happiness, determined to make more money as soon as possible, although it should go the same way." His uniform happiness was partly owing to a good constitution, and partly arose, he is careful to tell us, "from a conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul."

The Shepherd did not always show to advantage. No one, for example, will say that he was at his best when he appeared for the first time at the hospitable board of the author of "Waverley."

Yet Scott looked beyond the Shepherd's manners to his naturally kind and simple heart. "Well as Scott knew," remarks Lockhart, "that reflection, sagacity, wit, and wisdom were scattered abundantly among the humblest rangers of the pastoral solitudes of Scotland, there was here a depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour and a thousand little touches of absurdity, which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar."

In the start of life James Hogg had absolutely no advantages. He was a self-taught genius if ever there was one. "In all," he tells us, "I spent about half a year at school." A poet is not made, however, by book-lore, and no one need perhaps lament that he escaped the instructions of the dominie, and was allowed to develop freely under the blue sky, and with no other teaching than that of sunshine and storm. Even as late as his eighteenth year he read with difficulty; and when, a few years later, he began to compose verses, the writing of them out, as he sat on the hillside surrounded by his flock, was a Herculean

and painful process, for which he prepared himself by taking off both coat and vest!

Of all incidents in the Shepherd's life, that which makes the most pleasant impression on the fancy is a childish love-affair. Many a reader of his autobiography has lingered over it with delight. To give it in any other words than his own would spoil it. "When only eight years of age," he says, "I was sent out to a height called Broadheads with a rosy-checked maiden to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But as she had no dog, and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day by day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-sike Head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, 'Poor little laddie! he's juist tired to death;' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he I would know well what to do."

"Never was poet now or of yore who was not tremulous with love-lore." The Ettrick Shepherd says that he "always liked the women better than the men," and his sweetest songs were flowers of his own experience. He was fortunate in drawing a prize in the matrimonial lottery, his wife being a handsome and estimable woman a good deal above his original rank in life, and he showed his appreciation of a happy fireside by being a faithful and devoted husband. If, it has been well remarked, it was his ambition to rival Burns as a bard, he had fewer of the greater poet's frailties to reproach himself with.

It was a happy and playful turn that he gave to his admiration for the fair sex when he wrote:—

"Could this ill world hae been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies might hae lived,
Released frae a' the arts sae common.
But since it is the woefu' case
That man maun hae this teasing crony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
Oh had she no' been made sae bonny!"

Circumstances compelled the Shepherd to write a good deal, not with an eye to reputation, but to supply the needs of the day. This pot-boiling work, having served its turn, has long since gone the way of forgetfulness. But no shades of oblivion are likely to close round his "Bird of the Wilderness," or "My Love she's but a Lassie yet," or "Cam' ye by Athol?," or "Flora Macdonald's Lament," or "The Hill of Lochiel," or "Come o'er the Stream, Charlie," or "When the Kye comes Hame," to name only a few songs the production of which gives a glory to the Vale of Ettrick. So long as there are Scotchmen to sing the strains of their fatherland it is safe to

predict that these songs will keep the Shepherd's memory green.

Of his longer poetic flights "Kilmeny," in the "Queen's Wake," has always, and with reason, been most admired. On its appearance the "Queen's Wake" took even those who knew him by surprise. The Shepherd had gone to Edinburgh with a beating heart to hear what people said, and the first criticism was from a friend, whom the poem had cheated out of a night's sleep. It was to this effect: "Wha wad

If the Shepherd could only have foreknown this, what pride and joy it would have imparted! Of all his admirers he himself was the most enthusiastic. He believed in his powers as a great poet, and spoke of them too without reserve. Without this "guid conceit o' himsel" he might never have accomplished anything like what he did, or maintained his joyous temperament in spite of many ups and downs. A more modest man would have been snuffed out. It was this vanity that caused him to be exhibited often



THOMAS MOORE.

hae thought there was as muckle in that sheep's head o' yours?"

A considerable honour has befallen the Shepherd of late years, her Majesty the Queen having selected the following verses from his pages as a motto for her "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands":—

"Caledonia! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind—
Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,
Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind!

Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,
Of the storm and the proud-rolling wave—
Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,
And the land of my forefather's grave."

in a ludicrous light, and induced Professor Wilson to make free with his name in the famous "Noctes Ambrosianæ," of which the Ettrick Shepherd is the animating spirit.

But every one has his weak points. Considering the disadvantages under which he all along laboured, no one can deny that the Shepherd was a remarkable man. "*In pace requiescat*," said Lockhart, when Hogg was dead and gone. "There will never be such an Ettrick Shepherd again."

The next portrait is that of the representative bard of Erin, after Byron the most admired and best paid poet of his day. The sweet but diminutive pipe of "little Tom Moore" was well enough heard by his contemporaries, but not much of its

music reaches us now across the gulf that separates his time from ours. Of all his writings, his "Irish Melodies" will afford pleasure longest, some of these, indeed, being as nearly perfect as any productions of their kind can be. "To me," wrote Byron, when they appeared, "some of Moore's last Erin sparks—'As a beam o'er the face of the waters,' 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh blame not the bard,' 'Oh breathe not his name'—are worth all the epics that ever were composed."

One can see from Maclise's portrait that Moore was a little man. He was as little as he was bright and gay. Campbell called him "a firefly from heaven;" and Lady Holland, forgetful that there is better luck than long bones, wished she could "make him bigger."

There is a description of him in the *Journal* of Caroline Fox. She tells of her meeting him at Bristol in 1836 in all his glory, looking—"like a little Cupid with a quizzing-glass in constant motion. He seemed as gay and happy," she adds, "as a lark, and it was pleasant to spend a whole evening in his immediate presence."

This joyous air was a leading characteristic during all his life. Eleven years before Caroline Fox saw him Moore had paid a visit of several days to Abbotsford, and had made an equally favourable impression on Sir Walter Scott. "There is," writes Scott in his *Diary*, "a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding about him, which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man.... His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it." After remarking that, like himself, Moore was a good-humoured fellow, and not one of those literary people who give themselves imaginary consequence, and "walk with their noses in the air," Scott puts a finishing touch to his praise by saying, "It would be a delightful addition to life if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one."

Moore records a conversation he had with Scott during this visit on the apparent increase of poetic talent since they themselves began to write, and on their own good-fortune in coming into the world before the market was overstocked. "Hardly a magazine is now published," said Moore to Scott, "that does not contain verses which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation." Scott turned on him with a look of shrewd humour, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, "We were in the luck of it to come before these fellows," adding playfully, with a flourish of his stick, "We have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons." "In complete novelty," Moore adds, "he seemed to think lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary fame in these days."

The portrait bears out what Scott says about Moore's features being plain. Maclise has chosen to represent him in the act of painfully pursuing a thought—and perhaps few authors look attractive when on the hunt for ideas, whatever Shakespeare may say about the poet's eye rolling in a

fine frenzy. Moore's eyes, by the way, were dark. His mouth was pleasingly dimpled.

He gave his songs a good start by singing them himself in every house in which he was a welcome guest. It was worth his while. His "Irish Melodies" were so successful that for twenty-seven years they furnished his steadiest source of income, the publishers paying him an annuity of £500. As a singer he displayed remarkable taste. He had no great voice. In speaking it had a tendency to hoarseness, but when he began to sing its quality was quite flute-like. His style resembled recitative. The accompaniments were played by himself.

Those who listened to him were often moved to tears, and the bard could sometimes with difficulty keep from weeping by way of example. Byron, who had little appreciation of music, shed tears when he heard him. It is on record that one of his lady listeners was known to faint away with emotion. Moore is described by Leigh Hunt as playing with great taste on the piano, and Hunt compares his voice as he sang to a flute softened down to mere breathing. When N. P. Willis heard him he writes that the effect of his singing was "only equalled by his own words." "I, for one," adds Mr. Willis, "could have taken him to my heart with delight!"

The secret of all good singing is to feel what one expresses, and this Moore did in the highest degree. As an illustration of the Horatian precept: "*Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipse tibi*," it is recorded that on attempting "There's a song of the olden time," a favourite ditty of his father's, for the first time after the old man's death, Moore broke down, and, sobbing convulsively, had to quit the room.

It cannot be said that he had a dignified career: no one can have who moves in "good society" on unequal terms; petted and caressed by the great, in return for which kind treatment one has to talk and sing. It was a life suited for a small nature. But Moore was not a lion; he was only a nightingale.

In our third portrait we have the poet of the "Pleasures of Hope." Like the preceding, it is by Maclise, and copied from a portrait in the Forster Bequest at South Kensington, but it does not form one of the Fraser Gallery set. In the Fraser Gallery Thomas Campbell is shown by his fireside, his feet in slippers, his pipe in his mouth, and his "last tumbler" on the table.

This celebrated man, when he began to try his poetic wings at the early age of nine, was a delicate youth with a fragile form, small accurate features, a hectic complexion, and eyes which no one could see and forget. He was the youngest of a large family, born when his father was sixty-seven years old, just the age, curiously enough, which the poet himself was to attain.

He never grew tall, but his short stature did not strike people as insignificant. It is not in the way of nature to give everything to everybody, and those who have not height may be content if, like Campbell, they have a passable face and figure. The poet early in life grew bald, and took to wear-

ing a wig. But he was not "knowing in wigs," and his choice in that article seems to have been a sore point with some of his admirers.

In dress he was precise, almost dandyish, being particular, even as an elderly man, about waistcoats and buttons. Byron described him as "a spruce high priest of Apollo, looking as if the god had sent him a wedding suit fresh from Olympus." His dandyism, however, was only apparent when abroad; at home he was rather slovenly.

It may be seen from his face that Campbell was not one who could successfully battle with

ment that you think will float him triumphantly for once to the bottom of the stanza, he stops at the end of the second or third line, and stands shivering on the brink of beauty, afraid to trust himself to the fathomless abyss."

In one respect the author of "The Mariners of England" and the "Battle of the Baltic" was a pleasing contrast to Thomas Moore. He never fawned on those who were higher up in the world than himself. "Acquaintance with the great," he writes to one of his sisters, "I never could keep up. It requires a life of idleness, dressing, and attendance on their parties. . . . As to inti-



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

the world. Habitual indolence and inherent want of resolution were against him. A still more marked peculiarity as an author was his extreme fastidiousness and nervous anxiety about his work. On one occasion he is said to have returned from his home at Sydenham to London for the sole purpose of altering on a proof the relative pronoun "which" in a single instance to "that."

Campbell, says Hazlett, in his "Lectures on the English Poets," "is so afraid of doing wrong, of making the smallest mistake, that he does little or nothing. Lest he should wander irretrievably from the right path, he stands still. He writes according to established etiquette. He offers the Muse no violence. If he lights upon a good thought, he immediately drops it for fear of spoiling a good thing. When he launches a senti-

macy, I never could even wish it with them. It is got by sacrificing independent feelings. I have never parted with the best part of my nature."

Others have been happier in their relations, and it must be admitted that society, and the nation at large, gains when the diverse gifts of different classes are honourably interchanged. But this was Campbell's experience, and he wrote with that honest pride and self-respect for which may Scotchmen long be distinguished. Yet though Campbell had never courted the great in life he had his home with them in death. From an early period he had counted on "going to sleep in Westminster Abbey," and there he was laid at last, beside Chaucer and Dryden, his dust mingling with that of kings and heroes.

JAMES MASON.

COURMAYEUR.

BY MADAME LINDA VILLARI.

CERTAINLY our first impression was dismal enough. But we would not yield to it, and were full of hope as to this much-praised resort. It was only the rain, we said. What mountain place is not dreary under a steady downpour? So we cheerfully rattled past two promising hotels through the main street of low-browed shops and taverns, by a picturesque church perched above a wide, tree-set terrace overhanging the valley, and on to the outlying hamlet of Larzay, where we had ordered our rooms.

But one night's experience of the damp, dirty, ill-kept house was enough. The next day saw us established in the Hôtel Royal of Courmayeur, content to pay royal terms for cleanliness and comfort in the worst rooms of that famous hostelry. All the good apartments were pre-engaged for the season at prices considerably higher than those of Zermatt, or other luxurious Swiss resorts; and this we found to be the rule throughout Piedmont. There is no great travelling middle-class public to create competition, and so these mountain hotels cater for wealthy and noble patrons, who can afford to be lavish, and who, provided the table be good, are ready to put up with very cramped and inferior accommodation.

Bertolini's "Royal Hotel," though badly placed in the village street, is a spacious house of the Aostan style, with wide covered galleries on every floor, and big *succursales* across the road and behind. Our northern windows under the roof faced the glaciers and peaks of the "Giant's Tooth," with dusky Mont Fréty at the foot of the ice.

The dome of Mont Blanc is hidden from Courmayeur by the Chétif, an obtrusive, ill-conditioned, sugar-loaf of a mountain, bare topped, and with a few starved firs on its stony side. To the right the bold cliffs of La Saxe mask the glaciers and peaks of Les Jorasses, but serve as an effective background to the fine church tower. This tower plays a gay part in the village life, for its bells sound tinkling *carillons* at frequent intervals on all high days and holidays, to a jig-like measure, more provocative of dancing than devotion.

The inhabitants are a well-grown, hard-working, courteous race; the men often handsome, the women robust and well-favoured while young, but terribly hideous in old age. Their stiff little white straw hats, decked with gay ribbons, feathers, and tinsel, give them the air of an opera chorus in the hay-fields. The French element shows in their high cheek bones, neat attire, and trimly-shod feet; while also, as in France, the children wear close caps and *bouffants*, and are never seen barefooted. The villagers' speech is a soft, drawing *patois*; they sometimes understand Italian, but always return your greetings in excellent French. They seem to be healthy and well-fed, there are few cases of goitre, and a refreshing scarcity of

idiots. There is one poor deformed innocent, but she comes from Aosta. With a withered, death's-head face, and stunted, twisted limbs, this unhappy creature wanders about decked in tags and rags of faded finery. Her craze is to believe herself a beautiful young lady, betrothed to an officer, who is shortly coming to marry her. The village folk call her the "Countess," and follow her with mocking cries, for she courts attention, and has a word for every one. Now and then she turns on her tormentors, and, hurling ugly words at them, gets cruelly pelted with mud and stones. It is a sorry sight, and even respectable inhabitants seem shamefully ready to join in the sport. Once we found the poor cripple, after one of these conflicts, washing her mud-stained face at the fountain, and carefully adjusting her battered bonnet with the aid of a pocket-mirror. It was touching to see her misery turn to joy at the gift of a few pence.

Arriving before the season began, we saw Courmayeur gradually open its eyes. Long-closed shutters displayed miscellaneous shops and bazaars, tables and chairs sprouted on the uneven flags by the *café* door, white curtains fluttered from the rival hotel, and groups of ladies and children occupied the casino courtyard. The baker stacked sheaves of alpenstocks beside his loaves and *grissini*; a smiling French milliner arrived from San Remo with hats and adornments; the post-master—a doleful personage with a black bandage round his head—renewed and enlarged his stock of stamps; and the slapping of linen and clatter of women's tongues went on all day at the washing-tank opposite the hotel; and several times a day big brand-new diligences and travelling carriages brought fresh loads of people and boxes.

But daily our wonder increases as to how all these visitors pass their time. Those who take the waters are well employed toiling by shadeless paths to the iron springs of La Victoire, across the valley, to the hydropathic establishment down by the river, or to the sulphur baths of La Saxe beyond Larzay. But how do the rest dispose of the long, blazing days? There is positively no shade at Courmayeur, and its noble scenery has to be enjoyed from dusty roads and glaring corn-fields, whence trees have been banished for the sake of the crops. The valley runs from south to north, and Courmayeur, on a ledge of its eastern slopes facing the gap of the Chécruit pass to the west, is flooded by sunshine all day. There are no woodland retreats within easy reach for quiet outdoor life, no avenues for invalid loungers, even no hotel gardens! The nearest Alpine forest is three miles away the other side of Mont Chétif. There are, it is true, the woods of Mont Carmet above the village, but—in the absence of balloons—they are only attainable to good mountaineers,

and even the pleasant larch grove behind the church must be won by the sweat of the brow. Here and there you descry a fringe of trees at the turn of some meadow path, but, making joyfully for the shady spot, find that you must either dangle over a precipice or sit in a water-course. Everywhere, indeed, there is a pleasant babble of water through the grass, the fields being irrigated by countless rivulets, provided with big stones and baby sluices to turn the streams this way or that.

There are quantities of common field flowers, few that are distinctly Alpine, although the small asphodel grows here and there, the rosy *sempervivum* stars the rocks, and Turk's-cap lilies stand sentry over the corn. Most abundant of all are the wild roses. Now, at the end of June, sweet-brier and eglantine are in full beauty. White, pink, and red, they perfume the air, wreath hedge and bush with graceful trails, and rise in rich sprays and trophies. Prettiest, perhaps, of all is the cream-coloured, scentless, small-leaved variety.

Down by the Dora are enchanting spots, where firs and silver birches come to the edge of the stream, and you look beyond flashing rapids to the great still glaciers above. Too often the pleasure is bought by toilsome descent under the fierce rays of the sun; but on cooler days, when the leaves of birch and poplar are not only quivering but windblown as the draperies of Botticellian maidens, it is a delight to dip into the gorge and mount the slopes across the torrent. In all directions there are splendid views. Through the southern jaws of the valley and framed by green mountain walls the Grivola or Corne de Cogne can be seen, its clear cut white cone and ice caves fenced by grand indigo-blue crags, with patches of snow in their hollows. After sunset you may see it transformed to a pyramid of roses, its jagged bulwarks no longer blue, but darkest red. Across the valley the buildings of Courmayeur straggle along the hillside below the larches of Mont Carnet and the green bluff of La Saxe. To the north the Brenva, Géant, and Jorassière glaciers close in the view, their army of peaks and pinnacles breaking the sky-line, while above all the huge "Giant's Tooth" is touched with a golden light. All about us are lush-green slopes, a few groups of larch and fir, scattered rocks, and patches of corn. The rapids of the Dora sparkle at the turns of the gorge below, and behind us, in a wooded glen by the Chécruit torrent, are the wells of La Victoire. The spring issues from a rock in a cave, and there is a modest little pump-room and covered promenade for the patients' use. The sparkling water, containing some magnesia and a little iron, mixes pleasantly with the red Aostan wine drunk at Courmayeur, but seems too weak to be efficient as a cure. From this point good walkers can vary their homeward route by following the torrent to its junction with the Dora, and, crossing a foot bridge to another mineral spring, climb the old road to Courmayeur. Or by mounting the steep track through the glen they may gain a spur of the Cramont, high above the valley.

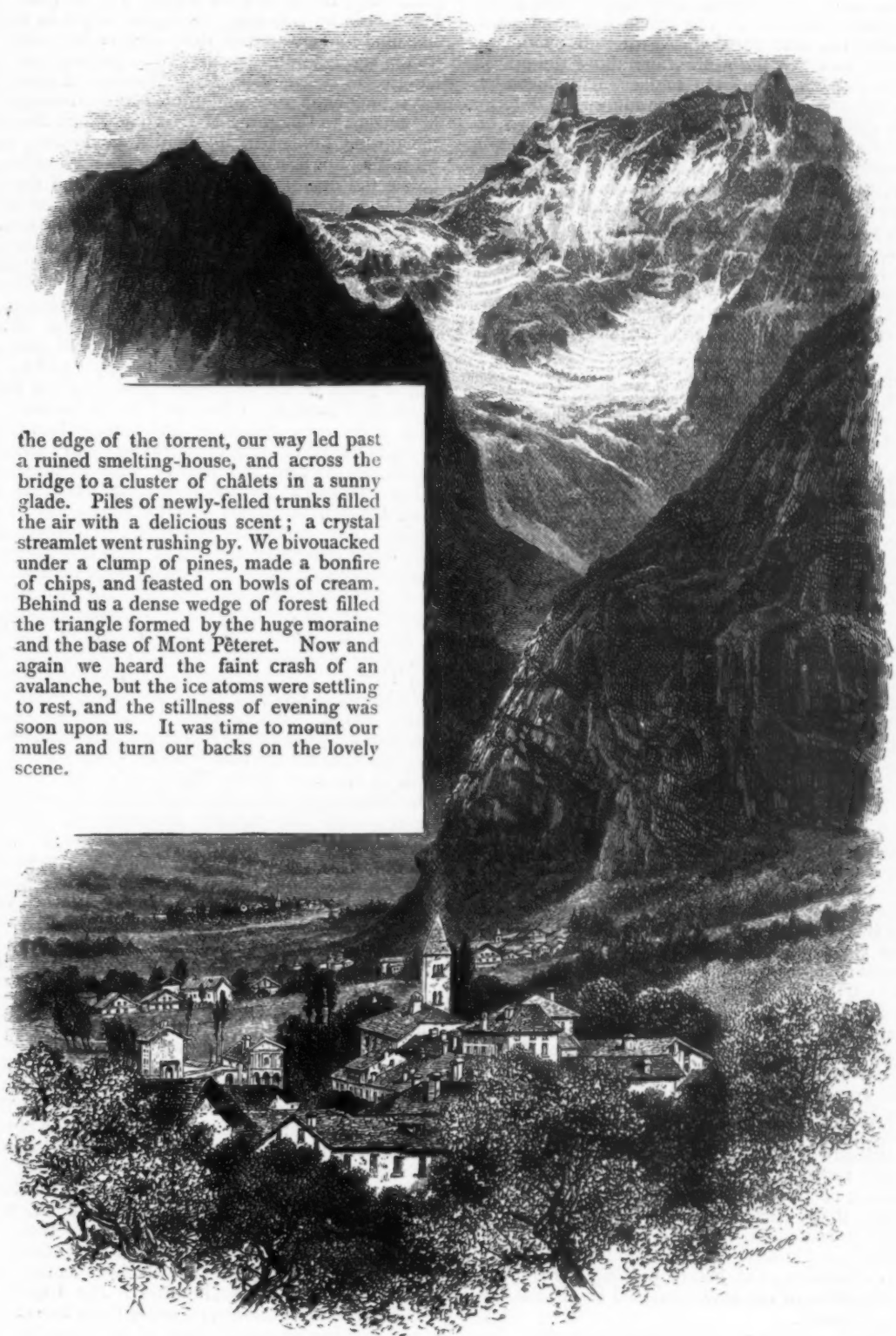
With all its defects—heat, dust, fashionable

crowds, and the noise and mess of hasty building, to meet the increasing demand for accommodation—Courmayeur is an admirable centre for excursions, and has a good staff of guides. By the aid of mules you can escape to cooler regions, and once past the saw-mills and sulphur springs of La Saxe, across the Pont de Chèvres, and round the stony base of Mont Chetif, you soon reach the forest of St. Nicholas, lining the gorge on the way to the Allée Blanche. Here at last you are in a real mountain world. Through the trees you see the grand ice-fall of the Brenva descending in giant steps to the waste of stones and moraine below. You have turned off from the main valley, the handle of the hammer-shaped trench once filled with ice, and, looking back, you command the whole of the other branch, the wild *cul de sac* of Val Ferret hedged by the Grandes Jorasses and Mont Dolent, where furious torrents dash through a waste of rock and moorland down to the main stream. In the centre, at the foot of Mont Frety, the hamlet of Entreves stretches its corn and potato fields to the roots of the Géant. Just before the forest closes over our track we come to a little chapel on a plateau above our heads. This is Notre Dame de Guérison, a wonder-working shrine, resorted to in all emergencies by the country-folk. It once occupied a lower site, but in 1818 the Brenva glacier swelled across the gorge and crushed its foundations. Now the ice is much shrunken, and you look down a steep limestone precipice to the milky torrent cleaving the embankment of moraine, and see the besmirched stone-strewn ice-cliffs in which the Brenva suddenly ends. Higher up, the glacier is of incomparable magnificence. Its dazzling white mass is broken by dark rocks and chasms of delicate blue and green, and it is flanked by the wildest crags. You see the white summits of the Monts Maudits behind, and far above all, against the sky, the curve of the translucent *Corridor* leading to the dome. There was once an enormous ice cave at the foot of the glacier, but it has long fallen in.

Mounting past a fountain to the church we find it lined with votive offerings: little waxen figures, ribbons, flowers, silver hearts, and hideous daubs representing visions of the Madonna and the miracles she has wrought. A sheaf of crutches stands in a corner in pious memory of the lame and halt who have gone away healed. At the time of our visit the church was empty, but we had met several women and children returning from it, and pilgrims frequently come to pass the night there in prayer. Besides the sick and maimed, dowerless girls repair to the shrine to implore the boon of a husband. The other day some friends, sketching on the steps outside, were startled by cries of pain. Peeping into the church they saw a woman kneeling before the altar, holding a lighted taper to a sore on her child's leg!

In the forest there was Alpine vegetation at last. The mossy glades were studded with forget-me-nots, hoary grey campanulæ, and white *pirola* flowering among the rocks. The Brenva ice-fields and its guardian peaks were seen through a curtain of fir-branches. On and down, right to

the edge of the torrent, our way led past a ruined smelting-house, and across the bridge to a cluster of chalets in a sunny glade. Piles of newly-felled trunks filled the air with a delicious scent; a crystal streamlet went rushing by. We bivouacked under a clump of pines, made a bonfire of chips, and feasted on bowls of cream. Behind us a dense wedge of forest filled the triangle formed by the huge moraine and the base of Mont Pèteret. Now and again we heard the faint crash of an avalanche, but the ice atoms were settling to rest, and the stillness of evening was soon upon us. It was time to mount our mules and turn our backs on the lovely scene.



And now all the peaks were tipped with gold, the snow wreaths of the Dôme cold and pure against the delicate sky. Again and again we paused to watch the white glory above the pines. How can one define the exaltation produced by mighty mountains? Is it mere admiration of form and colour and magnitude, of daring outlines of rocks and ice, or is it that the sight of these marvels brings us nearer to the unseen? There is restfulness, too, in the exaltation, an unloosing—as it were—of the bonds of the flesh. Human life, passion, pain, suddenly dwindle to insignificance. Striving gives way to content. We accept the fact of our nothingness in presence of these forces of nature. What pigmy human effort, for instance, can compare with the march of a glacier, its relentless destructive power, its progress written on the rocks?

Another day we followed the same road, up the Val Veni, past the Peteret and other stern outworks of Mont Blanc, and, skirting miles of the Miage moraine, reached the Lac de Combal, in the centre of the Allée Blanche. It is a weirdly solemn scene. The lonely lake is guarded by strange white peaks and glaciers, and the Dora pours from it through a passage in a great dam of moraine. Its waters are milky-blue, with faint peacock tints in the shallows. The shores are a garden of dwarf Alpine flowerets—pansies, violets, pale anemones, gentians, forget-me-nots. To the right lies a deep, dark gorge, partly blocked by the great wall of moraine winding from the Miage and hiding it from our view. Picketing our mules in a hollow where a little spring bubbled through the grass, and emptying our lunch-basket with the appetite of mountaineers, we spent delicious hours scrambling up the course of the cascade, and exploring flowery dells lined with rhododendron and creeping pine.

But these excursions to the foot of famed peaks and passes are tantalising things, and we envied the travellers we met on the road who had come over from Chamounix by the Col de la Seigne. We had only a distant glimpse of the great Alpine drama, but they—happy mortals!—had trodden its stage. Nevertheless, the glimpse had enlarged our store of mountain memories; and the lurid storm effects, replacing the brilliant clearness of the day, gave new interest to our homeward ride.

But Courmayeux was daily more crowded and antipathetic. Dinner became an endless function, and the flash of diamonds and rustling of Parisian skirts were poor substitutes for the sunset glories we were compelled to forego. Royalty was soon to come, there was a whirl of preparation, landlord and staff were half wild with excitement, and cartloads of furniture arrived for Queen Margherita's rooms. These were in the new part of the house, commanding the valley; and an adjoining wing, that we had seen rise from the ground, was hastily roofed in, and the courtyard cleared of timber and stones. It was time for quiet folks to go elsewhere; but before packing our trunks we accomplished our long-promised trip to the Little St. Bernard.

Fortune gave us a fine brisk day for the drive, and though storm-clouds still hovered over the

peaks they threatened no harm. Pré St. Didier, bowered in walnuts and poplars, its slopes in full sunshine looked prettier than ever, as we wound up the zigzags in the shade of the gnarled pines clinging to the flank of the Cramont. A tunnel cut through the rock and roofed with stalactites, brought us to the gorge of La Thuile, high above the torrent hidden in its depths. But soon, as we rattled down hill, sparkling rapids were visible below the firs of Mont Nona. Here and there were busy saw-mills, and enticing footpaths at the edge of the water. With the river on one side, the Cramont forest on the other, with cascades leaping the rocks high overhead, flashing through the trees and threatening the road at various points, we drove on to the village of La Balme, picturesquely placed in the widening valley. But again the gorge narrows, and our way lies across it, among the firs of the opposite slope, and well out of reach of the avalanches that so often fall from the Cramont. Closer and closer the mountain walls draw together; the torrent between them is buried beneath masses of last year's snow, blackened by dust and shale. This is the spot where Hannibal so nearly perished, the strait gate through which his host forced its way into Italy. The wonder is how they got through at all, those struggling masses of men and horses, and elephants! Apart from all fabulous additions, that relentless march from Spain to Thrasymane is perhaps the greatest exploit of the world's history.

Again the mountains fall apart, and in a wide basin of corn-land and pasture lies the *bourgade* of La Thuile. It is a treble village, and each cluster of chalets is grouped round a church. One of these has a northern spire of glistening tiles, another a square Italian bell-tower. Still following our torrent, we see that it issues from a wooded vale at the base of the Ruitor—Ruitor! Is not the sonorous word enough to show to the reader's imagination the mighty ice-fields we beheld leaning against the sky, and guarded by ink-black crags? This grand glacier holds a lake in its curves, is approached through splendid forests, and feeds the cascades of Derby in the Val d'Aosta.

Crossing another stream, we turn aside up a wild, bleak ravine, and, mounting through fir-woods, presently come to sunny slopes, thick-set with flowers and shrubs. Mont Blanc rears its huge flank between two veiled summits; the air grows keen, trees disappear, and we descry a gaunt red house of refuge on a crest above the road. All along our route we have noticed a stir of military preparation for the sham fight of the following day at the head of the pass. Men of the Alpine regiments are stationed in every hamlet, lancers trotting past with flying pennons. We are near the summit now, and cross a wide, shallow vale, folded about by snow-peaks and ice, and with one or two lakelets in its hollows. Hard by is the circle of Druid stones, where the Celtic god Pen was worshipped, and which is commonly called the Circle of Hannibal. The Cipollino column by the roadside, topped with an iron cross, and now the boundary-stone of Piedmont, is the famous Colonne de Joux (Jupiter's Column), once

adorned, legend tells us, with an enormous carbuncle of wonder-working powers, called Jupiter's Eye. The country-folk still search for the magic stone but so far without success. This undulating waste, set round by grim mountain forms, has a strangely majestic charm. We saw it at its brightest, cheered by brilliant sunshine, while the stir of the camp, red cattle grazing on the vivid, spongy herbage sown in the hollows, and patches of cotton grass, with white waving tufts, gave life and colour to its desolation. Rows of little brown tents were ranged about the hillocks, horses picketed in rings; soldiers were cutting trenches, soldiers carrying trusses of hay and straw, soldiers feeding the bivouac fires, setting pots to boil, cowering over the flames, resting, sleeping. Sentinels stood shivering in the cruel wind, officers chatting and smoking on the steps of Refuge No. 2.

It was terribly cold; icy gusts blew from the hills of France, dark storm-clouds hung over the Grande Chartreuse. We were half frozen by the time we reached the Hospice. Two rusty half-breed St. Bernards rushed, barking, down the steps of the gaunt building, and a smiling, weather-beaten ecclesiastic gave us a gentler welcome. Leading us to a comfortable room, he warmed us with a delicious cordial, and left us to rest until the next *table d'hôte* was prepared. Too tired and starving to take a walk in the interval, we gazed at the landscape through the tiny casements, examined the maps, and explored the building. Some of the wainscoted rooms were decently furnished, and if well scrubbed would be no bad quarters for a summer month, in spite of the all-pervading smell of stables. We found a bright little chapel, containing a sensational modern fresco depicting the rescue of a frozen traveller by St. Bernard monks, and adorned with numerous trophies of paper roses. But fresh Alpine flowers bloomed before the shrine of the Madonna.

The Hospice belongs, not to the Church, but to the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus; it gives gratuitous food and shelter to the poor, and is partly maintained by the offerings of other visitors. The Rettore, a telegraph clerk, and four servants constitute the whole establishment, and for eight months of the year they are entirely isolated from

the world. Notwithstanding his grimy, common exterior, the present Rector is a man of reading and culture. He has filled his post for twenty-seven years, and has strange tales to tell of storm-beaten travellers and winter alarms. Once an enormous drove of cattle bound for a fair in Savoy were caught by a *tourmente* near the summit, and the stables being too small to harbour more than a tithe of their number, many were trampled to death in struggling to gain the warm shelter; while others, rushing wildly over the pass, perished among the snow-drifts.

Our lunch was a lingering, roughly-served meal in the company of some forlorn Italian tourists, and we were glad to escape their prose for the poetry outside, and take a brisk walk into France. There were patches of snow in the hollows, and miniature glaciers wedged among the rocks. Every ravine blazed with serpentine lines of gold, where caltha-fringed torrents coursed through beds of emerald bog-grass. Baby cascades leapt into baby pools, in fairy gardens of Alpine flowers and moss. There were masses of gentians, of starry parnassus, sweet-scented pansies of various shades, forget-me-nots, violets—yellow and blue—saxifrage, etc., etc. And all this dainty enamel was set in scrolls of the golden-globed ranunculus. The delicate beauty at our feet was in strange contrast with the stern nature around us. The Little St. Bernard is not specially renowned for its scenery, but its width of wild foreground lends added grandeur to the envining crests and ice-fields. They seem a company of Titans taking their ease, sprawling and stretching huge limbs in every direction. Two rugged heights thrusting forward to the Cols, the Belvedere and Valessan, command fine views of the Ruitor and Cogne mountains, but there was enough to be seen without climbing to higher points. Behind us were ranges of serried crests, dominated by the bulk of Mont Blanc; before us the varied peaks of the Tarantaise and many glaciers; above us brilliant sun and fleeting clouds, on every side changing arabesques of light and shadow.

And on the long homeward drive Mont Blanc threw off his mantle, and, rearing his snow crown against the tender, rose-flushed sky of Italy, bade us a royal farewell.

GLIMPSES OF QUEEN ANNE'S DAYS.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

IV.

THE provinces now require some attention. Travelling was no easy matter; the gentry went down into the country in lumbering "conveniences" of wood and leather, jolting over very bad roads. Four or six horses dragged the cumbersome vehicles, and postilions were accompanied by outriders. Generally gentlemen mounted their nags to reach their country mansions, stop-

ping at wayside inns before they finished their journey. Those inns, if rather comfortless inside, had often a picturesque exterior—the quaint architecture of the house, a sign projecting over the road, a group of trees overshadowing the porch, and a group of villagers sitting on the ale-bench. These constituted characteristic way-marks and pleasant-looking pictures; and romantic adven-

tures connected with haltings at such spots served to relieve the tediousness of a long journey. To reach the north from London was a serious matter, of which some idea may be gathered from the writings of Sir Walter Scott. Travelling from Newcastle to Carlisle was so perilous that when the judge went his circuit the sheriff used to furnish his attendants each with a dagger and a knife to protect themselves from robbers.

Waggons were conveyances to which common people had resort when they travelled a considerable distance—an unusual circumstance, however—and long trains of pack-horses might be met with all over England carrying articles of commerce from town to town. Commons were then large and numerous in most counties, and there the peasantry kept their ducks and geese, their pigs and donkeys, whilst the village green attracted young and old—the young to share, the old to witness, rustic sports, of which only faint vestiges now remain.

Perhaps English villages were more picturesque than they are now. The gardens, we fancy, were fuller of dear old English flowers; there were charming cabbage-roses, rich sweet williams, pretty pinks, stately hollyhocks, gay Dutch tulips, and fragrant hedges of sweetbrier and honeysuckle. Such gardens fronted thatched cottages, where under the little porch at eventide sat the old ploughman and his wife, whilst on the other side the way were gathered the wise men of the parish round the wheelwright's shop or near the smithy door.

Provincial cities and towns reflected, with more or less vividness, the appearance as well as the manners and customs of the metropolis. Street scenery down in the country, as we may gather from old houses remaining in York, Bristol, Exeter, and Ipswich, resembled, though on a smaller scale and with less magnificence and variety, the Bishopsgate, the Cheapside, the Fleet Street, and the Strand of that period, the fronts of shops bristling with signs of nondescript animals and other objects. The characteristic architecture of Anne's reign, now being rather extensively revived in many places, is becoming familiar to our eyes, with its red brick walls, ashlar dressings, and deep narrow windows. Deaneries built from designs by Wren are found in a few cathedral closes, ensconced within snug corners, having pleasant gardens, and altogether being types of cosiness and comfort. Within such abodes might be found the old and new furniture of the day; and the dress and the habits brought down from London.

There was more social caste in cathedral cities than in the present day; and the line of distinction was broadly drawn, not only between clergy, lawyers, and doctors on the one hand, and tradespeople on the other; but also between bishops, deans, and prebendaries—a decided ecclesiastical aristocracy—and the rectors, vicars, and curates of surrounding parishes.

No better guide can be found to what was interesting in the villages of that period than the "Spectator;" and by his help we can explore the church, survey its furniture, and become acquainted

with the congregation. Parish politics were discussed in the churchyard after sermon, and before the bell rang. The walls of the church were decorated with texts of Scripture; there was a handsome pulpit cloth, and new railing round the Communion table, both provided at the generous squire's expense. Everybody had a hassock given, as an encouragement to prayer; and an itinerant singing-master guided the rustic choir. People napped under the sermon, practising ingenious devices to disguise the doze, and the singing often fell out of tune and out of time. Service ended, the squire walked down from the seat in the chancel, between a double row of his tenants, that stood bowing to him on each side; and every now and then he inquired how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father did, whom he did not see at church. There were catechisings, and the boy that answered well had a Bible given him.

Lordly mediæval castles and Tudor and Elizabethan mansions were numerous, though perhaps none of them then presented the grandeur which some of them now exhibit in consequence of recent restorations. There old English hospitality was kept up with a splendour which reflected the habits of city life. To mirrors, furniture, and tapestry some centuries old were added bedsteads and hangings, sofas and chairs, tables and carpets, according to the fashion of Louis XIV; and at Christmas-time were well-loaded tables in the hall, and merry dancers in the gallery, with abundant accompaniments of holly and mistletoe. The drinking, we are afraid, was not kept within bounds, and the conversation often passed the line of decency and decorum. The ladies would take flight after the first glass to church and king, and leave the gentlemen to drink the other toasts by themselves.

When the ladies went abroad to pay a ceremonial visit to their neighbours, there was much pomp and parade. Coachmen and footmen appeared in gay liveries, and perhaps a page in a light-coloured lace suit perched himself upon the step of the capacious vehicle, to hand his mistress out and in. Squires were fond of hunting at the proper season, and at other times frequented fairs, cockfights, and cudgel matches; and, after the day's sport, presented themselves to the ladies, having put on their velvet coats, variegated waistcoats, and clocked stockings.

Descending to the lower classes, we meet with what is truly appalling. A bishop of that period speaks of them with homely force. The Lord's Day had been turned into the devil's day; there was more lewdness, rude licentiousness, and drunkenness, and there were more quarrels and murders than in all the week besides. The use of strong drink had become an epidemic; brandy was killing people, and vice was rampant. Bad books met with a good market, and every sort of sin found ready vindicators, and also hawkers to circulate the vindication. The prelate's plain speaking manifests faithfulness; and when we have made allowance for his declamatory style, there is no resisting the conviction that England must have been mournfully depraved, otherwise

no one could have publicly witnessed against his own country in such terms of condemnation.

And here, before proceeding further, we may observe that sweeping conclusions as to the moral condition of the country at large can give no satisfaction to those who would judge with impartiality. No century, perhaps, has been treated more unfairly in this respect than the last. Pages in the "Spectator" bear witness to the existence of immense folly at the time of their publication, and under the folly a terrible amount of vice. But *how far* the descriptions apply, it is difficult to decide. Pictures of the beautiful as well as the base are portrayed by artists in light literature; but on the whole a painful, not a pleasant, impression is produced. The novels of Defoe, published after the Queen's death, disclose scenes of revolting sensuality such as must have existed in her lifetime; and we should remember what has been so frequently said of the licentiousness of the stage in that generation.

If for a moment we turn from the manners and customs of society to the industrial occupations of the people, the contrast between past and present is perfectly astounding. For example, there was such a county as Lancashire, and such a town as Manchester, but how infantile was the cotton manufacture in those regions then! Two million pounds or so of cotton were then annually imported. Of late fifteen hundred millions a year of the same article have kept at work the spinning-jennies (then unknown). The English spinner had no idea how cotton could be used as a warp in weaving, and linen yarn was employed for that purpose. A genuine piece of cotton cloth could not be made in Anne's home dominions. Our iron trade also originated after her time. Gloucestershire, not Lancashire, was then the principal manufacturing district, and Norwich surpassed Manchester in industrial produce; whilst Bristol, as a seaport, stood far in advance of Liverpool.

We must now enter within a different circle, and glance at the state of religious questions in Queen Anne's day. They are so complicated with political interests that we cannot understand the one without the other; and a glimpse of Queen Anne's reign would be very defective without some notice of the ecclesiastical controversies which then prevailed.

High Church and Low Church were the grand distinctions inside the Establishment. The High Church party since the Revolution had been depressed. On the accession of Anne the party revived, from an idea that she was in sympathy with them. They asserted that the Church ought to be independent of secular control—that they were as free to take their own course as ministers of unendowed communions. They were orthodox according to the Anglo-Catholic type; they had exalted conceptions of sacraments and orders, and were exceedingly prejudiced against Dissenters, whom they denounced as schismatics and trouble-makers of Israel. The Act of Toleration was to them intolerable, and they wished the settlement of the Revolution to be unsettled and turned upside down. A crusade was commenced against the principles of 1688, which brought over and

enthroned the Prince of Orange; and of this High Church party Atterbury was the Coryphæus. His sentiments found responses in the conduct of many in town and country. The erection of may-poles as a popular symbol, and the watchword of "Church in danger" as a popular cry, were amongst the common manifestations made by this party. Low Church, on the other hand, as represented and defended by Archbishop Tenison and Bishop Burnet, signified the control of the Establishment by the secular authority. Low Churchmen thought that the Episcopalian community, being patronised by the State, should be ruled by the State. In doctrine they were esteemed "Rational," "Moderate," "Latitudinarian." Their principles were pronounced un-Churchlike, and leading to scepticism and infidelity.

Connected with the struggle of the two parties, or rather arising out of it, was the uproar respecting Dr. Sacheverell, who got into trouble for his High Church utterances both from the pulpit and the press. Government proceeded against him, but the prosecution ended in making him more popular than ever. He paraded the country as the Church's champion, and the mob, which did not care a straw about religion, identified the mock hero with the Queen, shouting, "God bless her Majesty and Dr. Sacheverell."

Convocation was the arena in which the main battle was fought; forms being adopted and questions raised of a kind too minute and conventional to be here described, all being essentially parts of a determined struggle between High and Low ecclesiastical principles. The Jerusalem Chamber and the chapel of Henry VII witnessed strange scenes of strife and confusion; the press being laid under contribution in this tremendous strife, printed artillery of all descriptions came into play, from quarto guns down to the small firearms of pamphlets and fly-leaves.

Outside the Establishment were three classes. The first were non-jurors; they did not acknowledge as legitimate the title of William III, and they insisted upon the divine right of kings. Some of them, under Anne, were intriguing for the Pretender's accession when she was gone. The second were Roman Catholics, encouraged by James II, repressed by William III, and exposed to much persecution under Anne. They hid in holes and corners, finding protection and shelter in the houses of distinguished families, especially in Lancashire and other northern counties. The third were Protestant Dissenters. If by the so-called Act of Toleration they were placed under the shield of legal protection, and were delivered from the harassing persecution of Stuart times; so, further, they had now come to be recognised by the Crown as a body of loyal religionists, inasmuch as the three denominations of London and Westminster had accorded to them the privilege of approaching the Royal presence, like the universities, and the corporations of certain important cities. Leading men amongst the Dissenters in Queen Anne's reign were Dr. Calamy, the historian, and pastor of an influential church in Westminster; Dr. Isaac Watts, the father of modern hymnology; Danish Burgess, an eccentric

preacher near Drury Lane, where he attracted players by the force of his quaint and striking oratory; Thomas Bradbury, an ardent politician, as well as a faithful minister, a friend of Bishop Burnet, and the first man publicly to proclaim the accession of George I; and Dr. Williams, founder of the library which still bears his name. These were all metropolitan pastors, but scattered throughout the country were other memorable Nonconformist divines, including Matthew Henry, the famous commentator, who left Chester for Hackney in 1712.

Dissenting meeting-houses were modest structures. Several were built in Queen Anne's time. We happen to have before us documents and plans connected with the erection of a new place of worship for Dr. Watts in Bury Street. The cost was £700; the subscription list, and an account of the appropriation of pews, are amongst the papers. The attendants included Sir John Har-top, Oliver Cromwell's eccentric granddaughter, and the excellent Lady Abney—Dame Mary as people called her. Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington, covers the mansions and gardens where Dame Mary spent part of the year.

In conclusion we are struck with the fact that in the period reviewed there was little or no feeling of responsibility on the part of one class towards another. Personal kindness there might be amongst the noble and wealthy, in relation to tenants, servants, and labourers, and no doubt charity to the poor and suffering was cultivated in many quarters; but no idea then prevailed to the effect that property has its *duties* as well as its *rights*; and it was forgotten that genius and talent had debts to pay to society, as well as honour to receive. The moralities of commerce, of art, of

literature, were little if at all understood: and in this respect the age of Victoria has the advantage over the times of Anne.

But whatever the reader's judgment may be of this comparison, we are persuaded that all will be united in the important conviction that there is a real and operative connection between past and present and between present and future. Whatever our generation is, former generations have contributed to fashion it. Whatever we are, the influence of it will flow down over those who come after us. We have inherited both evil and good. While we lament the former we are to be grateful for the latter; and diminishing the evil as far as possible through our own conduct, we are bound to hand down the good in augmented measure.

And as we are, in one sense, debtors to the past, so we are, in another sense, debtors to the future. We owe gratitude to benefactors who came before; we owe help to all who will follow after. We can only honour the dead when they deserve honour; but we can help the unborn whatever their character may be. It is a selfish thing to say, when precious privileges are threatened, "they will last our time;" or when efforts promising only remote consequences are proposed, to whisper, "That will be of no use to us." What we do in this century will tell upon the next. There is ignorance to be dispelled, knowledge to be circulated, vices to be rooted up, and virtues to be sown; and all that will benefit posterity when we are gone. True and wise are the old words; they bear on the world's welfare when we shall have left it, "To do good and communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." This is patriotism, this is humanity, this is religion.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

CONSIDERING the immense benefits which have resulted and now accrue from submarine telegraphy, whereby time and distance are practically annihilated, it is a matter of surprise that no popular descriptive account has yet been given of the world's leading cables and their principal land-line communications. In the following statement, which has been prepared with much care, we hope to supply this desideratum to an appreciable extent.

The cable connections with America are the most numerous, and it is by these that we telegraph to the West Indies. Of the ten lines, four belong to the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, one to the Direct United States Cable Company, one to the Telegraph Company of Paris and New York, two to the American Cable Company, leased by the Western Union Telegraph Company of New York, and the remaining two to the Mackay-Bennett Cable Company. The terminals of three are at Valentia (Ireland) and Newfoundland; those of a fourth at Ballinskellig Bay

(Ireland) and Tobay (Nova Scotia). The ends of two other cables are at Waterville (Ireland) and Cape Canso (Nova Scotia); and of two more at Penzance and Cape Canso. The ninth and tenth cables lie between Brest and St. Pierre. All the terminals at the other side of the Atlantic are connected with wires to Canada and the United States, near the shores of which the cables are occasionally damaged and broken by fishing craft.

After reaching the United States messages are transmitted to Florida by the wires of the Western Union Land Telegraph Company, and thence by the International Ocean Telegraph Company to Havana, continued by the lines of the Cuba Submarine Telegraph Company, which end at Santiago de Cuba. The connection is extended by the West India and Panama Telegraph Company, whose line runs from Santiago to Jamaica and other West Indian colonies, and from Jamaica to Colon and Panama. Bermuda, which is about 800 miles from the nearest of our West

Indian colonies, is still without telegraphic communication.

South and Central America are communicated with telegraphically by the duplicate cables of the Eastern Telegraph Company and the Brazilian Submarine Telegraph Company. The wires of the former extend from Penzance to Lisbon, and are continued to Pernambuco by the cable of the latter company, with stations at Madeira and St. Vincent. At Pernambuco these lines join those belonging to the Western and Brazilian Telegraph Company extending northwards as far as Para at the mouth of the Amazon and southwards to Monte Video. There are thirteen telegraph stations on this line between Para and Monte Video. At the last-mentioned port the line is continued to Buenos Ayres, the extreme point on the east coast of South America, by the cable of the River Plate Telegraph Company.

From Buenos Ayres there is a land-line telegraph belonging to the Transandine Telegraph Company to Concepcion near Valparaiso on the west coast of South America, where it joins the cable of the West Coast of America Telegraph Company to Chorillos in Peru, whence it is extended by a short land-line to Lima and from thence to Callao, where it joins the Central and South American Telegraph Company, and is continued to Salina Cruz after touching Panama and other places. The British naval squadrons on the east coast of South America and on the Pacific stations are dependent upon these lines for telegraphic communications. At Panama the connection between this port and the West India and Panama Telegraphic Company's cable is by a land-line to Colon, and then by a branch line belonging to that company between Colon and Jamaica. Messages between Panama and the West India and North American colonies can also be transmitted by the cable of the Central and South American Telegraph Company to Salina Cruz and then across the isthmus to Vera Cruz, where it joins the cable of the Mexican Telegraph Company and stretches to Galveston in the United States, at which point it is connected with the Western Union Land Telegraph Company. This, as before mentioned, communicates with the West India and Panama Telegraph Company. In the North Pacific from Salina Cruz to Vancouver Island there is no cable communication, nor have we any telegraphic touch with the Falkland Islands, our only possession and coaling station on the South American naval station.

About seventeen or eighteen ports can be telegraphed to by cable between Concepcion and Salina Cruz in the South Pacific, including Valparaiso, Callao, and Panama. To Vancouver Island the only telegraphic communication is through Canada or the United States from this country, and from the South Pacific by a very devious and uncertain route.

The cables to the continent of Europe from the United Kingdom are very numerous. On the east coast of Scotland and England four cables belonging to the Great Northern Telegraph Company of Copenhagen extend to the Scandinavian

countries, and terminate separately in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. By means of these lines there are duplicate and partly triplicate routes to Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia. In the latter country two of the lines terminate in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and are thus feeders not only for the important Siberian land-line which conveys the traffic of the Great Northern Company to Japan, Corea, and China, but also to the South of Russia, Asia Minor, and Persia.

There is also a cable from Lowestoft in Suffolk to Emden in Germany, and another from Valentia in Ireland to that Continental terminal through the Channel. Both belong to the German Union Telegraph Company, but are worked by the Submarine Telegraph Company. This Company also own seven cables, which run as follows: one from Dover to La Panne, in Belgium; one from Ramsgate to Ostend; one from Dover to Calais; one from Dover to Boulogne; one from Beachy Head to Dieppe; another from Beachy Head to Havre; one from Jersey to Piron, near St. Malo.

Two cables also extend from Lowestoft to Zandvoort in Holland, belonging to the British Post Office, and worked by the Submarine Telegraph Company.

The Anglo-American Cable Company have also a line connecting Brest with Salcombe in England; the Mackay-Bennett Cable Company one between Havre and Waterville, Ireland; and the Telegraphic Company of Paris and New York one between Brest and Penzance. These three last-mentioned cables are in connection with their owners' transatlantic lines. The Direct Spanish Telegraph Company have one cable from Cornwall to Bilbao in Spain.

With regard to telegraphs to India, the Far East, Australia, and South Africa, one of the cables to Lisbon of the Eastern Telegraph Company proceeds to Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Cyprus, Aden, and Bombay. This company also lease a line direct from London to Marseilles, the latter place being connected with Malta by its own cable. If such lines are severed between the Land's End and Gibraltar, the places referred to in the Mediterranean can be communicated with either through Spain by the Direct Spanish Line, or through France, and from Marseilles to Barcelona by land-lines, or from the former port by one of the three cables running to Algiers.

A further communication can also be made by the cable to Alexandria from Candia, Cyprus to Alexandria, and from Port Said to Alexandria.

From Aden to Bombay telegraphic communication is maintained by the cables of the Eastern Telegraph Company, which are connected with other towns on the Indian coast by the land-lines of the Indian Government. There are two other telegraphic routes to India from the United Kingdom, one by the wires of the Indo-European Telegraph Company to Teheran and thence through the Persian Gulf, where it is connected with the Indian Government land-line. A new cable has just been laid by the last-mentioned company in this gulf. The third route to India is the Turkish route through Fao and Kurrachee.

The connection between Madras and the Far East, and between Madras and Australia and New Zealand, is as follows. There is a cable from this Indian port to Penang, and another from Rangoon to Penang, while duplicate lines run from the latter place to Singapore, connecting Malacca *en route*. One from thence extends to Cape St. James, which communicates with a cable belonging to the French Government stretching to Hué, and afterwards to Haiphong in the Gulf of Tonquin, and onwards to Hong Kong. There is another cable from Cape St. James to Hong Kong. This British colony and Shanghai are connected with three lines of telegraphic wires, two of which are cables, while the third is a land-line. These cables belong to the Eastern Extension and the Great Northern Telegraph Company, and touch at Amoy and Foochow. They are connected with the Imperial Chinese land-line net which now extends as far as the capital of Corea. There is also a duplicate cable belonging to the Great Northern Telegraph Company from Shanghai to Nagasaki in Japan, and from this last-mentioned place to Vladivostok in Russia, whence messages are transmitted through Siberia to Europe as already described. This same company have further laid down a cable between Japan and Fusan in Corea.

A further cable is laid down between Hong Kong and the Philippine Islands. A land-line connects Bankok in the Gulf of Siam with Cochinchina, and the communication is extended by a cable from Cape St. James to Singapore. From this last-mentioned port we maintain touch with Australia by two cables, one of which has a terminal at Batavia and the other at Banjoe-wangie, both in Java. A land-line joins the cable at the former place from Sinkel in Sumatra, and from Batavia to Banjoe-wangie there is a duplicate land-line, while from the latter place to Port Darwin in Australia there is a duplicate cable a considerable distance apart in the centre of the route. Various parts of Australia are connected with land-lines from Port Darwin, and there is a single cable from Sydney to New Zealand, and two from Melbourne to Tasmania.

Telegraphic touch with the Cape is supplied by the Eastern and South African Telegraph Company by a cable from Aden, with stations *en route* at Zanzibar, Mozambique, Delagoa Bay, and Port Natal. Land-line connections extend from the last place to East London, Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town. The west coast of Africa is served by the African Direct Telegraph Company in contract with and subsidised by the British Government. By this line direct cable communication is established between this country and her West African colonies and possessions. The French and Portuguese possessions, and other places on the west and south-west coast, will be communicated with by the cable of the West African Telegraph Company, starting at Senegal. At present telegraphic communication exists between Europe *via* St. Vincent and *via* Cadiz and Cape de Verde Islands and Bathurst, Sierra Leone, Accra, Lagos, Brass, and Bonny, on the west coast of Africa. This advantage is also

soon to be enjoyed by the French possessions of Conakry Grande, Bassam, Porto Novo, and Gaboon, and the Portuguese possessions of Balama, Bissao, St. Thomé, Loanda, the Congo, Novo Redondo, Principe, St. Paul de Benguela, and Mossamades. The Spanish Government are also in treaty to have Fernando Po connected with this system.

This long array of names may appear to be very much of the nature of a geographical exercise to unaccustomed readers, but it represents one of the most wonderful transformations wrought by civilisation. The changes resulting from this network of intercommunications are vast beyond description.

The question as to how submarine cables are affected by currents and tropical and other seas has not been very well determined, but the remedies for the adverse conditions vary and have to be applied as experience is gained of the local cause. Some cables will last longer than others, and progress has been made recently in bettering their condition. At the terminals and in shallow water they are much heavier than in mid-ocean. All the leading cable companies employ several repairing ships, which have experienced engineers on board to grapple, splice, and repair the lines, and each steamer carries a sufficient quantity of new cable.

A submarine cable costs about five times as much as a land-line, while its maintenance is far more expensive, while it is exposed to war risks, which must be provided for out of a reserve fund.

So keen is the competition for the transmission of messages across the Atlantic by the submarine cable companies that several rates have recently been tried, including one of 2s., 1s. 8d., 1s., and 6d. per word. It is said that the last-mentioned charge, which has only been in existence for about two years, is one which cannot be ultimately remunerative to the companies, although the number of messages sent by their cables since it commenced has more than doubled. Although a reduced tariff of charges for extra European messages came into operation last year, these are exceedingly high for some of the more distant places. To Australia the rate varies from 9s. 4d. to 9s. 9d.; to Tasmania it is 9s. 11d.; to New Zealand 10s. 6d.; to Cape Colony 8s. 11d.; and to Transvaal 9s. 1d. per word; while to one part of Peru it is 22s. 3d.; to Ecuador, 23s. 11d.; and to Columbia from 27s. 1d. to 27s. 3d. per word.

In consequence of the enormous charges for the transmission of long distance submarine messages, the commercial community have adopted and greatly developed the use of code language. This consists of all words common to eight specified languages. But there are codes consisting of a great number of made-up words unknown to any tongue. By such system, which is not always fair to the cable companies, about ten or more words on the average can be sent by paying for one only. According to a mercantile telegraph code before us the undermentioned words indicate,

for submarine telegraph purposes, the sentences or phrases immediately following them, namely:—

- "Elgin". —Every article is of good quality that we have shipped for you.
- "Standish". —Unable to obtain any advances on bills of lading.
- "Penistone". —Cannot make an offer. Name lowest price you can sell at.
- "Coalville". —Give immediate attention to my letter.
- "Grantham". —What time shall we get the Queen's speech?
- "Gloucester". —Parliamentary news this evening of importance.
- "Forfar". —At the moment of going to press we received the following.

Strange to say, the word "unholy" has been transmitted by submarine cable to express no less than one hundred and sixty words, and another English word to indicate more than two hundred.

The cable companies do not, however, object to the use of proper words, no matter how extensive their arranged meaning is, but to words unknown to any language. The additional time required to cable the latter, and the trouble they give the operators, is very great and annoying.

In defence of this code practice it is urged that without it the cost of telegraphing would be so immensely increased that commercial men doing a small business would not be able to avail themselves of the cables to a tithe of the extent they now do, and that the world's commerce would therefore be greatly diminished and seriously injured.

The use of cables which cannot be adequately protected from severance in war time is a matter likely to engage increased attention. In case of hostilities arising with a strong maritime Power it might involve most serious consequences if we were cut off from foreign news, or could not regulate our supplies of sea-borne provisions. Much business would also be prevented and delayed; and deplorable failures would occur to protect our possessions abroad from attack by the enemy.

At the International Telegraph Conference at Paris in 1884 a clause was adopted in Article xv of the Convention agreed to by the representatives of about twenty Powers, that the stipulations of the treaty "do not in any respect restrict the

freedom of action of belligerents," whereby the cutting of cables during war is greatly encouraged.

Recent reductions in the tariff of charges for telegraphic messages, and especially those for the press, have been much appreciated, and further reductions are expected in the near future. A scheme was propounded by Sir James Anderson, in September, 1885, for the taking over by the Governments of the world of the cables owned by Submarine Cable Companies, and placing their management under an international council representing the different nations. He states that the 26 cable companies own a total length of 98,450 miles, while their capital is £34,459,089, with a reserve fund of £3,148,695; and their gross annual revenue is £3,477,082. Sir James Anderson maintains that if the cables become cosmopolitan property the number of lines can be increased to any extent, and the charges for transmission so reduced as to make the foreign trade of the world an extended home trade, alike common to all nations. With reference to this the "Times" correspondent at the Telegraph Conference at Berlin on the 17th of that month states:—

"For this end the proposal is that the maritime States, or all the States in some agreed proportion, should guarantee a moderate interest upon the present capital of the companies and take over and work the cables by a Telegraph Board of Management. It is not to be thought of that Great Britain or any one or two States should buy up or control the cables, because there are concessions granted to companies which would not be given to foreign Governments, and there are jealousies among States as well as among individuals. No plan will come to any practical result unless it is international, and it is not thought that any great difficulty will be experienced in formulating some plan if the principle be accepted. It would cost the nations of the world no money, and all the increment could go to the extension of cables and the reduction of tariffs."

From an imperial point of view, as regards this country, the importance of the proposal cannot be over-estimated, for nine-tenths of the world's cables belong to British owners; and it is absolutely necessary for the safety and interests of the United Kingdom and her possessions abroad that our submarine telegraphic communications should not be interrupted.

J. N. P.

The Silent Woods.

THE nightingale has left the vale
To cross the southern sea,
And now doth pour on warmer shore
Her streams of melody.
The restless red-start long has fled,
The thrush has hid his tawny head
Within the dark yew-tree.

The blackbird's flute-like song is mute
Till spring again comes round,
But red-breast, he sings merrily,
And loud his clear notes sound,
About him though the winds may blow
Ice-cold, and the half-melted snow
Dapple the bare black ground.

C. L.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

THREE-EYED FISHES AND THREE-EYED LIZARDS.

IN a former paper particulars were given of investigations made by Mr. Baldwin Spencer, of the Oxford University Museum, into the sense organs of reptiles, and the discovery of a third eye in animals of this class.¹ The creature in which this extra organ of vision had been specially examined was the great Australian fringed lizard, known to science as *Hatteria punctata*, or by the later name of *Sphenodon*. In this animal, as also in the common British blind-worm and other lizards which were subsequently investigated, the third eye is found in an obsolete and buried condition, lying below the skin of the crown of the head in an orifice of the parietal bone. Mention was also made of two lizards, which may be seen in the King's College Museum, London, in which the third eye has not entirely disappeared, but still remains at the surface of the head, where, in the living condition, it is probably still of some service to the animal.

The discovery of the third eye in lizards has



THE NILE MONITOR.
Ea, the third Eye.

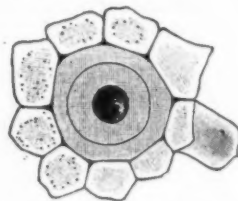
greatly stimulated research among other forms of vertebrate life, and it is now announced that a similar unpaired eye is also present in certain fishes. Mr. J. Beard, of the Anatomical Institute at Freiburg, has been examining several species of the young form of the lamprey (*Ammocoetes*). In this stage—the larval stage of the fish—the third eye is also situated over the two others, and therefore above the brain. It exceeds in size either of the paired eyes. The mode of growth is remarkably interesting, as showing the connection of all three eyes with the pineal gland—an internal portion of the brain, about the size of a pea. Both the paired eyes and the third eye appear in their embryonic stages in connection with the same part of the brain. The process of growth in the incipient stage seems to be this: When the so-called neural folds begin to involute the brain, the optic plate (also a part of the brain) shares in this involution. When the neural folds finally close and shut in that which forms the optic

vesicles, part of the optic plate is left, and forms the rudiment of the third, or pineal eye. Losing its primary mode of origin by delay in its growth, this remainder of the optic plate now appears as a secondary outgrowth of the brain—an eye of the invertebrate type.

This view of the origin of the third eye would explain the curious anomaly (noticed in a former paper) of the existence of two kinds of eye, vertebrate and invertebrate, in the same animal. Whether it be established in its present form, or modified by further discoveries, there appears to remain the very interesting fact of the existence of a triad of eyes in the fish as well as in the lizard.

The instance above mentioned of a third eye still, or at a comparatively recent time, in partial use in reptiles is paralleled in a letter to the American journal, "Science," from the pen of Mr. G. Macloskie, of Princeton. The following is a quotation: "The third, or pineal eye, is so well developed on the top of the head of the common pine-tree lizard, that it may probably serve to warn its owner of the advent of daylight. The eye is covered by an escutcheon-shaped shield of thin transparent skin; there is a dark spot in the centre, having a yellow border. The only sign of degeneracy is the central cloudy mass of pigment, like a big cataract." The same cataract-like appearance strikes the visitor to King's College Museum as we look on the pineal eye of the prettily-marked lizard, *Iguana tuberculata*.

The position and appearance of the buried eye in the Australian fringed lizard has already been shown by an engraving in these pages.¹ The accompanying engraving shows the external appearance of the organ in another species of lizard, in which the eye still remains at the surface.



THE THIRD EYE OF THE NILE MONITOR. (Enlarged.)

Showing the surrounding Scales, the transparent Cornea, Retina, Lens, and Central Pigment.

The species here figured is one of the Nile monitors—lizards attaining a length of six feet, and familiarly known as preying upon the eggs of the crocodile. The head is covered with small, deeply-pigmented scales, except in the middle line, where, in a position a little behind that of the paired eyes, a single large scale stands out prominently, and attracts attention by reason of its creamy whiteness. The scale has upon it

¹ "Leisure Hour" for 1886, page 784.

¹ "Leisure Hour" for 1886, page 785.

a slightly raised circular rim. A dark circular spot in the middle, specially visible in the living animal, shows the position of the eye, with its transparent cornea, retina, and lens. The presence of the pigment, which must of necessity interfere with the action of the eye as an organ, is regarded as due to degeneracy in the tissues, indicating that the eye is now in a degraded condition.

The question arises with regard to eyes thus surviving at the surface. Are they still, in any degree, of service to the animal? It seems difficult to give a precise and absolute answer. In living specimens of lizards, when the paired eyes have been closed, the experiment has been made of focusing a strong beam of light on to the modified eye-scale, and thus to the third eye beneath, but no result was obtained. The same experiment tried upon one of the paired eyes merely causes the lid to be drawn down, without any further apparent result; but in the third eye there is no protecting lid, and no movement whatever takes place to remove the organ from the direction in which the light is coming. But no one undertakes to say, with our present knowledge of this truly remarkable structure, that the eye is entirely functionless.

THE LATE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE.

Preparations for the observation of a total solar eclipse have never been so extensive or so complete as those which were undertaken for the 19th of August last. Only partially visible at Greenwich, the central eclipse promised to yield the fullest results to the Russian astronomers, whose well-equipped observatories were favourably situated on or near the track of totality. From Eastern Prussia to Moscow, Siberia, and Japan, as well as at Odessa and other southern stations, the preparations bore witness to the unparalleled interest felt in the event. The shadow of the moon, totally eclipsing the sun, struck the earth's surface near the Brocken, in Germany, passed to the north of Moscow and Perm, by Tobolsk, Tomsk, Krasnoïarsk, crossed the southern end of Lake Baikal, the Sea of Japan, passed to the north of Jeddo, and so into the Pacific Ocean. Unfortunately, owing to unfavourable weather, the observations of the astronomers distributed along the track of the eclipse were not commensurate with the preparations made, although they are better than was at first represented. At Petrovsk Professor Glasenapp made six drawings and took two photographs of the corona. Professor Stanioewitsch, from Belgrade, succeeded in photographing the corona, and in recording its mysterious green line. Professor Kononovitsch, of Odessa, was equally fortunate, obtaining complete photographs of the coronal spectrum.

The details shown in these photographs are not yet reported, but if Professor Kononovitsch has secured good records of the spectrum of the corona, the chief end of the expeditions has been accomplished in at least one of the observing stations. The corona—that wonderful nimbus or aureola which surrounds our central luminary—

was everywhere the chief object of observation, a fact which will be readily understood by all who have watched the history of the eclipse expeditions of the last twenty-five years. Much as we have to learn about the sun in other respects, the corona may fairly be called the great solar puzzle. The green line already alluded to (1,474 of Fraunhofer's scale), and first seen in 1869, emanates from some substance entirely unknown at present to terrestrial chemistry. Any astronomical phenomenon which cannot be reconciled with the view of a community of chemical substance for all the members of the solar system naturally awakens the keenest interest, and leads to more vigilant interrogation with new and improved apparatus. The coronal gas is a phenomenon of this kind. In the spectroscope it reveals a substance of which, as we have said, nothing is known in terrestrial chemistry; it is considerably lighter than hydrogen, the lightest of all gases known to us. Experiments with Edison's tasimeter show that the corona radiates a certain amount of heat. *It is not a solar atmosphere*; it does not gravitate upon the sun's surface and share his rotation, as our atmosphere shares the rotation of the earth. It would appear to be under the stress of repulsion from the sun in one direction, and of gravity in the other. These are some of the unfamiliar dynamical characters which perplex the astronomer, whose views of physical phenomena are naturally influenced by terrestrial experience. Nor must it be forgotten that one of the chief and unvarying materials of the sun's chromosphere, the supposed metal named "helium," cannot be identified with any terrestrial substance.

The Russian observer's photographs will be carefully scanned for traces of the present shape of the corona. Will it be found to differ from the vast ecliptical expansion and polar "brushes" of 1878 (the streamers stretching away right and left for ten millions of miles)? or will it look like (as in 1871) the "dark heart of a gigantic dahlia painted in light on the sky?" These are some of the questions on which the new photographs will probably enlighten us.

When it is considered how few are the opportunities for viewing the corona from any given place during a total eclipse, the extreme degree of interest taken in the rare event will be understood. According to the calculations of Mr. S. Johnson, between A.D. 538 and 2500 only two total eclipses of the sun, those of 878 and 1715, could be distinctly seen at Greenwich. That of February, A.D. 565, seems to have been visible in this country just before sunset; and that of 2290 will be visible in the extreme north soon after sunrise.

ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM FUEL.—MR. EDISON'S PYRO-MAGNETIC DYNAMO.

Mr. Edison, the distinguished American electrician, has just made an important contribution to the great question of the dynamo of the future. It has long since been seen that if the enormous amount of energy latent in coal could

be made to appear in a controllable form as electric energy, the present mechanical methods of the world would be revolutionised. Mr. Edison, in common with other electricians, has long been occupied with this problem of the direct transformation of heat into electricity, and of doing away with the clumsy method of first transforming heat into motive power by the steam-engine, and then using that motive power to drive a dynamo. Since the supersession of the battery as a means of generating electricity, the cheaper method of the dynamo and the steam-engine taking its place, many improvements have been effected. The dynamo, it has been well said, has been brought to a pitch of perfection which Faraday would scarcely have expected; but between the dynamo and the prime mover—the fuel—there is still an enormous loss of energy. It is doubtful if more than one per cent. of the energy actually potential in the coal makes its appearance at the terminals of the electric machine.

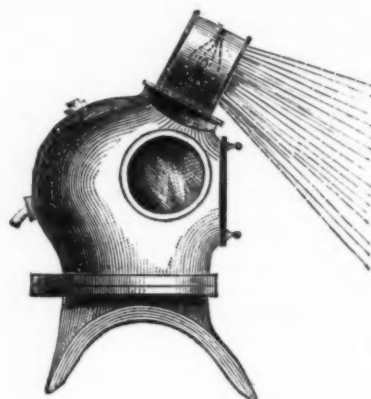
In his paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Edison describes his invention as the pyro-magnetic dynamo.

The method is a pyro-magnetic generation of the electric current. Mr. Edison uses the heat at first hand. It is the heat direct from fuel, and not through the medium of a steam-engine, which drives the dynamo and generates the current in it. The line of research upon which the inventor has traversed in order to arrive at his results is not theoretically new. It has long been known that heat affects the magnetic properties of certain metals, notably of iron, cobalt, and nickel. Remembering the fact that whenever a magnetic field varies in strength in the vicinity of a conductor a current is generated in that conductor, it occurred to him that, by placing an iron core in a magnetic circuit, it would be possible to generate a current in a coil of wire surrounding the core, by varying its magnetic ability by means of changes of temperature. The first motor constructed by Mr. Edison on this principle was simply heated by two Bunsen burners. A larger one, giving about three horse power, is nearly finished. So far, the economy achieved is at least equal to and probably greater than that of any of the methods at present in use.

But the actual output of the dynamo is less than that of the ordinary dynamo at the same weight. To furnish thirty sixteen-candle lights in a dwelling-house would probably require a pyro-magnetic generator weighing two or three tons; and at present the value of the new method for domestic purposes is limited by this consideration. In fact, simply as a motor, the new machine cannot at present compete with existing dynamos. On the other hand there is a set-off in favour of its use in important industries in which mechanical power is employed on a large scale. The new dynamo will allow of the waste heat being utilised for other purposes, such as warming the building and so on; and since there is no attendance required to keep it running, there would seem to be already open to it a large sphere of usefulness.

A DIVER'S HELMET WITH THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The introduction of the incandescent electric lamp has offered the means of providing the diver with a better illumination for his work under water without adding any great additional complication to his dress. By means of a small lantern screwed to the upper sight-hole of the helmet, as shown in the accompanying illustration, a fifty-candle incan-



descent lamp can be carried in a way which leaves the hands of the diver perfectly free, and at the same time insures that the rays of light shall always follow the direction of his glances and fall upon his work. A powerful reflector concentrates the beam.

In another way electricity has also added to the security of the diver by putting him into speaking communication with the surface, and superseding the old and cumbrous method of signalling by a rope. A telephone fixed to the inside of the helmet carries his voice to his assistant, and *vice versa*, and in this way enables those above to take instant steps for the diver's assistance if he is threatened with danger. In some cases a speaking-tube is substituted for the telephone, as being simpler to keep in order, although not so light and convenient. The main feature involved in the diver's helmet, viz., the supply of air from a distant source, has been worked out in another way for the use of men in gas-works and distilleries and for fire brigades. The heavy gear is dispensed with, and in place of it there is used a mouth-piece and an eyeguard. In combination with the mouth-piece there is a valve and tube, the office of the valve being to direct the vitiated air from the user's lungs outwards into the atmosphere, while it opens communication with the air-tube when he begins to inhale. No pump is used, the muscular power of the wearer being sufficient to draw air through the tube, the outer end of which is kept in a pure atmosphere. This appliance is extensively employed in entering the inlet tubes of gas-holders and scrubbers. The diver's lamp described above was shown at the Newcastle Exhibition, on the stand of Mr. R. Applegarth, of No. 11, Queen Victoria Street, London.

DISPERSING SMOKE BY ELECTRICITY.

M. Narhwold has recently made a series of experiments in this important process. He finds the dispersion inside a bell-jar (illustrated in "Leisure Hour," vol. for 1886, page 66) facilitated by coating the interior with glycerine. His conclusion is that electricity from discharging points does not electrify the air itself statically, but the dust which is in it. The experiments have important bearings on the use of electricity for clearing the air in coal mines from combustible dust, or of smoke and fog under various detrimental or dangerous conditions.

THE ACTION OF OIL UPON THE WAVES.

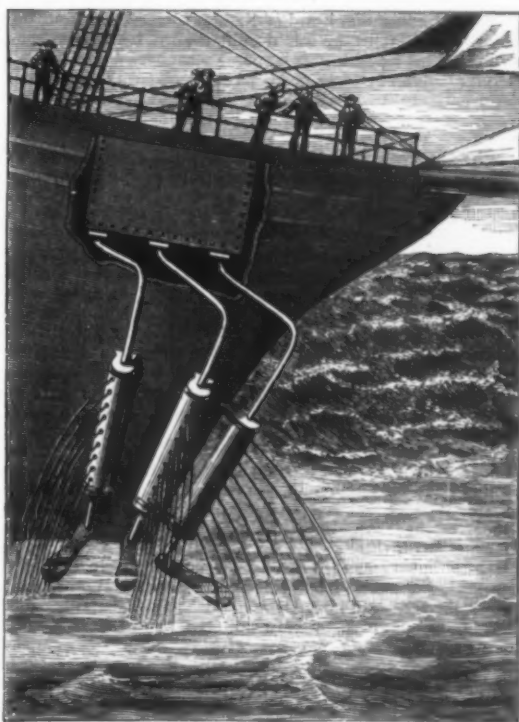
The use of oil as a means of subduing heavy seas, and affording a smooth passage for ships during stormy weather in the open ocean, has recently attracted public notice in a remarkable narrative. Captain Kuhlman, of the North German Lloyd Steamer Irwin, reports thus in his trip from Bremen to New York, in August last: "The vessel pitched and rolled badly, taking the heavy seas at the bows. The passengers could not remain on deck for the seas, which rolled from the fore part and flooded the deck, and the boats hanging in the davits threatened to be washed away in the shifting of the vessel. I resolved in this emergency to experiment with oil, and two pipes opening on the sides of the ship were stopped with tow and then filled with oil, which flowed slowly through the tow. I soon observed the effect, for from the foreshrouds to the stern no water came over. The sea had lost its power by reason of the oiling. We opened the doors and approaches, and the passengers could stay on deck at will. The oiling was continued seven hours, and the small quantity of 5lb. was all that was used."

Captain Kuhlman's narrative has been brought before Parliament, the Secretary of the Board of Trade being asked to consider the advisability of making further experiments as to the use of oil in stormy weather at sea. Other evidence corroborating the experience of the steamer Irwin has since been accumulated, showing that the efficacy of the means employed scarcely needs any further substantiation. One of the most interesting of recent illustrative cases brought forward is the following. Captain Champion, describing his perils in a severe hurricane in the South Pacific Ocean, writes: "My schooner Ephemey would undoubtedly have been swamped had I not had recourse to oil-bags, which so successfully did their work that I feel compelled to publish my method, thinking it may be of some benefit. I made five small canvas bags, each containing about three pints of paint-oil, and placed them in the following positions, namely, one on the weather taffrail, one abaft the main rigging, one at the weather cathead, and one at the flying jib-bom end. Each of these was securely attached to twelve or fifteen fathoms of line, and put afloat. The schooner was at the time under a balanced-

reef mainsail, all the other canvas stowed. Instead of anticipating a heavy sea every moment sufficient to smash in our deck, we were able to ride tranquilly in water comparatively smooth, without shipping a bucketful; nor was it necessary to keep all hands on deck during the remainder of the storm."

The practice amongst mariners of casting oil upon the troubled waters dates at least as far back as the time of the Venerable Bede—indeed, there is evidence that it was known to antiquity—and to-day we are witnessing a revival of an expedient which had almost been lost sight of, notwithstanding that it was habitually adopted about the middle of the last century by the Dutch traders with the Greenlanders, a fact which is fully recorded in a work published in Amsterdam in the year 1775, by M. Telzelde.

The quieting influence of oil poured upon the heaviest seas being thus established, the question now chiefly under discussion is the best mode of distributing the lubricant from the ship to the waves beneath. A newly-designed apparatus for this purpose has recently been described in a communication from M. l'Amiral Clivé to the French Academy of Science. The following woodcut gives a view of the apparatus in action.



The vessel carries in its extreme fore part one or two reservoirs of oil, which are connected by a bent tube with a series of distributive cylinders placed on each side of the bow, as shown. Each cylinder is double, one being contained within another. The interior cylinder can be raised or lowered vertically inside the exterior envelope, as

in a sheath. These two cylinders are pierced with numerous holes, the diameter and situation of which exactly correspond, thus ensuring the same apertures of ejection when they are successively brought together by a sufficient rising of the interior cylinder. A full-length piston-rod passes with gentle friction through an orifice contrived for this purpose at the base of the exterior cylinder. When an upper tap in connection with the reservoir is opened the oil flows into the interior piston, where it finds no outlet, the little orifices with which the wall is pierced being covered, while out of use, by the wall of the exterior case. At the moment when the rising waves come in contact with the apparatus the latter is plunged in the water. The impact of the water acts upon the piston-rod, which exactly reaches the orifices in correspondence with those of the envelope, and the oil flows freely as long as it remains raised.

As soon as the surges of water subside, the piston falls back, and thus automatically stops the distribution of oil, which is only resumed in the event of a fresh surging of water, which reopens the tap.

It will be seen that this arrangement is a great improvement upon the more primitive method of suspending bags of oil at the bows. It ensures an automatic distribution of the oil, which is regulated in part by the waves themselves, their force and height.

The tranquillising effect of "oil on troubled waters" is a phenomenon which may be partly explained by this consideration. A sheet of oil, even of an absolutely imperceptible thinness, to some extent shields the mass which it covers from contact with the wind. Even in heavy seas the oil resists submergence; remaining persistently at the surface, it prevents the wind from disturbing the water beneath it.

Varieties.

Emin Pasha.

When Emin Pasha heard of Stanley's expedition from the Congo for his relief, he was deeply touched by the generous feeling of his English friends, but he at once expressed his determination not to leave his post till his work was done. In a letter to Dr. Felkin, written in April, and sent from Zanzibar on the 30th of August, he thus declares his intention:

"If the people in Great Britain think that as soon as Stanley or Thomson comes I shall return with them, they greatly err. I have passed twelve years of my life here, and would it be right of me to desert my post as soon as the opportunity for escape presented itself? I shall remain with my people until I see perfectly clearly that both their future and the future of our country is safe. The work that Gordon paid for with his blood I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and in his spirit. When my lamented chief placed the government of this country in my hands, he wrote to me:—'I appoint you for civilisation and progress' sake.' I have done my best to justify the trust he had in me, and that I have to some extent been successful and have won the confidence of the natives is proved by the fact that I and my handful of people have held our own up to the present day in the midst of hundreds and thousands of natives. I remain here the last and only representative of Gordon's staff. It therefore falls to me and is my bounden duty to follow on upon the road he showed us. Sooner or later a bright future must arise for these countries; sooner or later these people will be drawn into the circle of the ever-advancing civilised world. For twelve long years I have striven and toiled, and sown the seeds for future harvest—laid the foundation-stone for future buildings. Shall I now give up the work because a way may soon open to the coast? Never. If England wishes really to help us she must try, in the first place, to conclude some treaty with Uganda and Unyoro by which the condition of those countries may be improved both morally and politically. A safe road to the coast must be opened up, and one which shall not be at the mercy of the moods of childish kings or disreputable Arabs. This is all we want, and it is the only thing necessary to permit of the steady development of these countries. If we possessed it we could look the future hopefully in the face. May the near future bring the realisation of these certainly modest wishes, and may we be permitted, after all the trials which God has seen fit to bring us through, to see a time of peace and prosperity in Central Africa."

In another letter he refers to the duty resting on Eng'and

to send relief, and not to allow the Soudan to be given up wholly to slave-trading and barbarism. The abandonment of Gordon at Khartoum was an everlasting disgrace, and was punished by the terrible loss of life and treasure in the futile Nile expedition. Relief could have been sent at an earlier period, with little risk and little cost; and the whole Soudan would now be as it was when Gordon ruled it from Upper Egypt to the Equator. It is cheering to find in Emin Pasha, the last of Gordon's lieutenants, the spirit by which their heroic and noble chief was animated.

Herr Krupp.

After the old Emperor, Prince Bismarck, and Count von Moltke, no name has been more conspicuous in the



story of the German empire than the late Herr Alfred Krupp. To him mainly was due that material force by which the plans of statesmen and the patriotism of the army was

carried to triumphant issue. The death of "the Cannon King" took place on July 14th, 1887. He had reached a good age, his birthday being April 11th, 1810. He was born at the house of his father, Frederick Charles Krupp, near Essen, where he had established a small foundry. On the death of the father, the business was carried on by the widow, in partnership with two sons, until 1848, when Alfred became sole possessor of the works, under the old style of Frederick Krupp. It gradually grew to be the greatest steel-casting industry in the world. Articles of peaceful labour, ploughs, wheels, axles, and various sorts of machinery were produced, as well as cannon-shells and other implements of war. The French attack of 1870-71 found Germany prepared with overwhelming military appliances through the skill and labour of Herr Krupp. The artillery used his steel guns, and his batteries protected every dangerous position. Already in previous wars the power of the Krupp guns had been proved, and not by the Prussians and Germans only. The Russians had them in larger number than the Turks in their last conflict, and Lord Wolseley's English troops in Egypt suffered their chief losses from the Krupp guns that had been bought for the Khedive, and were used by Arabi, at Kassassin, and other encounters. Herr Alfred Krupp is dead, but the works of Essen go on producing vast stores of warlike as well as of peaceful implements, and giving employment to nearly fifteen thousand workmen. The only son of Herr Krupp is now at the head of the establishment. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the works at Essen, by the fact that there are nearly eighty steam hammers. The firm also has in other places of Germany mining and smelting works, and in Spain much land of mineral value, the products being conveyed in their own steamers.

"Chelsea Ware."—An old china dealer, of Greenwich, applied to a magistrate (Mr. Marsham) concerning an alleged fraud that had been practised upon him. He said a man came to his shop with a pair of ornaments, which he represented as Chelsea ware, and said they had been handed down in his family for a great number of years as an heirloom. Applicant examined them, and concluded they were Chelsea; they had the usual stamp of the golden lion, and the bottoms bore the appearance of having stood a great number of years. He gave the man £7 10s. for them, and afterwards gave the man £8 for a pair like them, which the prisoner said were his sister's. This took place in a bad light, and he afterwards found they were spurious Chelsea, of modern make, and of very little value. Mr. Marsham expressed his surprise that the applicant should have been taken in, and said he did not see how he could help him. He had a civil remedy if the man was worth suing. The dealer said he believed a great many people in the metropolis were being imposed on similarly. The man and his brother boasted that they made £20 a week by this means. Mr. Marsham said it did not amount to fraud, especially as the applicant was a dealer.

Ruskin at Work.—"When I had to direct road-making in Oxford, I sat myself, with an iron-masked stone-breaker, on his heap, to break stones beside the London road, just under Iffley Hill, till I knew how to advise my too-impetuous pupils to effect their purposes in that matter, instead of breaking the heads of their hammers off (a serious item in our daily expenses). I learned from an Irish street crossing-sweeper what he could teach me of sweeping; but found myself in that matter nearly his match, from my boy-gardening; and again and again I swept bits of St. Giles's foot-pavements, showing my corps of subordinates how to finish into depths of gutter. I worked with a carpenter until I could take an even shaving six feet long off a board; and painted enough with properly and delightfully soppy green paint to feel the master's superiority in the use of a blunt brush. But, among all these and other such studentships, the reader will be surprised, I think, to hear, seriously, that the instrument I finally decided to be the most difficult of management was the trowel. For accumulated months of my boy's life I watched bricklaying and paving; but, when I took the trowel into my own hand, abandoned at once all hope of attaining the least real skill with it, unless I gave up all thoughts of any future literary or political career. But the quite happiest bit of manual work I ever did was for my mother in the old inn at Sixt, where she alleged the stone

staircase to have become unpleasantly dirty since last year. Nobody in the inn appeared to think it possible to wash it. I brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard myself, poured them into beautiful image of Versailles water-works down the fifteen or twenty steps of the great staircase, and, with the strongest broom I could find, cleaned every step into its corners. It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud from each, with accumulating splash, down to the next one."—*John Ruskin*.

Dieu Sauve la Reine.—For the French subjects of her Majesty in the Channel Islands and other regions where the French tongue is in use as well as English, the following is the version of the Queen's Anthem:

"Dieu sauve la Reine,
Long jours à la Reine,
Dieu la sauve.
Son règne glorieux,
Heureux, victorieux,
Que ses ans soient nombreux,
Dieu la sauve.

"Dieu, en ta colère,
Abat l'adversaire
Jusqu'en terre;
Confond ses notions,
Frustrer ses actions;
En elle nous esperons,
Sauve ô Père.

"Ta faveur preserve,
Pour elle réserve
Un long règne.
Pour défendre nos lois;
D'accord, et d'une voix,
Chantons tous à la fois,
Sauve la Reine. Amen."

A Story of Bishop Simpson.—An incident showing his gifts is related by his uncle. Late one Saturday night he arrived at a town in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania, where he was a total stranger. The next morning he made his way to the Methodist church, and accosted the pastor, telling him he was a brother in the ministry. Simpson being extremely awkward and plain in appearance, the pastor was half inclined to omit the courtesy due to a brother preacher, of asking him to deliver a sermon. If he inquired of the bishop as to his name he must have failed to catch it, for he certainly had no idea to whom he was speaking. His request for the stranger to preach was therefore expressed in the most formal and constrained manner. The stranger readily agreed to fill the pulpit, and the pastor's chagrin was evident, as he resigned himself to his fate. The bishop preached one of his powerful sermons, and everybody in the audience whispered to his neighbour, "Who is he?" Before he had taken his seat the pastor had him by the hand. "What did you say your name was?" "Simpson." "What! Not the bishop?" "That is what they call me." The minister instantly sprang to his feet and shouted, "You have just had the privilege of listening to Bishop Simpson. Let us sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

Relics of Captain Cook.—On pulling down a part of Sir Joseph Banks's Museum, at the back of 22, Soho Square, in a recess with doors that had not been opened for about half a century, a very interesting collection of relics of Captain Cook's voyages in the South Seas was discovered. Inside the panneling the following inscription was written in the handwriting of Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied Captain Cook on his travels: "Instruments used, carvings, weapons, and heads, collected by Captain Cook during the voyage of the Endeavour.—J. BANKS." These relics have been bought by Sir Saul Samuel, the Agent-General for New South Wales, and will shortly be dispatched by him to Sydney, for the State House Museum at that place. In the collection are the following interesting articles: Old quadrants and other instruments used by Captain Cook on board the En-

deavour, four of which are in oak cases; two mummied tattooed heads of New Zealand chiefs; two native models of New Zealand canoes, one carved; two large carved canoe paddles; carved spears and war clubs; a native chief's paddle beautifully carved; a very fine stone hatchet with handle, and upon it the following inscription in the handwriting of Sir Joseph Banks: "Brought to England in 1775, by Captain Cook, from Otaheite;" and a wooden bowl with lip, used for handing round human blood in the days of cannibalism. There is also a carved wooden sceptre, with the following words scratched on it, presumably by Captain Cook: "Made for me by Wanga.—J. C." The genuineness of these articles seems to be proved by the fact that Sir Joseph Banks's handwriting can be identified.

Dickens's Names.—A correspondent in "Notes and Queries" says: "During my boyish days, when Dickens always stayed at Broadstairs, near Ramsgate, it was generally remarked among his friends and acquaintances that he had taken all the names of the characters in 'Pickwick' from persons residing in Ramsgate. There was Weller, the straw-hat manufacturer and hosier in High Street, near the market; Mr. Tapman and Mr. Snodgrass lived higher up; Mrs. Bardell also lived near; and more names than I can now remember were inhabitants of either Ramsgate or Broadstairs. Dickens hardly ever laid his friends under contribution either for ridicule or notoriety. When he found earnest men doing good work unobserved he might draw aside the veil of obscurity to depict the 'silver lining' to the black clouds of life, such as in the case of the Brothers Cheeryble; but daily life and peregrinations at midnight furnished him with such a world of incident that his task was more that of a cheerful historian than of an imaginative novelist."

A Garden Barometer.—One of the simplest of barometers is a spider's web. When there is a prospect of rain or wind the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended, and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its threads it is a sign of fine, calm weather, the duration of which may be judged of by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive it is a sign of rain; but if, on the contrary, it keeps at work during a rain the latter will not last long, and will be followed by fine weather. Other observations have taught that the spider makes changes in its web every twenty-four hours, and that if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and beautiful.—*La Nature*.

First Ascent of Mont Blanc.—The centenary of the ascent of Mont Blanc by Jacques Balmat, the Chamounix guide, was celebrated on the 28th of August, under the auspices of the French members of the Alpine Club. The ground at Chamounix has been given by the French Government for the erection there of a statue to Balmat, which is the work of the French sculptor, M. Hannson, of Geneva. The statue is in green bronze. Balmat is represented in his dress as a mountain guide showing the summit of the "Monarch of Mountains" to Benedict de Saussure, the Geneva savant who succeeded in fixing the height of Mont Blanc. Balmat was called by the elder Dumas the Columbus of the Alps, and he perished by falling down a precipice in his seventy-first year. His first ascent of Mont Blanc was made in August, 1786, when he was twenty-four years old.

Astronomical Honours Fifty Years Ago.—It may be not without interest at this time to recall the fact that the Gold Medal with which our Royal Astronomical Society is wont each year to honour some distinguished astronomer (either English or foreign) was in 1837 awarded to one who is still living; and that the then President of the Society who gave the customary address on presentation of the medal is still amongst us. The recipient was Professor Rosenberger, of Halle, for his elaborate and skilful investigations into the motions of the famous comet of Halley, which had recently appeared again (after its seventy-six years' journey through the more distant parts of the solar system), being first seen on this occasion at Rome in August, 1835, making its nearest approach to the Sun in the following November, and continuing visible during the spring of 1836. Rosenberger was born at Tuckum, near Riga, in Livonia, on the 10th

of August in the year 1800. In 1823 he was appointed Assistant at the Königsberg Observatory, then under the superintendence of the famous Bessel; three years afterwards he became Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at the University of Halle, an appointment which he held for many years. It was in 1837, as mentioned above, that he received through the Foreign Secretary the high mark of distinction to which reference has been made; and it fell to the lot of Mr. (now Sir George) Airy to make the presentation. Born at Alnwick on the 27th of July, 1801, he became Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge in 1827, and was appointed in 1835 Astronomer Royal, a post which he filled with great ability until 1881, when he retired. Not even then, however, did Sir George's scientific activity terminate; he continued to devote much of his time to the difficult subject of the moon's motions, on which he has recently published a work under the title of "Numerical Lunar Theory."

W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

Cologne's New Bell.—An official notice has been published of the great bell for the cathedral of Cologne, the solemn inauguration of which took place a short time ago with great pomp. The bell weighs 27,000 kilogrammes, or about 26 tons 13 cwt. The clapper alone weighs 800 kilogrammes, or nearly 15½ cwt. Its perpendicular height is almost 14½ feet, its diameter at the mouth nearly 11½ feet. Twenty-two cannons taken from the French were assigned by the Emperor William for its manufacture; 5,000 kilogrammes of tin were added. It was cast by Andreas Hamm, of Frankenthal, and 21,000 marks (£1,050) were paid for the casting. It will be known as the Kaiserglocke, or Emperor's bell; and as the two other large bells in the cathedral bear the epithets respectively of Pretiosa (precious) and Speciosa (beautiful), this one is styled Gloriosa. It bears above an inscription recording that "William, the most august Emperor of the Germans and King of the Prussians, mindful of the heavenly help granted to him whereby he conducted the late French war to a prosperous issue, and restored the German empire, caused cannons taken from the French to be devoted to founding a bell to be hung in the wonderful cathedral then approaching completion." A likeness of St. Peter, the name patron of the church, is on the side, beneath which is a quatrain in the style of the mediæval conceits, praying that, as devout hearts rise heavenward at hearing the sound of the bell, so may the doorkeeper of heaven open wide the gates of the celestial mansion. On the opposite side is inscribed a sestet in German, of which the translation is:

"I am called the emperor's bell;
I proclaim the emperor's honour;
On the holy watch-tower I am placed.
I pray for the German empire,
That peace and protection
God may ever grant to it."

The opinions of experts are divided as to whether the note which the bell sounds is C sharp or D.—*Scientific American*.

Metropolitan Charities.—The "Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities" contains, in the form of a note to the twelfth edition of the work, a number of statistics as to the income—which can only be approximately estimated—of the various charities maintained in London during the year 1886. Under the head of Bible or book societies, nineteen in number, we find set down an income of £299,460. Missions may be divided into three classes—home, foreign, and those which are common to both. The twenty-four foreign missions received an income of £895,009; the fifty-six home missions, £559,868; and the thirteen institutions with the common purpose, £228,829. Thus a total of £1,683,706 was subscribed under the general head of missions. The seven institutions which are concerned with church and chapel building received £29,655. There are in all forty-seven charities for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the incurable, or the idiot, and these among them enjoyed an income of £198,436. We next come to hospitals, which, after the missions, are the best endowed group of all the charitable institutions in London. There are in all ninety-three such institutions, either general or special, and their aggregate income is £547,483. A kindred class of charity

includes those which come under the head of dispensaries, nursing and convalescent institutions. The 116 charities of this kind received £107,897. Institutions for the aged, which number 158, stand as the third in amount of income, after the missions and hospitals, receiving in all £442,685; while 109 institutions for general relief, for the distribution of food, or for the granting of loans, are set down at £390,702. The remaining items may be set down, with their respective incomes, thus: Ninety-four voluntary homes, £159,080; fifty-six orphanages, £174,942; seventy institutions for reformation and prevention, £70,993; ninety-eight educational, £428,539; forty-five for social improvement, £69,884; and nineteen for protection, £77,192. To sum up the whole, it appears that 1,024 institutions of a charitable nature received last year an aggregate income of £4,680,654. It is probable that an equal amount is given in private and spontaneous charity in a year.

Post Office Blue Book.—The thirty-third annual report of the Postmaster-General gives a summary of the work of the department in the year ending May 1, 1886. The gross revenue from all sources was £10,715,978. The net revenue was £2,514,635, a decline of £194,247 from the previous year. Much of this was due to outlay which will be reproductive in future years. During the year the reduced rate of telegrams came into operation, since which the number of messages has increased 14 per cent., and in London alone 50 per cent., the total number being 3,800,000. The parcel post is advancing steadily in public utility, and as a source of revenue. Upwards of 32,000,000 of parcels were posted, an increase of 24 per cent. on the previous year. Post Office Savings' Banks deposits increased £5,176,500. Nearly £13,000,000 was transmitted by postal orders. The report contains the usual variety of "Curiosities of the Post Office," mainly to show the stupidity or carelessness of the public, but omitting all reference to the faults or deficiencies of the service, which are not unfrequent, yet forming a wonderfully small item in the general work of the department, which is on the whole the best organised and best managed of all services of the State.

Prince Esterhazy.—Every one has heard of the brilliant appearance of Prince Esterhazy at the coronation of Queen Victoria, dazzling all eyes by being "all ablaze with diamonds." Of a later appearance in England less is known. In the Memoirs of Count Vitthum it is related that in 1859 the Emperor of Austria sent a special envoy to London in the person of Prince Paul Esterhazy, one of Metternich's best pupils, who had negotiated with Napoleon I and Talleyrand, and who had counted Wellington and Castlereagh among his most intimate friends. "The Prince had become exceedingly deaf, and always talked so loud that it was hardly possible to have a serious conversation with him in company. But it was amusing to see how much he felt himself at home. He knew everybody. His appearance in Buckingham Palace created a real sensation. The hearty 'How do you do?' with which he greeted his old friends sounded through the large gallery, and more than once he would continue: 'How glad to see you! I thought you were dead long ago.' The Queen herself said to me that evening, 'I have been so glad to see Prince Paul again; he is a pleasant reminiscence of the days of my childhood. If he only would not shout so much. One cannot talk a word with him without everybody in the vicinity hearing it.'"

Fish Restored from Suspended Animation.—The marvelous recovery of fish after having been long frozen has long been known. Mr. Lawler, formerly in charge of the Naturalists' Department of the Brighton Aquarium, records the following experiences: "In the early part of 1873 the Directors of the Aquarium were always ready to purchase any rare or curious fishes caught anywhere round the coast; and one day we received a telegram from a well-known hotel-keeper at Bognor, stating that the local fishermen had captured a dolphin. I was at once dispatched with our usual travelling tanks, etc., and on arriving at Bognor I found the so-called dolphin swimming about in an ordinary wash-hand basin, the proprietor of the hotel watching over the fish with great anxiety, and a glass of something hot. Said he, 'I am glad you have come, Lawler; it's all right now, but it would have been dead if I had not given

it a spoonful of hot brandy-and-water.' The fish was a small specimen of the 'Lesser Forkhead,' or Tadpole Fish, and was brought to the Aquarium, where it lived for some months. With regard to the ordinary carp, they will live out of water for a very considerable time. I may mention that on one occasion we received a batch of fine carp from the estate of Mr. V. F. Bennet Stanford, at Tisbury, in Wilts, a distance of ninety-five miles from London. They were packed in straw. On their arrival at Brighton they were placed under a sharp stream of water, and in a very short time they were sufficiently recovered from their dry journey to be placed in the show tank, where they lived for a long time."

Thomas Carlyle's First Sight of St. Paul's.—Writing to his brother Alexander, in 1824, he says he thought St. Paul's the only edifice that ever struck him with a proper sense of grandeur: "I was hurrying along Chopside into Newgate Street among a thousand bustling pigmies, and the innumerable jinglings and rollings and crashings of many-coloured Labour, when all at once, in passing from the abode of John Gilpin, stunned by the tumult of his restless compeers, I looked up from the boiling through through a little opening at the corner of the street—and there stood St. Paul's, with its columns and friezes, and massy wings of bleached yet unworn stone; with its statues and its graves around it; with its solemn dome four hundred feet above me, and its gilded ball and cross gleaming in the evening sun, piercing up into the heaven through the vapours of our earthly home! It was silent as Tadmor of the Wilderness; gigantic, beautiful, enduring; it seemed to frown with a rebuking pity on the vain scramble which it overlooked; at its feet were tombstones, above it was the everlasting sky, within priests perhaps were chanting hymns; it seemed to transmit with a stern voice the sounds of Death, Judgment, and Eternity through all the frivolous and fluctuating city. I saw it oft and from various points, and never without new admiration."

Diamond Mines.—The earliest diamonds came from India. The opening of the Brazilian mines at the beginning of the last century practically closed the mines of the Deccan, and now Brazil has in its turn been eclipsed by the diamond fields of South Africa. Diamonds in small quantities have been found in Sumatra and Celebes, but in the Eastern Archipelago Borneo is fullest of promise in the commerce of brilliants. One of the largest diamonds in the world, a pure white stone of 367 carats, was found in that island, and in its uncut state still belongs to the Rajah of Matam. Many geologists in Australia cherish the faith that diamond mines will yet be added to the sources of wealth of that developing land of surprises. Accidentally discovered by a travelling trader not quite twenty years ago, the South African mines, which are 500 miles from the coast, and at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea, are, however, at present unrivalled in their size and value. The returns of the four principal mines show that in the three years and a third previous to the end of 1885 there was a total production of over 8½ millions sterling. A Kimberley diamond was recently shown in London valued at £100,000. It weighed more than 400 carats in the rough, and is, we believe, now in the possession of Streeter and Co., the well-known jewellers. The finest diamond in quality ever found in South Africa was the "Porter Rhodes," discovered in the centre of Kimberley Mine in 1880. It is a pure white octahedron, valued at £60,000.

Equatorial Province of the Soudan.—Writing before he heard of Stanley's expedition, Mr. Alex. M. Mackay, missionary in King Metza's land, thus pleads for supporting Emin Pasha. In a letter to his father in Scotland, he says: "Perhaps you are aware that Dr. Emin Pasha has made an application for British protection over the Equatorial province of the Soudan, which he still governs. At present he is there—viz., at Wadelai, on the Upper Nile—with a colony of Egyptians and Soudanese, who have remained faithful to him throughout the whole of the Mahdi rebellion. Unless he is aided in some way, either he will certainly before long fall a prey to the wild tribes around him, or else the Mahdi's fanatical followers from the Bahr el Ghazal will once more come down upon him and exterminate him and his handful of troops, who are already disheartened at

being left so long unaided. After the noble Gordon perished through treachery at Khartoum, the English Government solemnly pledged itself that the Egyptian garrisons scattered over the Soudan should, as far as possible, be rescued, and you know well that Wadelai is one of them. Therefore England is bound in honour to make a resolute endeavour to redeem her promise. Surely now is the happy moment for redeeming her pledge, when the gallant commander of that garrison and the governor of that province offers to put both garrison and province in the hands of England by inviting her to assume the protectorate of Equatorial Soudan, which he has so long gallantly held, though surrounded by legions of enemies thirsting for his blood. But, apart from the point of honour, would there be any advantage to England or to Christianity in her assuming this offered protectorate? There certainly would. This province, now the grand centre of East African slavery, would, if wisely and justly governed, soon become the centre of peace and liberty to half an immense continent. It would be a friendly quarter to which the persecuted could flee, and thereby favourably react upon such tyrants as ours, compelling them to grant greater toleration to their subjects, lest they should lose the half of them. Great issues for the future of Central Africa depend on the question whether or not the British Government shall deal wisely in this matter. At present, I am aware, there is an outcry to 'abandon' this region to the full swing of lawlessness and cruelty, but God grant there may soon be a reaction in public feeling at home, and that England may once more take her wonted place as the friend of the helpless and the oppressed. This would be the true climax to the jubilee of our illustrious Queen. Let us not despair: 'to him that believeth, all things are possible.'

Parliamentary Nicknames.—An old reporter tells how, in the press gallery, many of the prominent members used always to have nicknames when spoken of. The late Mr. George Bentinck was "The Bo'sun," from his affection for all things maritime. Lord Henry Lennox was "Miss Lennox," from his posturings; the Hon. Francis Lygon (now Lord Beauchamp) was "Miss Fanny." Lord Elcho (now the Earl of Wemyss) was "The cool of the evening," from his self-complacent smile, as he sat in his place below the gangway. "Batavian Grace" suited Mr. Beresford Hope. The son of the G.O.M. was always "the cub." Mr. Riddell (now Lord Ravensworth) was "the flycatcher," from an odd habit of stepping backward and forward, with a motion of his right hand, as if throwing a fly across a trout stream. Other names, especially in the Irish epoch of noisy obstruction, were characteristic, but enough have been mentioned to show the humour of the Reporters' Gallery.

Bismarck in 1862.—During the London Exhibition of 1862 the Russian Ambassador, Baron Brunnow, gave a dinner in honour of some of the foreign Royal visitors. "The guests included the Prussian Ambassador at Paris, then Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen, who after dinner had a long conversation with Mr. Disraeli. The latter subsequently told me the following:—'I shall soon be compelled,' said the Prussian statesman, 'to undertake the leadership of the Prussian Government. My first task will be to reorganise the army, with or without the assistance of the Landtag. The king has very justly set himself this task, but he cannot carry it out with his present councillors. As soon as the army has reached the necessary efficacy, I shall seize the first occasion to declare war against Austria, to demolish the German Confederation, to subdue the middle and smaller States, and to give Germany national unity under Prussia's leadership. I have come here to tell this to the Queen's Ministers.' Mr. Disraeli's comment on this programme, which has since been carried out point for point, was: 'Take care of that man! He means what he says.'"*—Count Vitthum's Memoirs.*

For the Bite of a Mad Dog.—"Take leaves of rue picked from the stalks and bruised, Venice treacle of mithridate, and scraping of pewter, of each four ounces. Boil all this over a slow fire in two quarts of strong ale till one pint is consumed. Then keep it in bottles close stopped and give of it nine spoonfuls to a man or woman, warm, every seven morning together fasting. If it is given within nine days of the

biting of the dog it will prevent the hydrophobia. Apply some of the ingredients from which the liquor was strained to the biting place. This recipe was some years ago taken out of Calthrop Church, Lincolnshire, the whole town being bitten by a mad dog, and all that took this medicine did well, while all the rest died. In a P.S. it is added, many years has proved that this is an efficient cure."

The above recipe, found between the leaves of an old book, has no date, and the paper on which it is written has no water-mark, but the writing and the discoloration of the paper seem to point to the beginning of this century as a probable age of the MS., though when the recipe was taken from Calthrop Church is only vaguely indicated by "some years ago."—J. C. EGERTON.

Insurance Railway Guide.—An ingenious way of pushing a new railway guide into circulation has been adopted by the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company. In each copy of this guide is a coupon, which entitles the purchaser of the guide to the benefits stated thereon. If the signature of the owner is affixed, the conditions do not require the coupon to be carried on the person. The guide itself is about the size of Bradshaw. The advantage is that there is seldom time at the railway to take insurance tickets, in the hurry of departure, and at a crowded office window, opened only a few minutes before the train starts.

Cevennes Protestant Centenary.—In commemoration of the edict of toleration, signed by Louis XVI in 1787, five thousand Protestants of the Cevennes assembled on the anniversary of this memorable event. A rustic pulpit was erected on the lofty plateaux of a central mountain district. Thirty pastors, robed in their black gowns, were seated in front of the vast congregation. A memorial-stone was unveiled by a Patriarch of the Cevennes; and Pastor Vigné, of the Faculty of Protestant Theology in Paris, preached a sermon suitable to the occasion, the subject being "Divine Charity," as described in Chapter xiii of 1st Corinthians.

Standard Measurement.—A retired major at Cheltenham, having observed in the "Leisure Hour" some statistics of the largest newspapers, had the curiosity to make some calculations as to printing a copy of the "Standard" newspaper, then in his hand. Of this paper there were printed 255,292 copies. On measuring the type, exclusive of the margin, and multiplying that by the number of copies, it was found to amount to 205 miles 14 yards 4 inches; and, taking both sides, to amount to 410 miles 28 yards 8 inches. The columns amount to 13,120 miles 903 yards 4 inches, or 1,120 miles more than half round the world at the Equator.

Zed or Zee.—"Z," the last letter of the alphabet, is always spoken of in England as "zed," but in America always as "zee." An American expressed surprise at this, and said, in the "New York Journal of Commerce," that in any village in England to speak of the letter "zee" would be unintelligible. Walker, in his "Principles of Pronunciation," says that "'Zed,' borrowed from the French, is the more fashionable form of this letter, but has not been adopted in America." Was the form "zee" ever in common use in England, and, if so, when did the fashion change?

Short and Sensible Letters.—The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is among the most energetic men and popular preachers of the present day. He is forty years of age, and a Welshman, born at Carnarvon. His father, a doctor, intended his son for the bar, but one day, while the lad was studying for the legal profession, he addressed to his parent the following brief epistle: "My dear Father,—I think I ought to be a Wesleyan minister.—Your affectionate son." To which he received an equally laconic reply: "My dear boy,—I would rather that you should be a Wesleyan minister than Lord Chancellor.—Your affectionate Father."

Railway Collision.—It is stated that in a threatened collision the passengers should lie down on the seat, or, if this is not possible for all, the feet should be placed on the opposite seat. The legs are most usually broken or crushed by the telescoping of the seats.

pply
ained
aken
being
did
many

old
has
the
as a
aken
some

thing
y the
py of
the
f the
on to
size
ne at
epar-
few

n of
five
unni-
ected
hirty
nt of
d by
the
mon
ity,"

ham,
cs of
cal-
ews-
nted
the
was
king
The
, or
tor.

ways
ys as
said,
llage
telli-
says
nion-
d in
se in

Price
bular
and
ctor,
was
rent
nk I
on."
dear
ister

ened
r, if
the
shed

De

CO

1

v

A P

Run
M

£
and

At the

“

Inv

LAN

BR

LON

Sol
in po
for s
Bottl

C

L. H.

Dewhurst's Cottons are the Best for Hand or Machine use.

DEWHURST'S SEWING COTTON



TRADE MARK.

"THE THREE SHELLS" BRAND
Is Strong, Even, Elastic, and free from Knots.

Dewhurst's Cottons have been awarded PRIZE MEDALS for general excellence of quality wherever exhibited.

LATEST AWARDS:—

GOLD MEDALS—AMSTERDAM, 1883.

CALCUTTA, 1883-4; ANTWERP, 1885.



ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

Produces Luxuriant
Glossy Hair,
SOLD IN A

GOLDEN COLOUR

For Fair Haired Children.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS,
Bottles 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

10/6 WATERBURY 15/-

THE WATERBURY WATCH.

A PERFECT TIMEKEEPER. GUARANTEED FOR 2 YEARS.

KEYLESS. RELIABLE.
DURABLE. ACCURATE.

Runs 28 Hours with one winding. Regulates to a
Minute a Month. Rarely gets Out of Order.
Repairs Never Exceed 2s. 6d.

£100 INSURANCE will be Paid to the Next-of-Kin of any
Person Killed in a Railway Accident whilst Wearing a
Waterbury in Great Britain or Ireland during 1887
and 1888. Railway Servants excepted.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

At the Depôts of the Company, and at W. H. Smith & Sons' Bookstalls.
Head Office: 17, Holborn Viaduct.



NOW READY.

THE NEW SHORT-WIND WATERBURY

Embodies all the qualities which have
made the WATERBURY famous through-
out the World as a Timekeeper, and
possesses, in addition the following
advantages:—

- 1.—IT WINDS IN A DOZEN TURNS OF THE CROWN.
- 2.—THE HANDS SET FROM THE OUTSIDE.
- 3.—IT HAS A VISIBLE ESCAPEMENT.

For Testimonials, Press Notices, &c., apply
17, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

"FER BRAVAIS" THE BEST TONIC.

Invaluable for general Weakness or Debility.

LANCET.—"Colloid hydrate" of iron. "Neutral and tasteless solu-
tion." "A beautiful and interesting preparation."

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"A remarkably Valuable pre-
paration." "Has all the good effects of iron without producing
"constipation or disturbing the digestion," and "does not blacken the
teeth." An eminent London Physician writes to us, "I HAVE
"TRIED IT EXTENSIVELY, AND HAVE GIVEN IT IN CASES IN WHICH
"NO OTHER FORM OF IRON COULD BE TAKEN. IT IS the best prepa-
"ration of iron I HAVE MET WITH."

LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.—"Tasteless, free from styptic
"Character, a most energetic preparation—the beau ideal of a ferru-
"ginous tonic."

Sold by all the principal Chemists and Druggists, in Bottles
in portable Card Cases, with Drop Measure complete, sufficient
for six or three weeks' treatment. Prices, 4s. 6d. and 3s. per
Bottle, respectively.

Use LIEBIG COMPANY'S

For Liebig

EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Cookery Books post free on application to the Company,
9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.

* Ask for the COMPANY'S Extract, and see that
it bears Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink
across the Label.

ESTABLISHED 1805.

CREWDSONS' CALICOES UNRIVALLED FOR FAMILY USE.



CARR'S PATENT TAPES.

CAUTION.

Other and inferior makes of WOVEN LADDER WEBS are now being sold.

The ORIGINAL and BEST has the name CARR'S stamped on ONE cross-strap in every yard.

Ask for

CARR'S
Stamped Ladder Web,
and see that the name is there,
FOR
VENETIAN BLINDS

Can you read this? "Cocoon" Knitting Wool.



The fastest possible dyes are used for Cocoon Wool.

Numerous complaints having been made that inferior wool balled in the same style is sold as Genuine COCOON Wool, please note that none is Genuine unless bearing the word COCOON, which is our registered Trade Mark, on the band. Directions for knitting a number of useful articles free of charge, on receipt of Stamped and Addressed Envelope, MENTIONING NAME OF THIS PAPER.

WOOD & SUTT, Spicers, Holmfirth.

COLOURED DIAGRAMS & PICTURES FOR LECTURERS.

The Religious Tract Society now issue the diagrams previously published by the Working Men's Educational Union.

These Diagrams are intended for the use of Lecturers, and are executed in a bold, attractive style. Each is 3 feet by 4 feet in area, printed on cloth, adapted for distant inspection, and coloured for gas or candle-light. They are durable and very portable. Although arranged in Sets, they may be obtained singly at 3s. each Diagram. They are eyeleted for convenient suspension.

Detailed Lists, giving the number of Diagrams in each Series, may be had with full particulars on application to 58, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

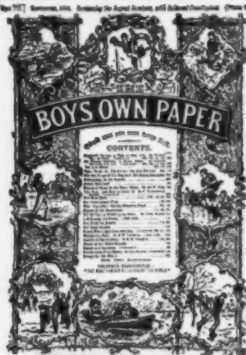
BROWN & GREEN'S "GEM" COOKING STOVES.



30 different sizes, great saving of Fuel, and bake splendidly. Price Lists free. Also

Kitcheners & Heating Stoves.

BROWN & GREEN, Lim., 69 & 71, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.



THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

A NEW VOLUME is commenced with the NOVEMBER PART, Now ready, price Sixpence, containing—

TWO COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATES:—1. An Albanian. 2. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF FOUR NEW STORIES.

1. HARRY TREVERTON. A Story of Boy Life in the Colonies. By LADY BROOME, of Western Australia. Illustrated by Alired Pearce.
2. BACK TO LIFE. A Tale of the Jungle. By Rev. J. R. HUTCHINSON, from India.
3. EDRIC THE NORSEMAN. A Tale of Early Discovery and Heroism. By Prof. HODGETTS, a author of "Kormak the Viking," "Ivan Dobrof," etc. Illustrated by J. Finnemore.
4. EMILY. A Story of School Life. By ASCOTT R. HOPE, author of "A Strange Trip Abroad," etc., etc.

THE BOY'S OWN MODEL LOCOMOTIVE, AND HOW TO BUILD IT. By H. F. HODDEN. Illustrated. A FRENCH SOLDIER'S BLOTTING PAPER. By DAVID KER.

FOOTNOTES ON FOOTBALL. By A REFEREE.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS—WRITING, Carving, Music, Fretwork, Illuminating, Literary.

BOWLS, THE GAME AND ITS LAWS. BOY'S OWN DOGS, AND ALL ABOUT Them. Sketches from the Battersea Casual Ward. By A B.O.P. SPECIAL. DOINGS FOR THE MONTH. CHESS, POETRY, etc.

PENCE PUZZLES. Illustrated.

BUBBLE BLOWING.

A NARROW ESCAPE. An Episode in the Career of a Chouan Chief. By PHILIP KENT, B.A.

THE COLUMBIAN KITE. With Diagrams.

A TRIP DOWN THE THAMES; or, the Holiday Adventures of Four Schoolboys. By ONE OF THE PARTY.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The NOVEMBER PART (Now Ready, price SIXPENCE) commences a NEW VOLUME, and contains:—

Coloured Frontispiece: THE GREEN LEAF AND THE SERE. From the Painting by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

My Musical Training; or, What I did with £100. By ANNA WILLIAMS.

The Girl's Own Order of Merit. A Proposal to Our Readers.

Nursing the Sick. By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

The Days of Chivalry. Banners and Badges. By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFIELD.

Girlhood. A Poem.

Reform in Underclothing. By the LADY DRESS-MAKER.

My Wedding Wish to You. A Poem. By A. M. MEADOWS.

Varieties.

"The Lady I Love." Words by FREDERIC LOEHER.

New Music by the Rt. Hon. the Countess of MUNSTER.

The Bachelors in Central Italy. By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER, joint author of "Our Tour in North Italy."

When not to take Medicine. By MEDICUS.

Not going to Market. At the Butcher's. How to Distinguish Joins, and Advice on Purchasing. By MARY POCOCK.

Art Needlework. With Designs and Practical Instructions. By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

The Oaken Staircase. A Poem.

Notices of New Music.

The Fourth Volume. A Talk about a Good Wife.

By AGATHA HART.

On the Borderland. By LILY WATSON.

A Requiem. A Poem. By CLARA THWAITES.

Dress: in Season and in Reason. By the LADY DRESSMAKER.

The Girl's Year; or, January to December spent with Pleasure and Profit. By JAMES MASON.

Useful Hints. Answers to Correspondents.

Our Prize Competitions.

Essay Writing on "My Favourite Heroine from Shakespeare."

Musical Composition. (Song.)

Plain Needlework.—Clothing for the Poor.

SHORT STORY:

The Mysterious Guide: Story of a London Fog.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH, Author of "Carrots," etc.

COMPLETE STORY (in five chapters):

A Story without a Name. By MARY COWDEN

CLARKE, author of "The Concordance to Shakespeare," etc.

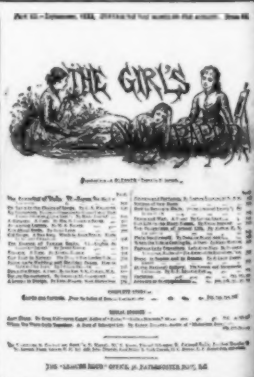
SERIAL STORIES:

Restitution; or, Miser and Spendthrift. By ANNE

BEALE, author of "Queen of the May," etc.

One Little Vein of Dross. By RUTH LAMB,

author of "Her own Choice," etc.



LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW; AND OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.

5 BORWICK'S GOLD MEDALS BAKING POWDER

FOR CAKES, PASTRY,
PUDDINGS AND
WHOLE SOME BREAD



NESTLE'S FOOD

For INFANTS,
also for
CHILDREN and
INVALIDS.

PREPARED IN VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.

The *Basis* of NESTLE'S FOOD is *choice Milk from Swiss Cows*, to which is added a little *sugar* and some *Wheat Flour*, the insoluble parts of which have been excluded by a special **PROCESS of BAKING**. The product obtained in this way acts as a solvent upon the caseine and prevents the milk from curdling in large lumps, thus rendering the whole compound, which is of the highest nutritive value, as digestible as **MOTHER'S MILK**. It is recommended by the highest medical authorities throughout the world.

Taylor Bro's Cocoa

HOMŒOPATHIC. "MARAVILLA." PURE CONDENSED.

SOLD IN PACKETS AND TINS BY GROCERS AND STOREKEEPERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE COLONIES.

OUR TOOLS FOR WOOD CARVING
Metal Turning
CARPENTRY &c.
ARE THE **BEST**
CATALOGUE with 890 Illustrations
By Parcel Post 6/-
R. MELHUISE & SONS · FETTER LANE · LONDON.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

The preparation formerly made by EDWARD PARRISH can now only be obtained from SQUIRE & SONS, to whom he transferred the manufacture. The original preparation is now known as "SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD."

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d. and 6s. each, of Chemists,

OR BY PARCELS POST FREE DIRECT FROM

SQUIRE & SONS,
HER MAJESTY'S CHEMISTS,
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

GOLD MEDALS 1884-86
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS

SAVORY & MOORE
LONDON, 1/- 2/- 5/- 10/-

INDIAN MUSLIN.

PURE CREAM-COLOURED MUSLIN
(25 inches wide), washes well, useful for

DRESSES, 90 yds. for 12/6
CURTAINS, Free per Post
BLINDS, On receipt of Postal Order.
DRAPERIES,
SHADING, &c.,

And in Colours much used for Decoration, Balls, Bazaars, Entertainments, &c. Beautiful Effects at a small cost. Novelties also in Useful and Fancy Fabrics for Dresses and Draperies.

PATTERNS AND PRICES POST FREE.
JOHN KAY & SONS, BURNLEY WOOD MILLS, BURNLEY.

Always
ask for

Cadbury's

Guaranteed
Pure and Soluble.

Cocoa

(REGISTERED.)



8 LARGE GLASSES OF DELICIOUS
CUSTARD AT A COST OF 2d.
BY USING

BIRD'S Custard Powder

No Eggs required. Saves half the cost, and is half the trouble. Sold everywhere, in 6d. and 1s. boxes, and 2d. packets. To prevent disappointment see that each packet bears the name of the Inventors and Manufacturers, ALFRED BIRD & SONS, Birmingham.

A Sure, Soluble, Dry Soap, in fine powder. Softens Water. Lathers Freely in Hard Water—Cold Water—Soft Water—Hot Water Packets, 1d. and upwards.



Use it Every Day. For Clothes, Linen, Knives, Forks, Dishes, Saucepans, and all Domestic Washing. Refuse Imitations.—Insist upon Hudson's.

USED BY HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.
Gold Medals and Diplomas of Merit at all Exhibitions.

Needham's Polishing Paste

The reputation of nearly a century as the most reliable preparation for cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing BRASS, COPPER, TIN, BRITANNIA METAL, PLATINOID, &c.
DAZZLING MIRROR FINISH.

Cleanly, Rapid, Permanent. Beware of Counterfeits. Sold everywhere by Druggists, Ironmongers, Grocers, &c., in 6d. and 1s. Pots, 2d. and 1d. Tins, and 1d. Cardboard Boxes.

INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS—
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield.
London Office: St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.

REFINED DRESS. Egerton Burnett's

Purveyor of Pure
Wool Fabrics.

By Royal and Imperial
Warrant.

Under the Direct
Patronage of the
Royal Families of
Europe, and the
Rank and Fashion
of the World.



Artistic Designs.
High-class Weavings
for Refined Dress.
Unsurpassed for
Beauty, Novelty, and
wearing value. Navy
Blues and Blacks
Dyed by a special
process. Not affected
by Sun, Rain, or
Salt Water.

Royal Serges.

The Autumn Patterns are all new designs, comprising Specialities for the use of Ladies, Children, and Gentlemen. To suit all climates, all Fashions, and all Purposes.
ANY LENGTH SOLD. CARRIAGE PAID TO ALL RAILWAY STATIONS.
NO AGENTS OR MIDDLEMEN EMPLOYED.

EGERTON BURNETT, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

To Secure
*Reckitt's
Blue*

genuine, always see the name on the wrapper.

PEARS' SOAP

Fair white hands.

Bright clear complexion.

Soft healthful skin.